WEEK ENDING DEC. 22, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VIERECK ~ VANCE ~ SPRINGS ~ ST. JOHNS ~ GREEN

Washing the Face... Your Most Important Beauty Treatment

OLIVE OIL, *in this facial soap*, removes dirt and make-up an utterly different way. And this, beauty specialists agree, is the most important step in combating sallow, oily skin and blemishes.

MANY of the dangers that threaten complexion beauty today come through abuse of naturally lovely skin. Rouge, powder, face creams, added to create beauty, remain to destroy it. How? By clogging the pores! By imprisoning dirt, dust and oil secretions that must be removed thoroughly every single day, to retain the fresh color and firm, smooth texture of a youthful skin. Many of the women who think "this cannot apply to me" are even now abusing their complexions, inviting skin troubles which dermatologists will have to correct tomorrow.

The effect of olive oil on the skin

Modern beauty science has an answer to this problem! Wash the face thoroughly, twice every day, with this olive oil soap treatment! The facial oil in this remarkable soap softens and gently eliminates tiny masses which form in the pores, thus banishing blackheads and similar irregularities. Olive oil softens tender skin, keeping it supple, smooth, delicate to touch. The rich, balmy lather penetrates every pore, stimulating a wealth of hidden color, bringing out radiant freshness.

Start this treatment now

To discover your own possibilities of beauty, begin this very day to follow a treatment thousands of women find most effective. These two short rules are an unfailing way to enduring loveliness:

At night: make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to face and throat, massaging gently in an upward and outward motion, to stimulate the circulation. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold until you actually feel all impurities, oil secretions and make-up carried away. Then dry the skin tenderly with a soft towel.

In the morning: repeat this treatment and add a touch of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder. That's all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed twice every day to keep the skin lovely and youthful. At 10c Palmolive is the world's least expensive beauty formula. Buy a bar, begin using it today. Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.

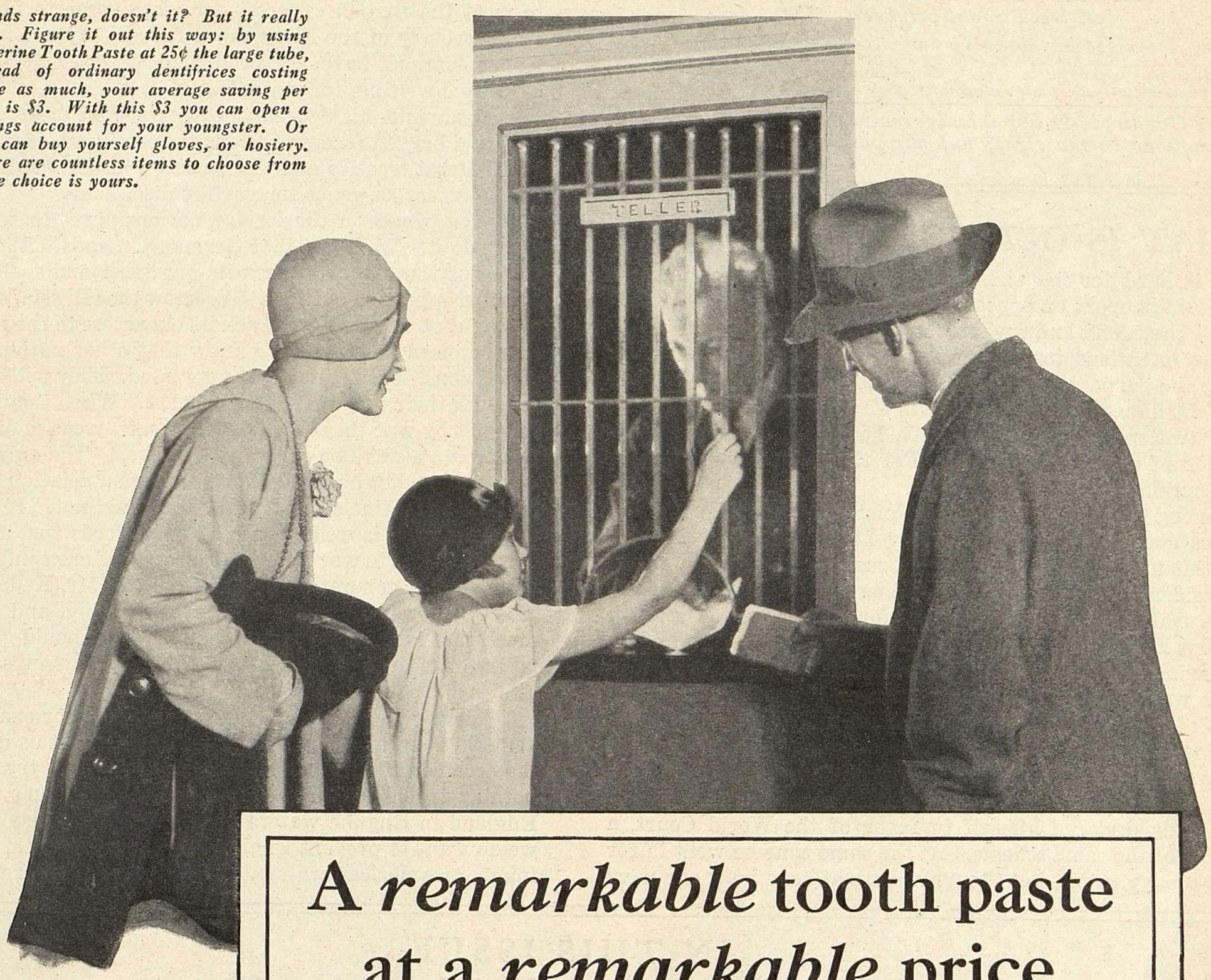
4180

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR — Broadcast every Wednesday night — from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time — over WEAF and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

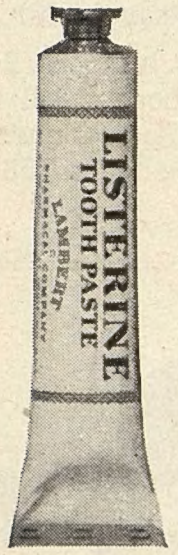
Tooth paste starts Baby's bank account with a $3 deposit

Sounds strange, doesn't it? But it really isn't. Figure it out this way: by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube, instead of ordinary dentifrices costing twice as much, your average saving per year is $3. With this $3 you can open a savings account for your youngster. Or you can buy yourself gloves, or hosiery. There are countless items to choose from —the choice is yours.



A *remarkable* tooth paste at a *remarkable* price

You be the judge



Large Tube 25¢

AS makers of Listerine, we learned much about the requirements for firm, healthy gums, and beautiful gleaming teeth.

We felt that there was room for an improvement in the quality of tooth paste — and a real demand for a lower price.

Therefore we created a first class dentifrice suitable for all types of teeth. Listerine Tooth Paste is its name, and its price is but 25c for the *large tube*. Such a price for such a paste is possible only because of ultra-modern methods of manufacture and mass production.

The moment you begin to use Listerine Tooth Paste, you will be conscious of the delightful, fresh, clean and healthy feeling of your mouth and gums. And in a very short time you will note a marked improvement in your teeth—a new gleaming whiteness.

* * *

And remember, Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes an average saving of three dollars a year per person, assuming that a tube a month per person is used. Think how substantial is the saving, when there are several in a family. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

DEC. 22, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 51

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.

Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.

Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

WHAT IS OUR FOREIGN POLICY?

It is hard for magazine and newspaper editors to know whether to support or oppose the foreign policy of the United States. They don't know what it is. Nor does anybody.

Our intentions toward other nations have not been clear because the purposes of our recent Presidents have not been in a straight line. Not since the days of Philander Knox, in the administration of William H. Taft, has there been any plain definition of our foreign policy. For the last fifteen years we have been floundering.

During the first part of his administration Mr. Wilson made speeches about our high regard for Latin America. He followed this up by bombarding Vera Cruz, forcing Huerta out of the presidency of Mexico, and invading Mexico to "get Villa."

He spoke of our paternal regard for the nations to the south of us, but he kept marines in Nicaragua for eight years and he sent marines into Hayti and the Dominican Republic.

He was elected for a second term on the slogan "he kept us out of war"—whereupon he got in, and conducted a successful war. Then he sponsored a league of nations in which we were to be given one vote and the British Empire six.

Harding was elected on a platform in opposition to this, and immediately declared himself in favor of the World Court, a variation of the same scheme. At the same time he went in for the 5-5-3 navy ratio—but though we might have built our navy up to that ratio we didn't do it. We lagged behind Britain and in many ways behind Japan.

Coolidge continued the naval parleys. He sent experts over to meet the British experts—and they came to no agreement. His Secretary of the Navy asked for seventy-one new cruisers. Appropriations have not been made for seventy-one cruisers or, at this writing, for any cruisers.

Meanwhile his Secretary of State went off at another tangent and begged foreign nations to renounce war for any cause. Multilateral treaties added themselves to the World Court and disarmament as topics for pacifist discussion.

Well, whatever the foreign nations agree to, we know they won't do it. We know that Germany intends, either by war or threat of war, to wrest back its provinces and coal fields whenever the opportunity offers. We know that Russia, either by war or threat of war, will win back its old access to the sea whenever this becomes possible. We know that other nations have their aspirations. They cannot be suppressed. They will sign treaties, but with their tongues in their cheeks. When they see a chance to profit by war they will fall back on it, treaties or no treaties. A war can always be called "defensive." The only person who may reasonably be expected to take renunciation of war seriously is your Uncle Sam. And he should not. If we keep our powder dry, it is well. If we let our swords rust and our ships sink; if defeat in war follows as a result of our complaisance and impotence, a generation will arise to call Mr. Kellogg accursed.

Our foreign policy has been vacillating, and has taken in much that is other people's business. We should go back to the policy of George Washington and confine ourselves to our own affairs and interests.

We should have a navy strong enough, for example, to prevent England and Japan from uniting against us on our side of the oceans. If they see they can't, they won't try it. There is nothing truculent about such a policy. We don't want to fight England in English waters or Japan in Japanese waters. But we do want to prevent England or Japan, or both, from defeating us in American waters. That's about all there is to it.

IN THIS ISSUE

The Queen of the Belgians Looks at Life..By GEORGE S. VIERECK 7
Some royal opinions in an authorized interview

The Last of Keno Cannon (Part II)....By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE 10
Continuing a four-part story of romantic adventure

Orville Wright, the Flight-Bringer.....By MAJOR L. B. LENT 16
A picture of the pioneer after twenty-five years of fame

Sin, Sex, and the Soviet.....By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 21
Foreign atmosphere galore: A page of movie reviews

Cattle, Mealies, and Niggers....By MARGARET CARSON HUBBARD 22
A tale of the African veldt and a woman's rebellion

1916.....By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS 32
A story of crooked gambling and honest men

From Paddy Driscoll's Memoirs.....By CHARLES COLLINS 35
The strangest experience in fourteen years of football

There's No Accounting for Tastes..... 39
A cross-section of preferences among Liberty's employees

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator.....By BERT GREEN 45
Thirty-eighth spasm: A bucket of mud for the girl friend

The Mannequin.....By ELINOR MORDAUNT 47
A story of royal raiment and virtue up-to-date

The Life Story of Barbara La Marr (IV)..By ADELA R. ST. JOHNS 52
Concluding the chronicle of a tragic screen career

News of the World (p. 14); Bright Sayings of Children (20); Twenty Questions (27); Vox Pop (28-29); For the Love o' Lil (34); Cross Word Puzzles (36-37); Fashions (38); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (43); Food (44); Index to Advertisements (58).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

Reminiscences of a German Submarine Commander, a vivid recital by
Ernest Karl Becker

Don't Weaken!—the rise of Eva Le Gallienne as seen by
Elsie Janis

Trail Tang, a story of friendship, a horse, and a man, by
H. Stewart Sar

Mrs. Grundy Is Dead, a symposium on 1928 etiquette, edited by
Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins

December 22, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 51

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at Post Office, New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1928, by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; S. W. Stubbings, Secretary; Sheppard Butler, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Address Subscriptions, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
(Allow four weeks for change of address.)

A PURITAN CHRISTMAS

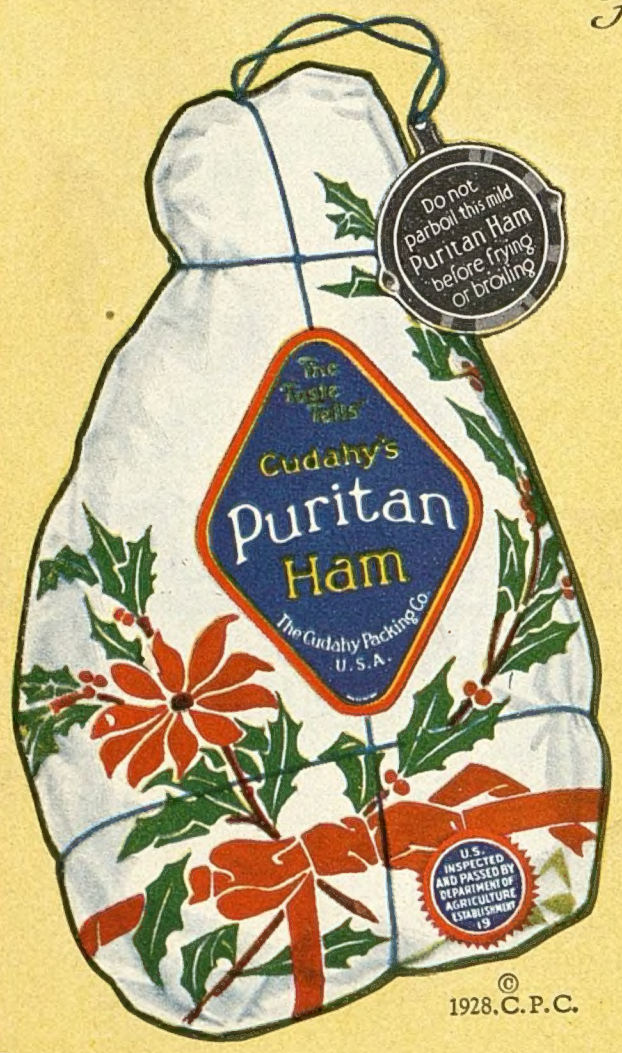
During their first years in America the Puritans, because of their poverty and the primitive conditions under which they lived, did not celebrate Christmas in the manner traditional with the season. For the Puritan colony at Plymouth, impoverished and struggling for a bare existence, there was but little opportunity for merry-making.

However, the great day was not forgotten and in their simple way the Puritans observed whatever of the ancient customs their circumstances permitted. In the picture we see the Puritan maiden happy in her endeavor to brighten the rude dwelling by placing a lighted candle in the window decorated with a holly wreath, in accordance with the time honored practice of her ancestors.

Cudahy's

Puritan Hams-Bacon

"First in the Land-The Taste Tells"



©1928.C.P.C.

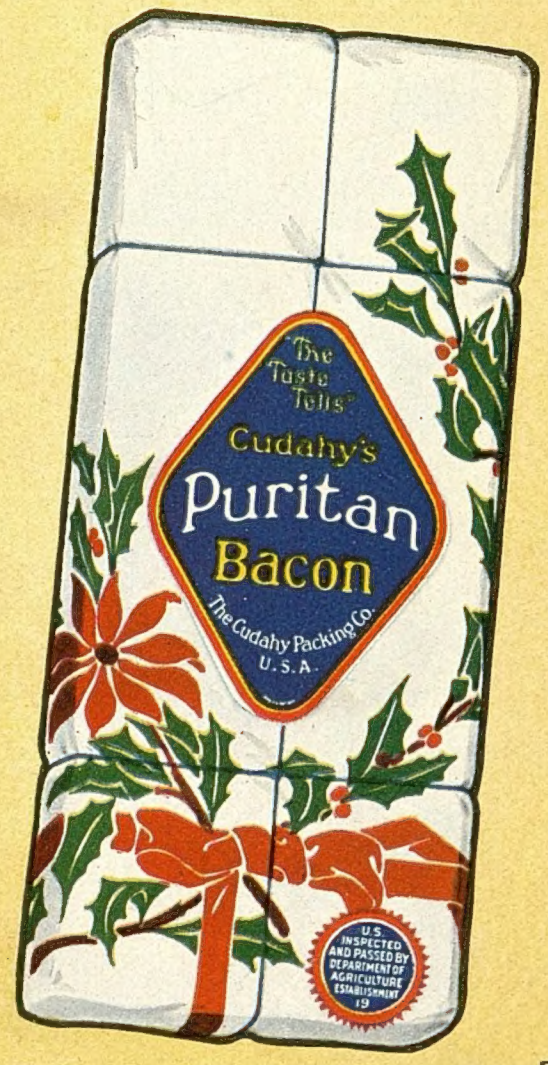
Cudahy's Puritan Ham and Bacon are produced from selected young tender meats, ripened naturally, cured in their own juices and savory condiments, and smoked to an appetizing nut brown over fragrant hickory embers. Express your preference for superior quality by including Puritan Ham and Bacon in your Christmas menu and by reserving a place for them among the good things that will convey your holiday greetings to your friends.

Your dealer has a freshly prepared stock of Puritan Ham and Bacon in the special Christmas wrappers. Ask for Puritan.

THE PURITAN BRAND IS THE EMBLEM OF EXCELLENCE

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A.
producers of
Puritan Hams·Bacon·Lard

(A copy of the above picture will be sent free upon request to Dept. K., The Cudahy Packing Co., Chicago.)



Full One Pound Box *Candy Special* Dollar *a* Pound Quality

Special Xmas Offer
Good Only With Coupon

ONE POUND BOX ONLY 30¢ with coupon below

DELICIOUS, pure and fresh! A full pound Christmas box of dollar-a-pound quality candy for only 30c, with coupon below. An extraordinary one-time-only offer made to acquaint you with the *new* Baby Ruth Family Package.

Amazing Christmas Offer to Introduce New Baby Ruth Family Package. Enjoy This Beautiful Gift Box of World Famous Quality Candy at Big Saving.

The Perfect Christmas Candy

A gay red Christmasy box of famous candy! Just the gift to remember a friend. Wonderful for children. Delightful to have at home. Ideal to fill the stockings, trim the tree, or for Christmas baskets. And by taking advantage of this liberal introductory offer, you make a big saving that will make your Christmas money go farther.

Contents—Famous for Flavor

The creamiest of fudges — luscious, chewy caramel, clustered with plump, selected nuts toasted to a golden crispness — pure, imported chocolate. The Christmas candy the whole world loves. Each piece individually wrapped to protect its wonderful flavor. Its delicious *new-made* freshness is guaranteed.

Enjoyed by Millions

You cannot buy a more popular candy for Christmas. Baby Ruth is bought by millions every day for its delicious taste. It is made of nature's choicest, freshest delicacies—their tempting flavors captured by master confectioners plying their art in four of the world's largest sunlit candy kitchens.

Slice and Serve

A candy so popular that millions of good candy lovers have demanded this family package, now introduced at this never-to-be-repeated price.

Coupons Redeemed Everywhere

Get your box today. Offer expires soon. Tear out coupon *now* to be safe. Take it to the nearest candy counter, anywhere in the United States and hand it to the dealer with 30c. He will give you immediately your Christmas Baby Ruth Family Package containing one full pound of this delicious candy without a question. Do it today, before you forget!

CURTISS
CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO
OTTO SCHNERING, President

THIS COUPON GOOD FOR
ONE POUND BABY RUTH FAMILY PACKAGE with **30c**

This coupon is not good in Kansas, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon and Washington, because of State Laws.

Just tear out this coupon and sign your name and address below. Present it at any candy counter in the United States with 30c and receive one full pound Christmas gift box Baby Ruth, without question. L

To the dealer: Please give the undersigned one full pound Baby Ruth Family Package in exchange for this coupon and 30c (Only one box to a person) and sign your name and address below, and attach the master coupon which is in the 12 box carton.

Notice to dealers and jobbers: Your jobber will redeem each signed coupon at ten cents cash value, when accompanied with master coupon supplied to each dealer. The Curtiss Candy Co. will repay the jobber on presentation of coupons to the Curtiss Candy Co., 750 Briar Place, Chicago, Ill., on or before March 15, 1929. No payments to coupon brokers.

Your Name..... *Address*.....

Dealer's Name..... *Address*.....

The Queen of the Belgians LOOKS at Life

An Authorized Interview

By

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

In all her wardrobe Queen Elizabeth has no gown with a long court train. She rarely wears royal attire more formal than is shown in this photograph bearing her autograph.

"THE crown has no meaning unless it is a symbol of service," remarked Queen Elizabeth of Belgium to me in her palace in Brussels. Her voice, though low and musical, was emphatic.

The World War blasted many monarchs from their thrones. Royalty can no longer survive unless it adapts itself to modern conditions. One queen who is in sympathy with the spirit of the new age is Elizabeth of Belgium.

Not content with being the wife of a king, a mother, and a grandmother, Queen Elizabeth boldly ventures into fields in which royalty is rarely at home.

She is both a student of medicine and an exquisite violinist. If Queen Elizabeth did not wear a crown, she could win a place for herself as a musician or as a trained nurse.

Brown Bros. photo

The Royal Palace in Brussels.

Elizabeth shocked many conventional souls when, some years ago, she sponsored a movement for race hygiene.

"Yes," the Queen proudly replied to my question, "I am the president of the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Diseases."

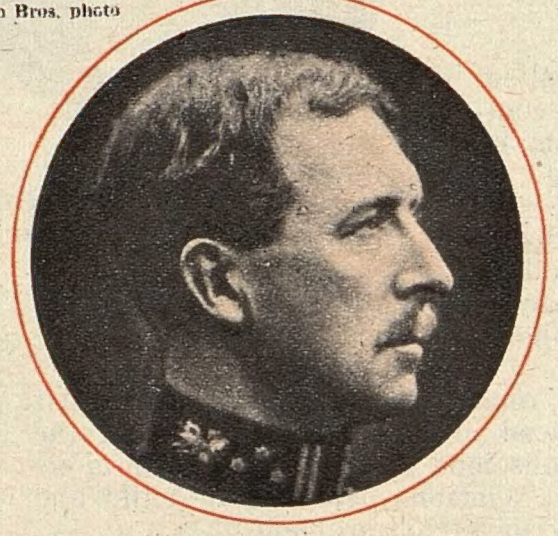
"What," I asked, "persuaded Your Majesty to accept the presidency of the organization? This," I added, "is a vital topic on which a word from a woman and a queen enlists the interest of millions of mothers."

"As a mother and as a queen," she replied, "I know no work that is more important. I was associated in this sphere of activity with my friend the late Cardinal Mercier. I accepted the presidency of the organization to smash a prejudice that was an obstacle to the protection of our children. The subject cannot be tackled effectively without knowledge, and without the assistance of mothers."

"It must have taken courage for Your Majesty to take the initiative in this movement."

"On the contrary," she replied, with a regal sweep of her head, "the world-wide conspiracy of silence on the subject made it my duty. To lead where other women, entangled by conventions and prejudice, might hesitate, is the finest privilege of being a queen."

Queen Elizabeth thus answered one of the questions that were uppermost in my mind.



Albert, King of the Belgians.

How does a modern queen look at life? What is her attitude toward her royalty and toward her husband? What are her preoccupations? How does she bring up her children? How easy, or uneasy, lies the head that wears a crown in the twentieth century?

Democracy, it has been said, loves a lord. Undoubtedly many Americans are interested in the private lives of kings and queens. We even know, from a study of advertising columns, the brand of powder which a queen applies to her royal nose. What do we know of her soul?

Queen Elizabeth discussed the problems of modern royalty frankly with me, although she speaks only with diffidence of herself. In spite of her scientific and literary pursuits, in spite of her interest in medicine, which she inherited from her father, Queen Elizabeth is essentially feminine. "I am not, I never was," she admitted to me, "a militant feminist."

"Does Your Majesty believe in absolute equality between men and women?" I asked.

"They are not equals," the Queen replied; "they are different, biologically and mentally. Men have creative, women have interpretive, brains.

"Great actors, great violinists, great painters are often recruited from our sex. Women, however, are rarely great poets, with the exception of the Countess de Noailles; neither are they likely to be

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS LOOKS AT LIFE]
Continued from page seven

originators of scientific discoveries or new philosophical conceptions."

"What," I said, "of Madame Curie?"

"Ah, Madame Curie," the Queen replied, "has phenomenal brains, a man's brains, but she is an exception."

"Women have been great rulers," I suggested.

"Indeed," the Queen replied, "they are always clever in the choice of their male advisers."

"Madame," I asked, "does this not also hold true of great kings?"

"Yes, but women select their advisers more quickly, their intuition is more unerring. Great women rulers, like Catherine and Elizabeth, are very great; nevertheless they owe a part of their distinction to their feminine intuition."

"What, in Your Majesty's opinion, is the function of kings in modern life?"

Again the Queen showed her diplomatic instincts. "That," she replied, "is a question that I would like to discuss with the King. I cannot answer it offhand."

"Will woman's increasing participation in public life put an end to war?"

"Woman's participation in politics," the Queen replied, "will end war only if men will listen to common sense. Most wars are the result of misunderstanding and cupidity. Nations, it seems, are as greedy as individuals. They must be trained to forget their greed just as we train our children not to eat all the cake on the plate.

"The acquisitive instinct that leads to war is too strongly intrenched biologically, I fear, to make it possible to overcome humanity's bellicose instincts in one generation or two. The education of the race, like the education of the individual, is an arduous task. In some respects mankind is still in its swaddling clothes.

"Woman can exercise her restraining influence more effectively in the family than in the voting booth."

"Is it," I asked, "possible for a queen to function perfectly as a wife, mother, and *Hausfrau,* in spite of her social functions and obligations?"

"Yes," the Queen unhesitatingly replied.

"Another royal lady, whom I had the honor of meeting, insisted that she was almost as much at home in the kitchen as in the drawingroom. Is this true of Your Majesty also?"

The Queen smiled.

"A queen," she remarked, "need not emphasize the housewife any more than any other woman who can serve in other ways. There is no reason why she should wield a broom or stew mutton herself, if there are others who can take her place, while she devotes herself to more congenial tasks. Nevertheless, supervision of household affairs is by no means irreconcilable with royalty. The degree of supervision exercised depends on personal circumstances and predilections."

"Is it possible for a queen to devote the same attention to her children as a mother in humbler walks of life?"

"Why not? Nothing is more important for any woman than to succeed as a wife and a mother, to be with her husband and with her children, and to share their lives fully."

"What is more important, to be a queen or a mother?"

"To be the mother of the future king," Queen Elizabeth replied without hesitation.

"To what extent does Your Majesty supervise the education of your children?"

"With the King, I supervise their education completely. Both parents must jointly assume the responsibility. Education should not be exclusively feminine; neither should it be exclusively in the hands of the father."

"Does Your Majesty believe in exacting mechanical obedience from a child?"

Prince Leopold, Duke of Brabant, the Belgian Crown Prince.

"OF course not," the Queen replied. "The child should understand a command before it obeys. The problem of training at the earliest age," she added, "is to prevent the development of a stubborn will. Yet the child must not be broken. Perseverance accomplishes more in ridding very young children of self-will than any mere indication of displeasure. We must treat children like human beings, and we must teach them, above all, to be human."

"As a student of psychology," I remarked, "Your Majesty must realize how many handicaps are placed in the way of educating the children of kings and queens. Unconscious flattery and unconscious snobbery combine to destroy natural relations between the child and its teachers. How did Your Majesty solve this problem?"

"Very simply," the Queen replied. "By putting my children in public schools. My oldest son was four and one-half years in Eton; he also studied afterward in a military school in Belgium. My second son was eleven years in the British navy."

"He received no preferential treatment?" I asked.

"No, he was treated like every other naval cadet. My girl has been in school in England, in Florence, and in Brussels. Her treatment differs in no way from that of all other children. By rubbing against other children rough edges are smoothed. Elders may sometimes be snobs. Nothing can change the native democracy of a child."

Queen Elizabeth has inherited her own democratic instincts from her father, the royal oculist, Duke Karl Theodor.

"My father," the queen said, "received his medical degrees from the universities of Munich, Vienna, and Zurich. His degrees represented the most conscientious toil. There was no partiality for him when he came up for his final examinations. My father's life work fascinated me even as a girl."

"Has Your Majesty received a medical degree?"

"I have honorary degrees from various universities but I am trained as a nurse. My father initiated me into the elements of medicine. I attended lectures on therapy while I was a girl in my teens. I studied textbooks on the dressing of wounds, manuals of nursing, and treatises on anatomy. Warned by my father against relying on mere book learning, I insisted upon actual experience."

"DID Your Majesty actually receive a diploma as a nurse?"

The Queen smiled. "I did, and I passed a pretty stiff examination. I am, of course, interested in the entire field of medicine. I made a special study of bacteria. I acquired a knowledge of micro-organisms. I studied cells and manipulated slides. I was shocked by the brutal manner in which animals were forced to endure extreme pain in those days. In any institution under my patronage vivisection is rigidly controlled. The dogs and horses must be insensible. Some of the operations have been done away with entirely. Nevertheless, I do not permit my personal idiosyncrasies to interfere with the progress of science.

"My experience as a nurse was helpful to me during the war. I studied the administration of hospitals and I persuaded Professor

The Belgian Crown Princess, born Princess Astrid of Sweden, married to Prince Leopold in 1926.

Queen Elizabeth in New
John F. Hylan,

De Page to establish a hospital in Belgium. The example this set was followed. There were soon four other hospitals, three of surgery and one of medicine, in Belgian territory. These Belgian hospitals soon became great establishments as well as true medical schools in the best humanitarian as well as scientific sense. The welfare of the patients is not subordinated to any consideration of research or experiment.

"I have the keenest practical interest in the medical foundation that bears my name. I spend many mornings and afternoons in the hospitals connected with this foundation. I keep in personal touch with the most difficult cases."

In spite of her interest in medical work, Queen Elizabeth does not neglect literature. The Queen pays great attention to biography and history. Her knowledge of juvenile classics enabled her to pick and choose the reading of her children. In her maiden days she was an enthusiast for Shakespeare, and it surprised her tutors to find that she was quite at home in the literature of Shakespearean criticism. After her marriage, the Queen, then Princess, dreaded the prospect of seeming what is now called an intellectual, or, as the word was then, a bluestocking. But she has striven to keep in touch with modern literature. The Queen of the Belgians is surprisingly well versed in the literature of America—Hawthorne, Poe, Thoreau, and Longfellow—but her preference is perhaps for the great poets of modern Europe.

I suspect that Her Majesty's admiration is divided equally between the Belgian poet Verhaeren and the Austrian dramatist Grillparzer, both almost unknown in the United States.

The Queen refused to disclose the name of her favorite contemporary author. "I like Shaw," was all Her Majesty was prepared to admit.

Queen Elizabeth is the third crowned head I have met who professes admiration for G. B. S.

Many people imagine that queens wear their crown at breakfast, and that they sweep majestically through the palace, followed by pages in Little Lord Fauntleroy costumes who carry their train. Such queens exist only in fairy tales. The Queen of the Belgians does not even own a dress with a long court train!

"Belgium," Her Majesty informed me, when I requested her picture in full royal regalia, "is a democratic country. It is more democratic than America. Less ceremonial surrounds the King than the President of the United States."

I politely ventured to register surprise.

"Belgium," the Queen explained, "is a young kingdom. It is in existence as such only since 1830. We have few court traditions, and even less royal pomp. No, I cannot give you a picture with a long court train. No such picture is in existence. In all my wardrobe you will find no such gown."

Her Majesty is not rich enough to dress extravagantly. But she dresses, nevertheless, with exquisite taste. On the morning of my visit she wore a smart tan suit that blended perfectly with her coloring.

Queen Elizabeth's youngest child, Princess Marie José, now twenty-two.

Herbert photo

n 1919, standing between r, and Mrs. Hylan.

Queen Elizabeth was much amused during a halt in a public procession somewhere in the United States. The crowd included many young people from a neighboring school. Their comments in English reached the ears of the Queen.

"Do you like that white hat she has on?" This was from a little girl. Her companion replied:

"She doesn't look like a queen in it."

The other replied: "No—but she looks like a lady in it."

"But a queen," retorted the second speaker, "is a lady."

"Oh, no," contradicted the other, "some queens are just dressed up to look like ladies."

HAD I known the simple, unostentatious charm that radiates from the Queen, I would have been less anxious about a pair of gloves and the form of my salutation.

When I received word the Queen had consented to see me, I immediately attempted to ascertain the ceremonial prescribed at the Belgian court for such occasions.

A diplomatic friend who is close to the Belgian court informed me that I must wear a cutaway, and "almost white" gloves. "Almost white" did not mean that the gloves must be slightly soiled. It meant that they should be as light as possible without being white.

"You must bow three times when you enter the room. She will not let you bow three times, but you must make the gesture. Keep your left glove on during the audience, and hold your right glove in your left hand."

After several rehearsals I succeeded in acquiring the proper resiliency of the spine for the threefold bow. Keeping my instructions in mind, and clutching my almost white glove in my left hand, I appeared at the Royal Palace.

The reception room contained old, somewhat worn furniture, two curiosity cabinets filled with Dresden china, and a large oil portrait of the late King Leopold. The handles of the doors and of the cabinets were decorated with the royal crown.

On paper it would be easy to suggest that the Belgian monarch is rich. The exquisite gardens, the city palaces, the array of beautiful objects everywhere, might be taken as evidence of wealth.

The revenues of the royal establishment seem considerable until one finds how they must be appropriated. The fixed charges—the royal overhead—amount to such a huge sum that there is often no money out of which a new suite of furniture can be bought. The Queen must then get along with a sofa that shows hard wear!

I was musing on these things, still holding on to my glove, when two flunkeys appeared, followed by one of the Queen's ladies in waiting. The lady in waiting motioned to me to follow her into the Queen's drawingroom. I did so, prepared to make my threefold bow without losing my gloves. But I could not possibly bow more than once, because straight at the threshold, smiling winsomely upon me, stood the Queen herself, and extended her hand to me. Any attempt to make the required number of bows would have led to a collision with a queen!

Prince Charles Theodore, namesake of the Queen's ducal father, who was a royal oculist.

QUEEN ELIZABETH motioned to a chair placed at a considerable distance from her own. This is how the court etiquette indicates the gulf between a queen and a commoner. In the course of the conversation I repeatedly abridged this ceremonial abyss by rising from my chair. If this was lèse-majesté, I know that I am forgiven.

Her Majesty was a little embarrassed by meeting an interviewer, at first. She prefers French as the language of conversation in everyday life, but she speaks four European tongues fluently.

Conscious of my linguistic limitations in French, I asked, "Your Majesty, shall I speak English or German?"

"English, since you are an American," the Queen replied.

Even as a child, Queen Elizabeth was more conscious of being a Bavarian than of being a German. Her mother, Mary of Braganza, was a Portuguese princess. Her father, Karl Theodor, was the brother of Empress Elizabeth of Austria, the romantic consort of Emperor Francis Joseph. An American friend who played with the Queen of Belgium when she was a child tells me that in those days "Emperor" signified to her the Emperor of Austria. She did not apply the title to the German Emperor.

The Queen knew that I had been the guest of Emperor William, but she preferred not to discuss the exile of Doorn. "In this case," she remarked, "silence is golden. I do not wish to speak ill of anyone in misfortune."

"In other words, as we Americans say, you don't want to hit a fellow when he is down."

The Queen beamed upon me gratefully.

"Your phrase," she said, "expresses my sentiments exactly."

In her maturity the Queen of the Belgians realizes the promise of her early distinction. She has a willowy figure, a thick head of hair of a hue originally chestnut and today remarkably brown but shot with gray threads, and hands and arms quite slender. She is supple still, although in her early days as a bride she was thought too slender and too nervous in her movement.

The Queen is not like her husband, the King, a total abstainer, but she prefers the light wines of the Continent to beer. Liqueurs are banned from her table. She does not smoke cigarettes in public.

The Queen's musical training accounts, perhaps, for her melodious speech. Music is her predominant passion.

"Madame," I asked, "is royalty not a handicap for an artist?"

"Not for the artist," the Queen replied, "but for his career, because an artist should be able to consecrate all his time to his art. Real genius always forges ahead and wins recognition. It overcomes even the disadvantage of royal blood. Carmen Sylva was a great poet, recognized as such, in spite of the fact that she was a queen."

"What is Your Majesty's favorite instrument?"

"The violin. Ysaye is my master. I am one of his pupils."

One anecdote of the Queen of the Belgians has been widely circulated in America. It seems that she rode up a great New York thoroughfare with the wife of the Mayor, Mrs. John F. Hylan.

The Queen is reported to have said: "Some city!" The Mayor's wife is quoted as replying: "Queen, you said a mouthful." This is alleged to have been all the conversation between the ladies during this ride. Wishing to ascertain the truth about this episode, I repeated this tale to the Queen. The Queen laughed, very humanly.

"I am sorry," she remarked, "to destroy a myth, but the story is entirely apocryphal."

Queen Elizabeth can trust her memory in such affairs. She keeps a record of all her experiences. While still the merest girl, the Queen learned the importance of making exact notes of whatever concerned her everyday routine.

"Is it true," I asked, "that Your Majesty is writing your memoirs?"

To this question the Queen replied with an unequivocal "No."

A lady in waiting who had been hovering in an adjoining room now appeared to remind Her Majesty that she was expected at the medical foundation.

The Queen arose, thus terminating the audience.

Graciously extending her hand to bid me farewell, she said, "Give my love to America."

THE END

The Last of KENO CANNON

A Story of Love and a Strange Adventure

(In Four Parts)

By

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Pictures by KENNETH CAMP

DAVID BARRY was lost in a chasm. He climbed one of its walls, slipped, spun through emptiness, then lay deadly still at the bottom.

Barry wore a strange costume: frilled shirt and plaid trousers tucked into boots with two-inch heels. It was the get up of Keno Cannon, gambler-bandit of the days of the vigilantes.

Barry was a movie star and his own director. He had been following the actual parched trail Keno Cannon had tramped on his diabolical errands—following it in a mood of intense irritation, looking for a good location. He disapproved of the ramshackle scenario he was expected to vitalize, disapproved of the sick blond wig Ike Moritz had wished on lovely Molly McGlynn, heroine of the piece. And more deeply still he disapproved of his own stock stunts.

Homer Liveright, the author, couldn't do anything about it, nor Jimmy Shayne, assistant director—and Ike wouldn't. So Barry roamed for inspiration—and fell.

He stirred, at length, and staggered to his feet to lurch forward in search of water. Incredibly he found himself gazing over a declivity at a valley dotted with trees. Crazily he flung himself down the slope and dug for water with bare hands in the river bed below.

Water flowed. He drank. Then his sense of reality deserted him. He recaptured it to find his head pillowed on a woman's knees. Without stirring, Barry could see a perfect village of the '60s: town pump, watering trough, and meetinghouse. What a location for the Keno Cannon picture! Well, some rival movie director must have put real money into it.

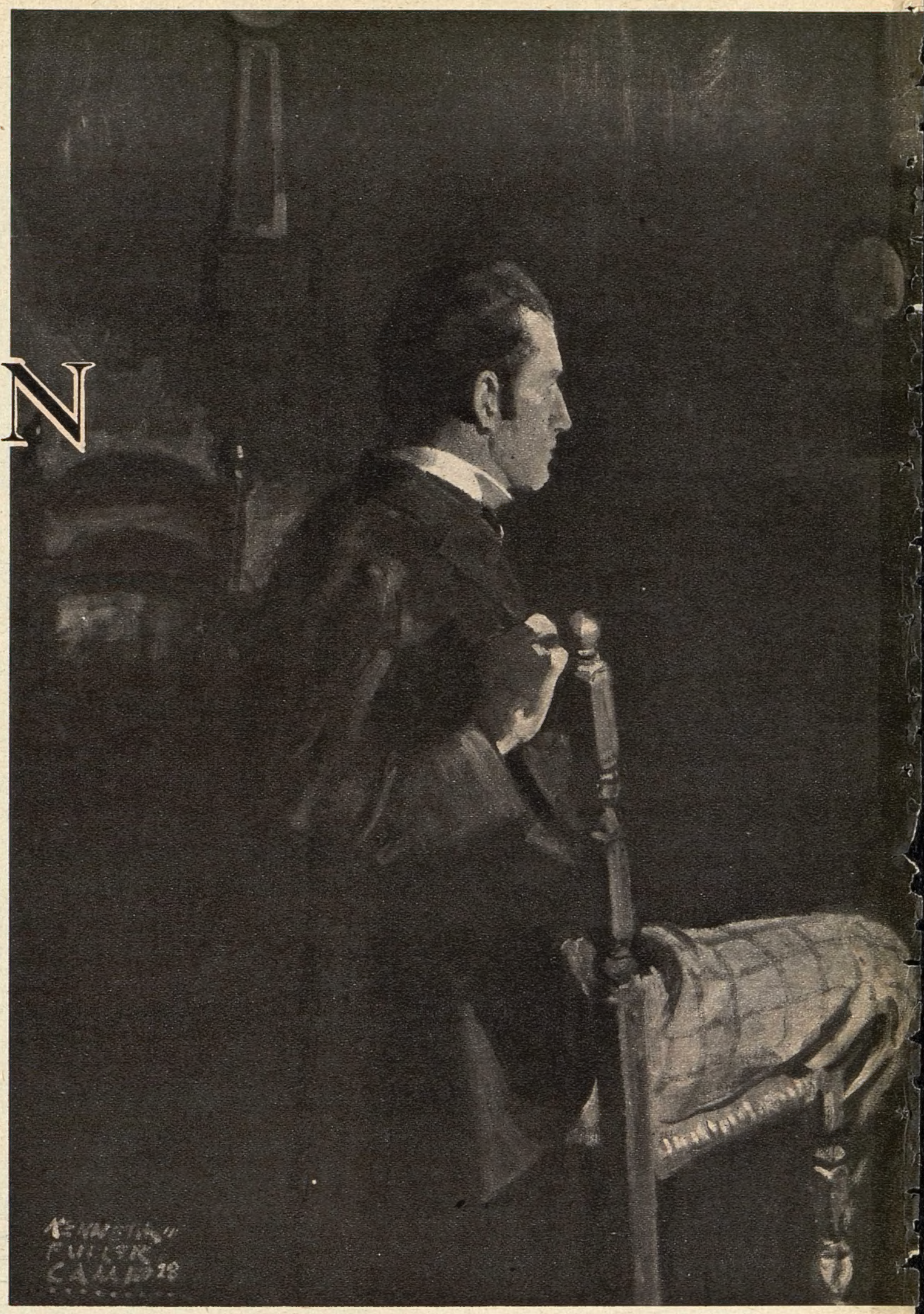
"Whose set is this?" he demanded.

Blue eyes widened. "This land? If thee would know the truth, friend, my grandfather did own it all till the men of evil came and took it by theft."

Quaker speech! Surely here was an actress—the leading woman, no doubt—who wouldn't drop her rôle.

"Are you tied up to a long term contract?" he asked her.

She seemed not to understand, talked more of men of evil, and when hoofbeats sounded in the distance, forced him into the skirts of a thicket.



"I came here tonight," Barry began, "because—because I have heard that you

PART TWO

FOR just one moment Barry permitted himself to be taken in and shared the quaking dread the girl made so graphic while that drum of hoofs waxed and passed within a dozen feet, on the far side of the thicket. Gusts of rudely genial voices went with it, though what the riders were talking about couldn't be distinguished; and through a rift in the foliage Barry caught one glimpse of an old-style stovepipe hat, most intriguing.

But there was a stubborn skeptic in the man. This was all very good theater, and anything but unpleasant, with that warm young body pressed to his and that faint moving fragrance, as of an old love laid up in lavender, besieging his senses. All very fine—and heavens! What histrionism! This girl was the marvel of the age, and whoso held her under contract the luckiest fool in the movie world. All the same, an old actor made a tough audience for anybody who wanted to pile on the agony.

"All right," he said in a careful voice, just to please her, and smiled indulgently down to that stricken young face. "I'm game. I think it's a stacked deal, but I'll play my hand out. Only let me get a good squint at these mysterious strangers. . . . Don't worry—I'll take care they don't spot me."

The promise had to pass before fearful hands would release him. He kept it, too, edging away only far enough to spy round a sycamore's smooth hip.

Those riders of the lilac dusk were reining in before the only saloon in sight; lining in an entrance scene which, Barry gathered, was

n this valley." "By right of first settlement all here is mine—under God."

hardly an event, since never a soul turned out to welcome them, and the street, when the dust had settled and the hound dogs sought again their wallows, wore an air as somnolent as ever—poor support for vaporings about "men of evil"!

THE steeds they left at the hitching rack were no common cow ponies but sound saddle stock such as one would seek far to find in the strings they keep for hire in Hollywood. So was their gear unusual if completely in the picture: bridles with blinkers, ring bits sans curbs, no martingales, single broad girths, hornless Kentucky saddles without the blankets of latter-day custom under their deep flaps. Trust the fox directing this feature to overlook no bets!

For first sight of the horsemen had done away with the last lingering stain of doubt. Now Miss Pretty-to-Death's little bluff blew up with the empty pop of a toy balloon when some cynic of a cigarette pecks its rosy cheek. Not that Barry recognized either of these troupers, but both were dressed as picturesquely as the girl and in a style that dated even more faithfully, Quaker garb having been much the same for generations: proof and to spare that they were working in pictures.

One was short and paunchy in a coat of stout brown cloth, double-breasted, high-waisted, with full long skirts, and trousers of loud pattern tucked into top boots. His hat, pushed well back from a round red face with walrus mustaches, was wide, flat, and stiff brimmed. Barry had worn its brother in his version of the Davy Crockett legend.

The other, slender and tall—and the taller for that preposterous beaver—was by all odds the more dashing fellow. Who wouldn't be in a long-skirted coat of lustrous plum-colored broadcloth, peg-top trousers of fawn doeskin strapped under boots dainty as a woman's, a crimson brocade waistcoat cut low to display a shirt bosom exquisitely frilled, a black satin stock fastidiously tied round a high collar with jutting peaks, and a four-strand chain of gold nuggets shaming even the glory of that waistcoat?

The heart of the hidden picture actor grew heavy: for there a gambler of the '60s strutted in regalia that made Keno Cannon as Dave Barry had costumed him look like a frazzled twospot.

He took back to the young woman an appetite for no more nonsense. He simply had to know what all this gammon meant—and, by the great horn spoon, he meant to!

AND yet the poise was too positive with which she awaited him, her fright, feigned or real, of a moment gone, forgotten. That poise breathed a spirit which the rudeness he had intended must fail to rock or even ruffle. To score any sort of success here, he must go about his business with a subtlety to outmatch hers.

"Forgive me; I guess what I've been through has made me pretty dumb. Do I understand your grandfather owns this—well, property?"

"But truly all the land hereabouts is his, friend, by every right men honor who are of peace and law abiding. Only the men of evil—"

"Yes, I know! I was only wondering if you could make it possible for me to meet your grandfather . . ." He saw the girl hanging in the wind and knew a mean thrill—he had her cornered! "I'd give a good deal for a little talk with him, if you don't mind."

"Nay, friend! Why should I object? It is of thee peril I am thinking."

"If the old gentleman's been robbed, as you believe, and kept out of his rights," Barry pursued without a quiver, "who knows but I may become the instrument of their restoration?"

"Now I know not how to answer thee, friend. The ways of God indeed pass all our understanding. Our home lies yonder, the first beyond the meetinghouse. And to him whose heart is without guile my grandfather's door is never closed."

The gaze she bent on him was clouded. Was she still playing with him, then, and he too dense to detect the false notes in her performance? Or could she conceivably be what she made herself out, a simple Quaker maiden, grandchild of some fanatic old settler who perhaps had founded this village and based on that some crazy claim to ownership of the entire county, and had taught the girl to consider picture people, to the last man, limbs of Satan?

"Say I come to call tonight, then, as soon as it's dark?"

"It is not for me, friend, to say thee nay; but I do adjure thee to remember all I have said: how wickedly the men of evil do deal with strangers. If one should see thee—"

"Leave that to me." Of course, if the girl were genuine, it would be the most natural thing imaginable for her to place weird misconstructions on the pains this mystery picture outfit was taking to shoo outsiders off and preserve the integrity of their secret. "I'll take my chances with your precious 'men of evil'! Look for me inside an hour—I'll be knocking at your door about moon-up. But about yourself: If it's such an all-fired hard lot that's working here, is it safe for you—"

"No man amongst them would have the hardihood to lay one finger on me, friend. The man of sin hath sworn to kill the first who dares."

"'The man of sin'?" Evidently Quaker slang for the head devil of the picture gang. Barry could hardly hold back a smile. "By the way, do you happen to know the gentleman's name?"

"Yea, friend; to us he is known as Luke

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE LAST OF KENO CANNON
Continued from page eleven]

Pettigrew. Him you did see just now, the taller of those two—"

"What!" That shaky edifice which fancy had reared to house a real Quaker maiden and her dotard of a grandsire caved in on the head of its creator. Black Luke Pettigrew—Keno's deadly enemy of historical record as well as of Liveright's fable! "Who did you say? 'Black Luke Pettigrew'—"

"Nay"—all unaware of her fatal slip the woman persevered—"but do not tell me thee is a friend of the man of sin!"

"No!" Barry snorted. So that was it—that the nigger in the woodpile, the plot at the back of this hocus-pocus! Some rival company had cooked up a Keno Cannon story, using the biographical material at everybody's disposition, and secretly was pushing production through not only to beat Barry's to the screen but to make The Last of Keno Cannon, as he was building it, with Ike Moritz watching every nickel, look like something the cat had dragged in. But what dumb luck had guided his lost feet today!

"No," he pursued ironically, "I wouldn't call myself one of Black Luke's friends exactly, but I know a lot about him. And if it isn't putting too much strain on your courtesy, I wonder if you'd mind telling me just one thing more . . . I asked a while back, but you didn't seem to hear: What is your name?"

"Patience," the girl replied without the least self-consciousness. "Patience Sandifer, friend."

"THANKS very much!" A likely name! It rang as false as anything a scenario cobbler ever had faked in haste to title a character in some ramshackle continuity. And this amazing actress—oh, give the girl credit—imagined she could fob off an old mule of a picture actor with any such barefaced imposition!

"It's a brave name, Miss Sandifer," the Irish in Barry roused to mock, "and a brave day indeed for the two of us to be meeting!"

"Nay, friend, but now again thee speech is strange. Why does it anger thee to know my name, which thee did courteously entreat?"

"Why, I'm not angry. What makes you think that?" Barry gave a sour laugh just to prove he was lying. "And to make everything perfectly fair, Miss Sandifer, I trust you will permit me to introduce myself." He swept off his hat at the length of his arm, hand to heart, made her the courtliest bow in his bag of tricks. "Keno Cannon's what they call me, ma'am," he intoned, in character, "and very much at the lady's service!"

"Oh, no!" a voice of pain cried. "No—not that!" Living horror like a flame flickered in those blue deeps. The girl withdrew a step, both hands lifting as though to ward off contamination. "That," she declared in a shudder, "God alone can forgive, O man of evil!"

And before he could think of any response the dove-gray girl fluttered past, giving Barry as wide a berth as the glade permitted.

Of a divided mind, he sourly stood watching her scurry away through the dimming twilight.

The village street was more populous now. Eyes of critical envy could count upward of a score of extras loafing about, smoking and gossiping, every man jack in marvelous make-up. Past these that graceful gray beauty hastened without heeding more or less ironical salutes, and just beyond the ancient meetinghouse turned into a dooryard and disappeared, playing her part out precisely as though it mattered now, when she was simply a shown-up impostor.

Or was she? Had her recent convulsion been a good bit of business to cover consternation on finding her attempts to hoodwink Dave Barry had been wasted, as well as to excuse her flight before he could maneuver her into a tighter corner? Or was it just possible that he had made a shrewd stab at the truth with his tardy theory of a Quaker granddad gone plumb loco with religion and addling his grandchild with ravings about this "man of sin" and, presumably his heelers, the "men of evil"?

Or perhaps an ancient not so mad as made cunning for fear lest the girl fall for the lure of the klieg lights, and deliberately, to make her fight shy of picture people, playing on naïve susceptibilities with wild yarns which owed their resurrection to the atmosphere recreated here for this bootleg Keno Cannon feature . . .

He did a comedy flop and brought up sitting with a jolt that made him spontaneously vocal. "Sufferin' snakes! Ef 'taint Keno—!"

None of the extra people seemed of a mind to sample the sylvan delights of the grove. Nevertheless, to run no risk of being spotted, Barry worked back into the undergrowth and stretched out to wait for dark of night, nothing being more distant from his intention than to say good-by to this business without getting to the bottom of it.

The gang over on Big Flats would be running round in circles by this time, he supposed, yapping its collective head off. But that couldn't be helped. Better a day or two lost out of the schedule with a full pay roll running than that Papa Herman should spend more of his good money making a snide $200,000 production to compete with one which, by every visible evidence, wouldn't, when the returns were all in, have cost much under a million . . .

Barry caught himself nodding. He had had one hell of a hard day and would need a solid eight hours in bed before he would be good for much again. But that must wait. Anything might happen if he so much as winked . . .

II

BARRY, in muddled alarm, scrambled to his feet.

But the glade was the same still pool of refuge, only darker; for night had fallen while he had been dozing there and dreaming that queer, misty dream whose content was as quicksilver to his fumblings and left nothing with him but a fading vision of the pines of Big Flats with firelight ruddling their giant torsos, and echoes of Molly's voice like the mood of some old song . . . or the tune of running water . . .

Night had fallen and turned the village into a lane of warm windows with here and there a doorway spilling its golden rhomboid—there were no street lamps.

Those extra people were still about, doing their best, no doubt, to find diversion in this remote location, but it seemed unlikely that any would take special notice of just one more strolling figure, clad like the lot of them in "costume of the period."

Then, too, Barry had been prompt to take the Quaker maiden's warning as well played buncombe merely—murder was a big order to credit as treatment meted out in these 1920s to every stranger guilty of no crime more heinous than having lost his way.

HE broke cover at an easy saunter; and if he was ready to call himself a fool before he had gone twenty yards into the village it was only for having for one instant imagined this could possibly be a set run up by studio technicians.

Unmistakably a town which had planted itself and dug its roots deep into the soil long before ever a movie outfit had come to roost in California, its open doors and windows permitted glances at interiors which, crude or smug, might have sat for portraits of an America almost as lost to our time as Atlantis. All backwoods stuff—why, these people seemed to be dependent still on oil lamps and candles—but as real as these iron hills which walled the restless age away. With never a wire-bearing pole in sight, chances were there wasn't a telephone short of the nearest railroad. A lost town, marooned on a desert island in a tideless sea of time, the world forgetting, by the world forgot . . .

Tales about such towns were stock figments of those incorrigible romantics, the desert rats. And now to plump headlong into one too late to turn the find to any profit—what rotten luck!

Somebody with a heavy sea running lurched out of the saloon, down its steps and into Barry's path, and before he could sheer off saw his face in a strong wash of light. The eyes of the reveler bulged, his jaw sagged, he did a comedy flop and brought up sitting with a jolt that made him spontaneously vocal.

"Sufferin' snakes! Ef 'taint Keno—!"

He bit off and ducked under an unflung forearm as though half expecting to be rewarded with a blow. Barry answered only with a laugh and a flirt of a hand, as who should say, "You will have your little joke, won't you?"—and left the fellow bogged down in sottish astonishment. Yet he mended his pace in dull distress. All very well to call it a drunken freak, inspired by the associations of this upstart Keno Cannon picture; but there had been something too damnably coincidental in that recognition, something, in one plain word, funny . . .

Turning to open the gate to the first fenced yard beyond the meetinghouse, Barry looked back. The swine who had called him Keno was crawling on hands and knees back into the saloon, as one charged with an errand so urgent he couldn't spare time to get upon his feet. Barry gave that sodden creature not another thought. He had too much else to think about, indeed, whose eyes were gathering every needed evidence that the woman hadn't been playacting.

Though the moon had yet to lift above the ridges, the sky now was slowly paling, the

earth wan with unearthly glimmer in which the cottage singularly breathed an air of old permanence.

The two lighted windows were unshuttered. Through one the girl Patience was visible, bending over somebody seated. Her hair, since she had put off her Quaker bonnet, was plainly dressed and dark, but candleshine found gleams of rich gold in it. She stood back presently, but between the object of her attention and the window, the slope of her shoulders, the bend of her head upon its deliciously modeled neck, all eloquent of a nature whose kindness was unfailing—submissively attentive to a voice that ran on like an old bell tolling till Barry put knuckles to the door, when it broke off to give sonorous response:

"Enter, friend, in peace!"

BARRY remembered a child who, squirming on a hard pew 3,000 miles and thirty years removed, had tried to imagine what the voice had been like that spake of old from out a burning bush. . . .

The door swung in. Barry made the girl a diffident bow, anything but the gallant salute he had intended. And why, he couldn't fathom. He managed his "Good evening, Miss Sandifer" with better success, but was sensible of unsureness in the accents that added: "I've called to see your grandfather, as I promised."

The girl gave back his bow but nothing more. He saw she had lost a shade or two of color, and supposed that was what made her eyes look so strangely big and dark and troubled. But if she had no word of welcome for him, at least she proved no disposition to forbid his entering. And Barry went in humbly, no more an unbeliever: this was never an actress, whether of stage or screen; in this house was place for no manner of deception.

The sitting room was plainly, even sparsely furnished. Candles in polished pewter sticks, a group of three upon a piecrust table, furnished it illumination, their every ray drawn seemingly to one common focus, the head of an aged man as kingly as any peak of the high Sierras crowned with frosts of eternal isolation.

Over his shoulder a fine gray rug folded, a rug of warmer gray wrapping knees on which an open Bible rested. He occupied a hickory chair whose high back was not so stiff as his, whose arms were not more rugged than, in their prime, the bleached and wasted hands had been that clasped them. A thin mane like floss of white silk fell to the shawl, a beard as white sprayed from beneath the chin to blanket his chest. The face was shaven and of singularly clear pallor, the nose a fighting prow, the mouth wide and resolute. Cavernous orbits under eaves of snow harbored eyes of the same profound blue as the girl's but with the fire of living jewels added, proclaiming a dour spirit, indomitable. A Quaker of the strangest stamp: Barry could more readily have cast him for Jeremiah in his senescence.

The bow he gave got no requital in kind, but an open challenge fairly trumpeted in that extraordinary voice: "Is thee a Friend?"

For once in a lifetime overawed and short of words, Barry shook his head.

"Leave head wagging for dumb beasts and God's afflicted. Can thee not say yea or nay?"

"No," Barry stammered. "I am ashamed to say I know very little about the Society of Friends, Mr. Sandifer. I only hope—"

"There be no titles in this house, friend. Anthony be my name, and hers there be Patience. Has thee no name?"

"My name . . ."

That which he had given an hour ago was here, the girl's appalled face told him, anathema. To give his own would only make him out an idle liar in her sight, and his invention was wretchedly unready. He felt he was groping in a peculiar fog, and toward some blind, nameless end, and in a fit of brute irritation asked himself what the devil he did here.

And when, with vexatious difficulty, he forced himself to recall having planned to sound out this patriarch about his alleged title to the village lands and what the chances were of being able to rent them for location work, it appeared that Barry had no more heart for that business. Inexplicably, since his introduction to this ancient presence, what an hour ago had been all, now was as nothing; the hopes and worries, the prides and pains which had made up his active life were fictions merely of a fleeting dream.

"Wherefore does thee tongue stumble, friend? Is thee name one thee would hide for very shame?" The gnarled hands convulsively fastened on the hickory rests, the venerable head lifted a little higher, blue lightnings played about the stranger's head, and that great voice became a clarion of wrath contained: "Is thee Mormon?"

"No."

"Is thee Spaniard?"

"Neither."

"Is thee allied unto the men of evil who have made our Peaceful Valley the bed of their iniquities?"

"No, Anthony; none of these."

Still another moment the blue eyes bored him through; then, as if persuaded, "Give God the praise for that," the ancient Sandifer said more quietly. "Thee name, then, friend—thee name!"

"My name," Barry said in desperation, "is David."

"David be a godly name." The old man seemed to be singularly mollified by the mere sound of it. "Patience, David will sit."

But Patience, placing a rush-seated chair for Barry, had a countenance like a sculptured mask of scorn.

"Thee has somewhat to say to me, David? Open thee mind freely, thee can have naught to communicate that Patience may not hear."

"I came here tonight," Barry began, only to know another halt while his mind, in its strange new incompetence, fished another time at random for the features of his errand— "because—because I have heard that you claim to own this valley. If that is so—"

"By right of first settlement and conquest from the wilderness all here is mine—under God. We came here in His hand, me and my children in the Lord, and found the valley even as He had made it, a fair land and no man's habitation, and here made our abode. We builded houses to be our dwellings and a meetinghouse wherein to worship the Lord God of Hosts. We planted trees and digged wells and tilled the soil and did prosper with God's good countenance. And I did name the valley Peaceful Valley. Yet it was presently His will, for what manner of unrighteousness of our doing I know not, to let loose the wolves upon us. First the Spaniards . . ."

The majestic head bowed under its burden of sad memories; and Patience went quickly to the old man's side and knelt to wipe the tears that rolled down withered cheeks.

"Spaniards?" Barry prompted. But it was a hundred years and more since History had turned the page of Spanish rule in California . . . "Or Mexicans, perhaps?"

"Men whose speech was Spanish, swart men of violence and wrath, knowing no respect for the treaty whereby this territory had passed to the United States; they seized our lands and, though none resisted, since it is forbidden to Friends to fight, slew all the elders, sparing only the young and the aged, whom they held as serfs. Later came the men of evil in the guise of patriots, bringing the American flag. When these had driven out the Spaniards, they did turn on us and did slay all who would have claimed the valley lands. Patience's father they did slay and her brothers, and me they would have slain but for the intervention of the Lord."

"You were even then so old?"

"Nay—the men of evil were more heartless than the Spaniards in their greed to possess the land. They would have left neither old nor young to bear witness to their crimes. Yet it was God's will that I and the child Patience should not perish.

"When I lay sorely wounded, crippled as you see, one drew near to make an end of me. Then I lifted up my hands to God and prayed, and the pistol did burst in that man's hand and tear it all away, so that presently he died. And the other men of evil were sore afraid and did spare my life lest God send a second judgment on them; and for that they have never forgotten their fear. The child Patience was spared to be my consolation. The lands they claim and hold today are mine under God notwithstanding."

The resonant voice, failing, left an uncanny void. The head of the patriarch drooped.

"But you—but, good—!" Barry smothered an exclamation, and stole a glance at the girl. Standing behind her grandfather's chair she wore a look of long suffering which sealed that strange recital with the sign of her unquestioning acceptance. And he himself, Barry was profoundly mazed to find, even he, the skeptic, was impressed almost to the point of believing that which reason rejected.

BUT that such infamies could have been transacted in California within the span of this girl's lifetime—impossible!

"How long ago was that?" he heard his stupid mutter ask.

"Since the men of evil first came to Peaceful Valley?" Anthony spoke without raising his head. "As memory serves me, friend, it is now more than a score of years."

In 1908? Mexican bandits in southern California so lately? The patriarch was wandering, giving tongue to a mind by ancient wrongs deranged. Possibly enough all he related had happened within his memory, for he was as old as time; though not if the girl were merely his granddaughter—there would be two generations at least between them. But when Barry looked to her for confirmation of this surmise, he found Patience reading his incredulity not with a resentful, rather with a puzzled gaze.

"But surely . . ."

"Thee would say, David?"

"Surely it must be longer ago . . ."

The ancient mildly frowned. "Thee may reckon for theeself, friend. When under God's hand I and my children went out from Pennsylvania to settle in the new territory of Nebraska, President Pierce sat in Washington. When we did leave Nebraska to seek this promised land it was President Buchanan who led the nation. Three years did pass before we first looked on Peaceful Valley; for in Wyoming the Mormons did entice my eldest daughter and I would not go on, no, nor abandon hope of reclaiming her unto the Lord, until we learned that she was dead. Five years after we had settled here the Spaniards came . . ."

Those rotund accents wavered and were stilled by the sudden sleep which visits the very aged with respect neither for hour nor for occasion. And Barry watched the girl while she bent gently to lift the Bible from Anthony's knees and put it aside on the piecrust table, where his first waking glance would find it.

Barry finds himself plunged into fantastic and perilous adventure in next week's installment. Watch for it.

GRAPHIC SECTION

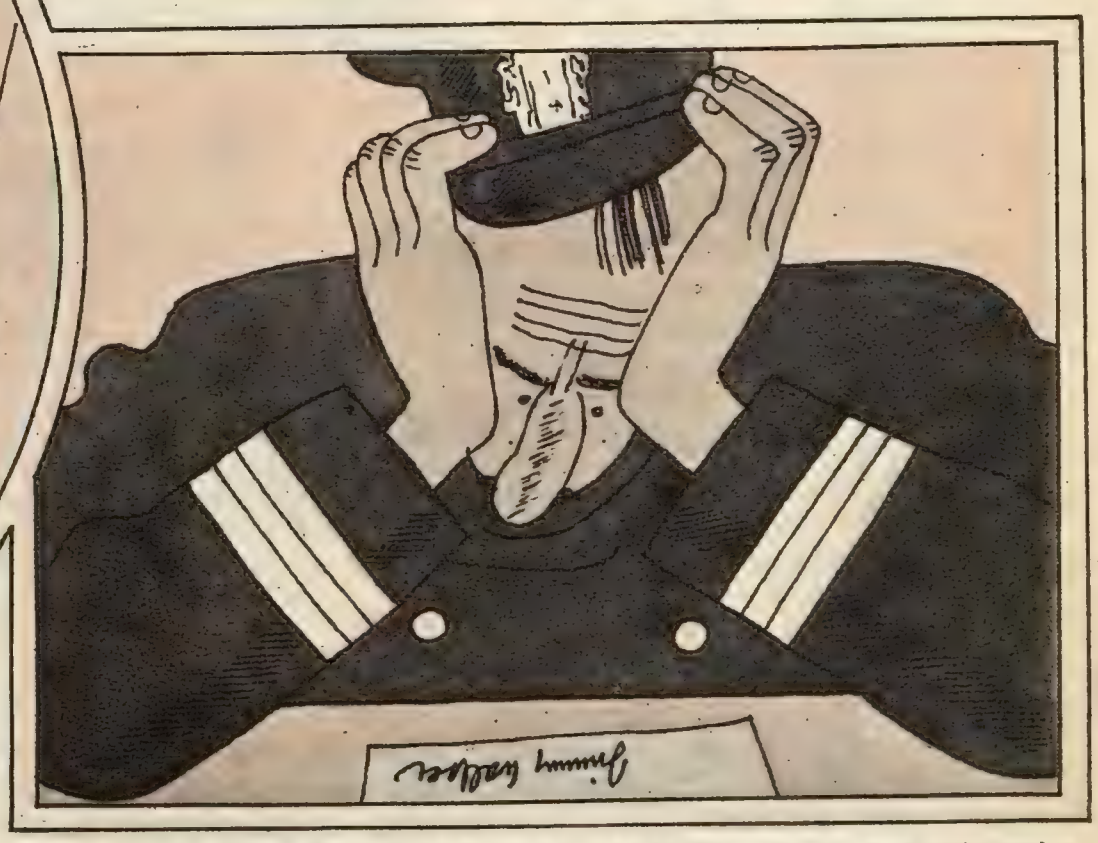
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

HOW THE FIRST PROHIBITION TURNED OUT. A design for a Christmas card for the members of the Anti-Saloon League.

IS HE THE LAST OF HIS RACE? Man captured in Tennessee who still believes that the smoking of cigarettes is not quite manly.

NIGHT CLUB HABITUÉ makes horrible discovery, during sober moment, that all jazz music is the same tune played under different names.



NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT BAFFLED. Precinct captain trying to understand the mayor's order to capture murderer of a celebrated gambler.

God rest Ye, Merrie Gentlemen

LANCASTER is beaten. The white rose mocks the red. Another winter . . . another Christmas . . . and England lies under forgetful snow.

Yew logs blaze beneath tavern rafters. All night the sound of singing comes from the castle. The boar's head is crowned with rosemary. The spiced brown bowl is passed from hand to hand. Lancaster or York? Who cares? Noel.

* * * *

Another Christmas. The old words, the old songs come back. In thirty million homes the old customs are renewed. Holly and mistletoe, carols beneath the sky, and gifts exchanged, symbolic of the day of peace.

And what more ideal gift than the New Frigidaire? What better way to say the old, old phrase, "Merry Christmas"? For the New Frigidaire contributes to the happiness and safety of every member of your family, every day in the year. It is beautiful, powerful, incredibly quiet. It assures the constant low refrigerating temperatures which safeguard health and prevent food spoilage. It freezes an abundant supply of sparkling ice cubes. It provides delicious frozen salads and desserts. It brings a new convenience and a new economy into housekeeping, and it does all this, day after day, month after month, quietly, surely, automatically.

Let the New Frigidaire do for your family what Frigidaire is already doing for more than 750,000 others. And let it carry your Christmas greeting down through the months and years to come. Frigidaire Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

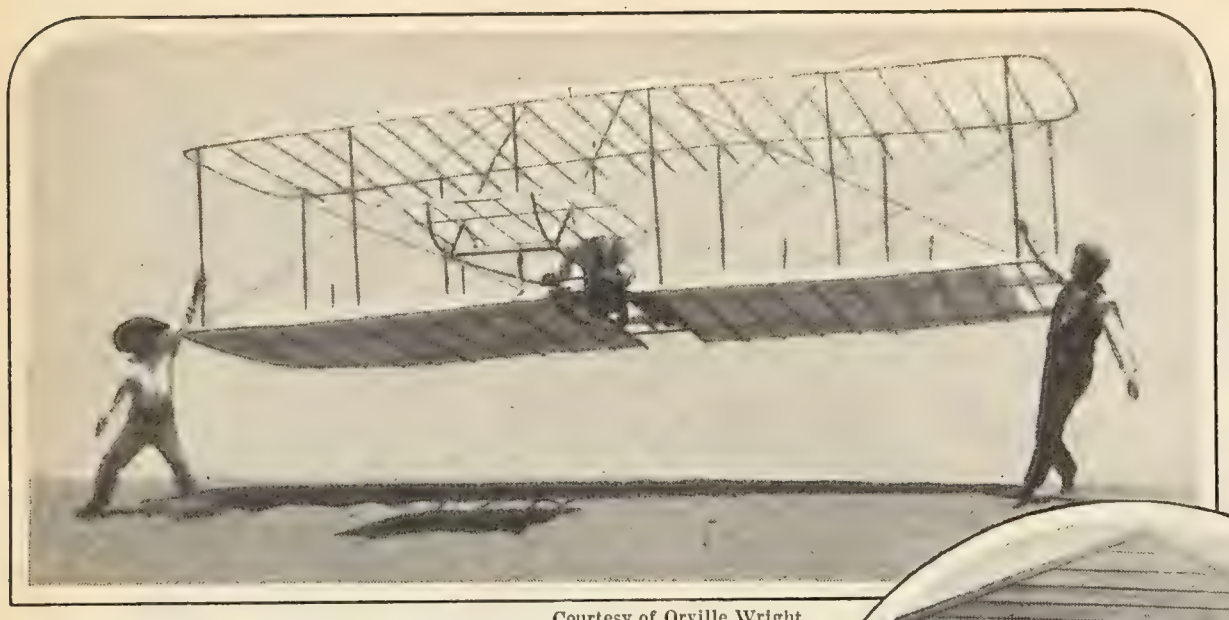
THE NEW FRIGIDAIRE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Orville The Flight-

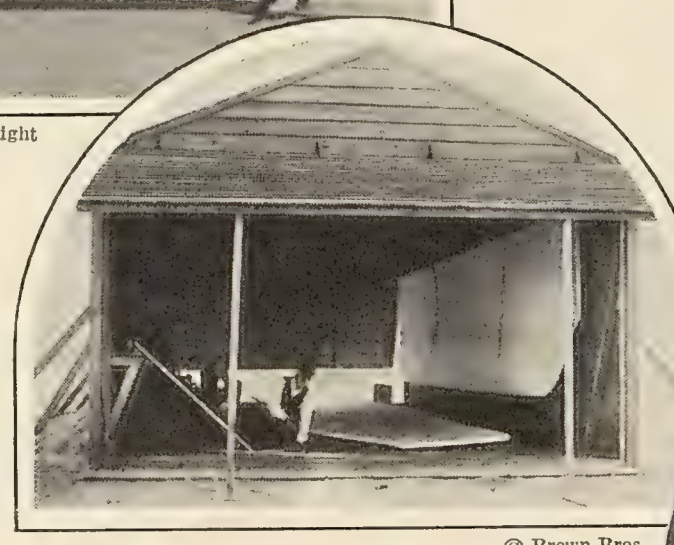
A Picture of a Quiet Man

By Major



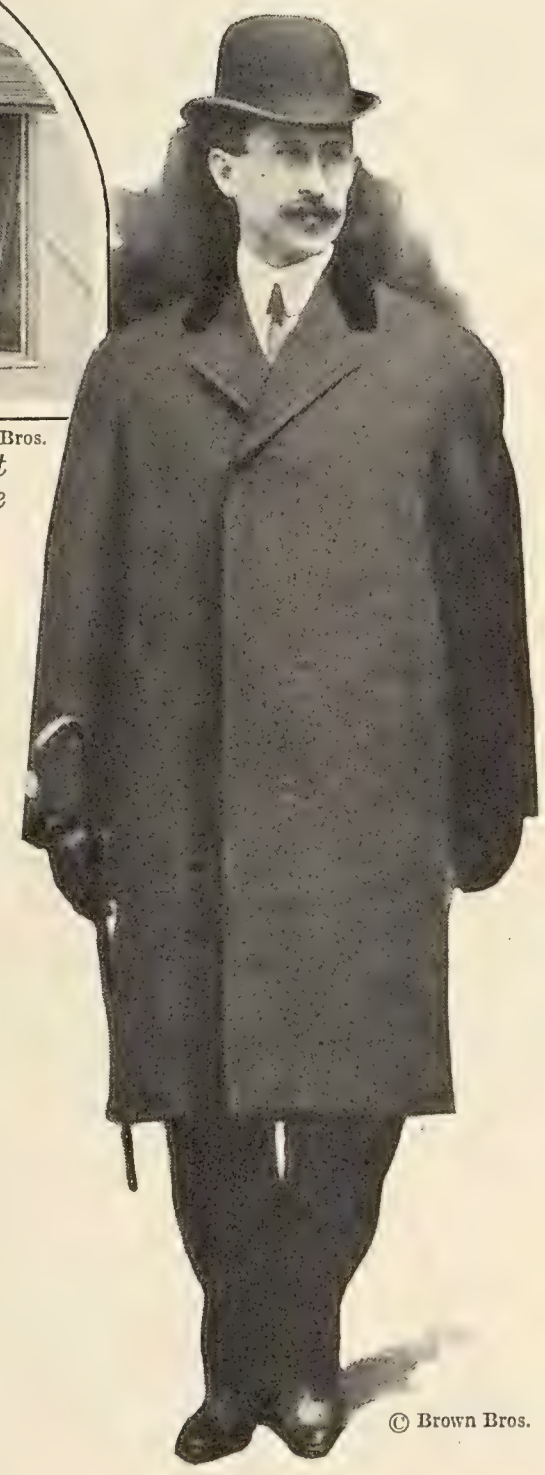
Courtesy of Orville Wright

Launching the Wrights' 1901 glider at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.



© Brown Bros.

The brothers assembling their first plane, in 1903, in the first airplane hangar.



© Brown Bros.

Orville Wright in 1907, the year when his fame became international.

FOREVER, or for as long as human progress shall have historians, a date, an event, and two names will be prominent in their chronicles.

The date is December 17, 1903, just twenty-five years behind us. The event is the first controlled flight of a power-driven airplane. The two names are Orville and Wilbur Wright—the flight-bringers.

The Monday of the week before Christmas brings the anniversary. If you happen to look out of your window in the morning, five minutes after half past 10, and see a plane in the sky, you will be witnessing human flight exactly a quarter of a century after Orville Wright flew the first plane the first time, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.

It must remain for someone writing the history of civilization a thousand years hence to analyze the cumulative effect of this event which, as time goes, occurred yesterday.

But even now we may, without fear of mistake, class these two brothers with the immortals. Even now we can be sure that their achievement marks the beginning of a new era. For improvements in methods of travel, rapid travel to far distant places, have always marked civilization's upward steps.

The military value of the "flying machine" was appreciated almost immediately. The World War made it fully apparent and rushed the machine's development. Today, after twenty-five years, we have in the airplane a thing of almost unlimited possibilities. We know that its utility in peaceful pursuits has only begun to be demonstrated.

All this has been accomplished so swiftly that one of the two men primarily responsible is still with us in the prime of life. Wilbur Wright died on May 30, 1912, when just past forty-five years old. His younger brother Orville still lives, with a devoted sister, Katherine, in Dayton, Ohio, the same city where he was born on August 19, 1871.

At fifty-seven, Orville Wright is a young man in appearance and action. His desires are simple; his dress immaculate but never conspicuous; his conversation brilliant and charming but never loud. His chief present occupation seems to be giving encouragement and aid to others. His modesty amounts almost to shyness. A day with him, under the influence of his warming smile, is as a benediction.

Unlike so many others who have sought and achieved fame and have asked and expected reward in the shape of riches, this flight-bringer has never sought nor coveted the golden token for his great gift to man. But when I think of him and of how, in the centuries to come, the fruit of his labors will materially benefit mankind, I unconsciously recall that the meek are blessed, "for they shall inherit the earth."

He seems to shrink from all publicity. Honors, of course, have come to him in considerable number; a list of them would be several times as long as this paragraph—but no one ever hears of them from him. He is in no wise affected by the acclaim of the public. Nowadays, however, that acclaim seems not to exist.

I have seen him at the speakers' table at many banquets, but I have yet to hear him make his first speech and I doubt if he ever has made one. He is proud of Dayton, its people, and its government, but takes no part in politics or any other public activity. His fellow townsmen admire, respect, and love him, but a stranger visiting the town might not learn he was there.

He is an active member of the National Advisory Committee for Aëronautics, attends most of its monthly meetings in Washington, and is chairman of the Contest Committee of the National Aëronautic Association. His summers are spent mostly at his camp on Georgian Bay.

There is just one exception to the figurative rule that his voice is never raised; one departure from his seeming habit of self-effacement. This occurs whenever something new develops in the controversy that has gone on for years between him and the authorities of the Smithsonian Institution.

In 1910 the Wright brothers offered their Kitty Hawk airplane of 1903—the first power-driven plane that ever carried a pilot in free flight—to the institution as a permanent exhibit. They were told that the officials would prefer a 1908 Wright airplane.

Meanwhile the institution had acquired and exhibited a model and the ill fated 1903 "aërodrome," restored, of Samuel Pierpont Langley. Later on, the institution's label for the Langley machine offended Orville, and, in consequence of all this, he sent off the Wrights' first plane to a museum in England.

Last October the secretary of the Smithsonian published a conciliatory review of the controversy, with announcement that the label in question had been modified. Orville was not conciliated, however, as he showed in a statement to the Associated Press. He has always felt that his brother and he were treated unfairly by the Smithsonian authorities in the matter of credit for the discoveries that made flight possible.

Those who know him are convinced that his resentment is in behalf of Wilbur's memory more than in his own behalf.

Most people do not know just what the Wright brothers contributed to the solution of the problem of flight. Nor do they know what manner of man is this gentle soul who seems content to move along into his declining years, vividly recalled only by those who have immediately to do with his special branch of science. Few realize the tremendous struggle which gave us the airplane; even fewer know why these men succeeded when others, who had tried for years, had failed.

IT has been my privilege and pleasure to spend much time with Orville Wright, to hear from his own lips the story of the achievement of himself and his brother, and to learn many other relevant things, yet I confess to an almost total inability to picture him in words and to convey his quiet charm.

The story should give a more satisfactory idea of the man than could any attempt at description.

The interest of the Wright brothers in aërial navigation dates from their childhood. In the late fall of 1878, their father came into the house one evening with some object concealed in his hands, and, before the boys could see what it was, tossed it in the air. Instead of falling, it flew to the end of the room until it struck the ceiling. It was the familiar mechanical toy known to science as the helicopter.

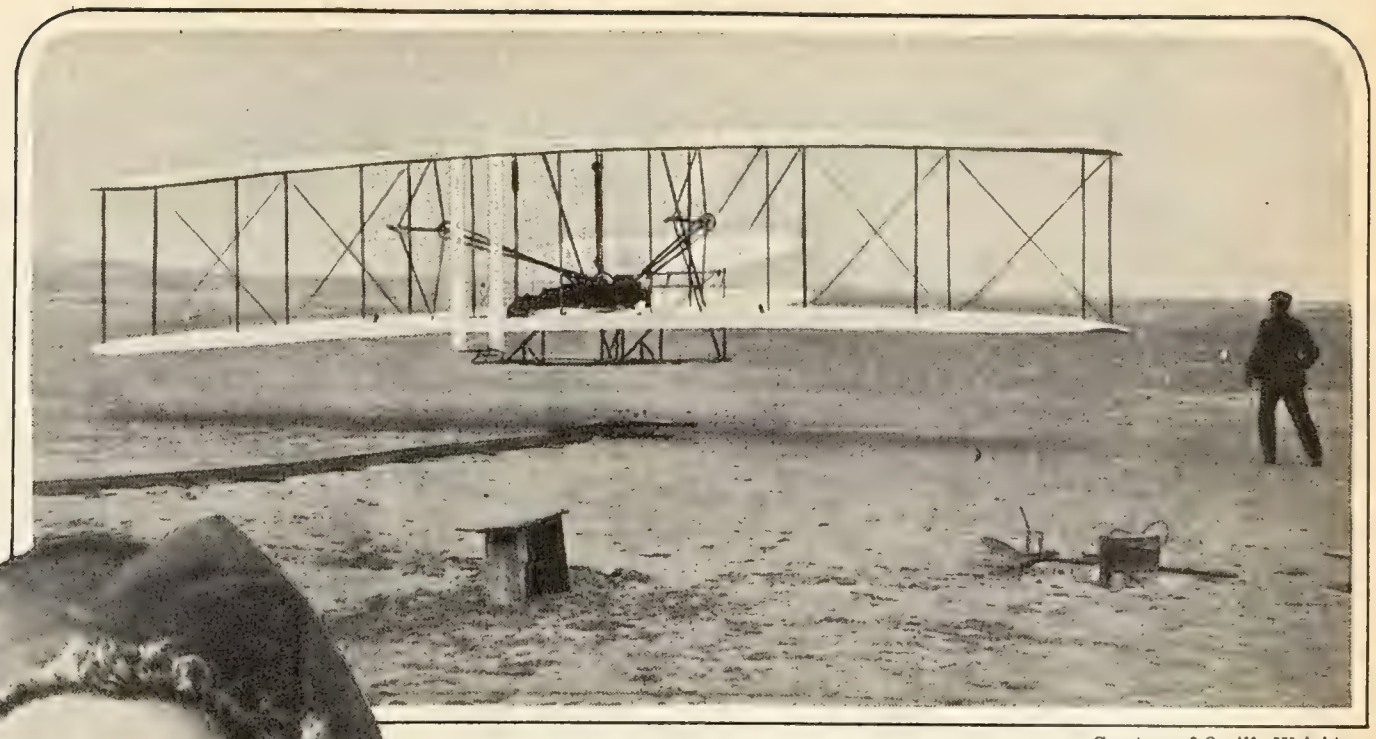
This fragile toy lasted but a short time in the hands of the boys, but its memory was abiding. As they grew older, they built their own helicopters, but discovered that the larger ones would not fly, little knowing then that a machine having only twice the linear dimensions of another required eight times the power.

Next they turned their attention to kites and soon were recognized by all the boys in their part of Dayton as experts in building and fly-

Wright, Bringer

After Twenty-five Years of Fame

L. B. Lent

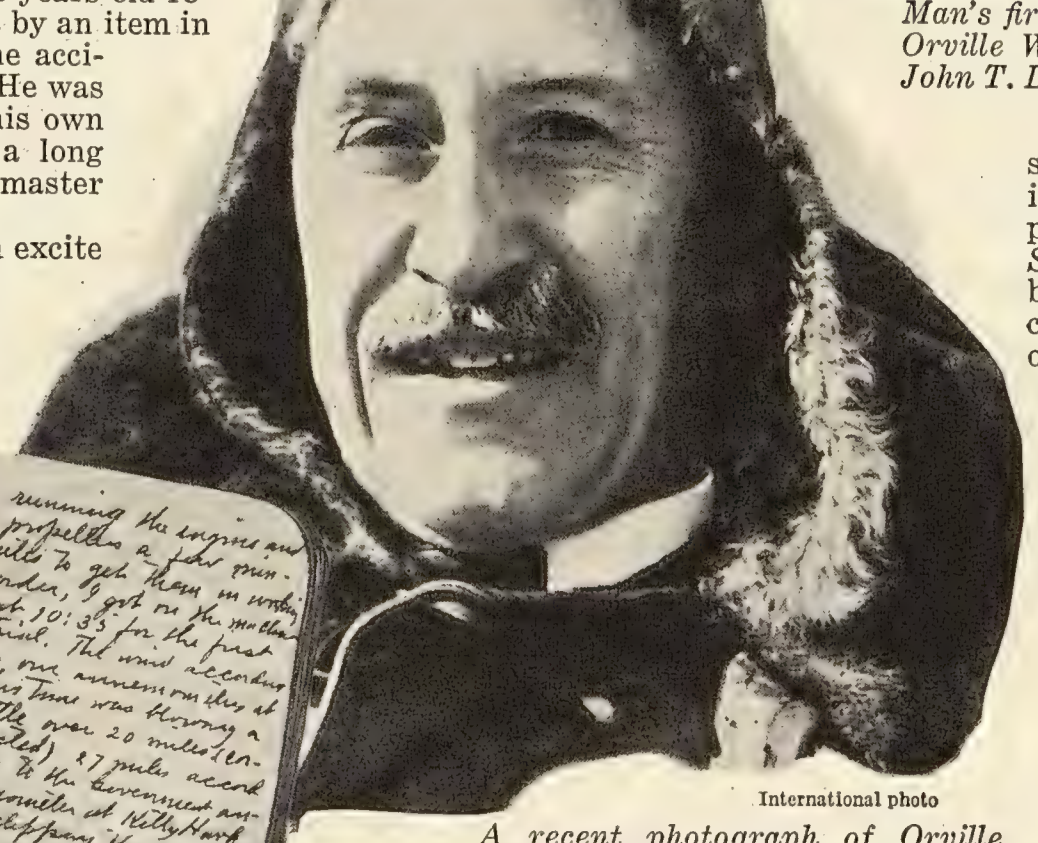


Courtesy of Orville Wright

Man's first flight, at Kitty Hawk, December 17, 1903. Orville Wright is the pilot, face down in the plane. John T. Daniels of the Kill Devil life-saving crew took the picture.

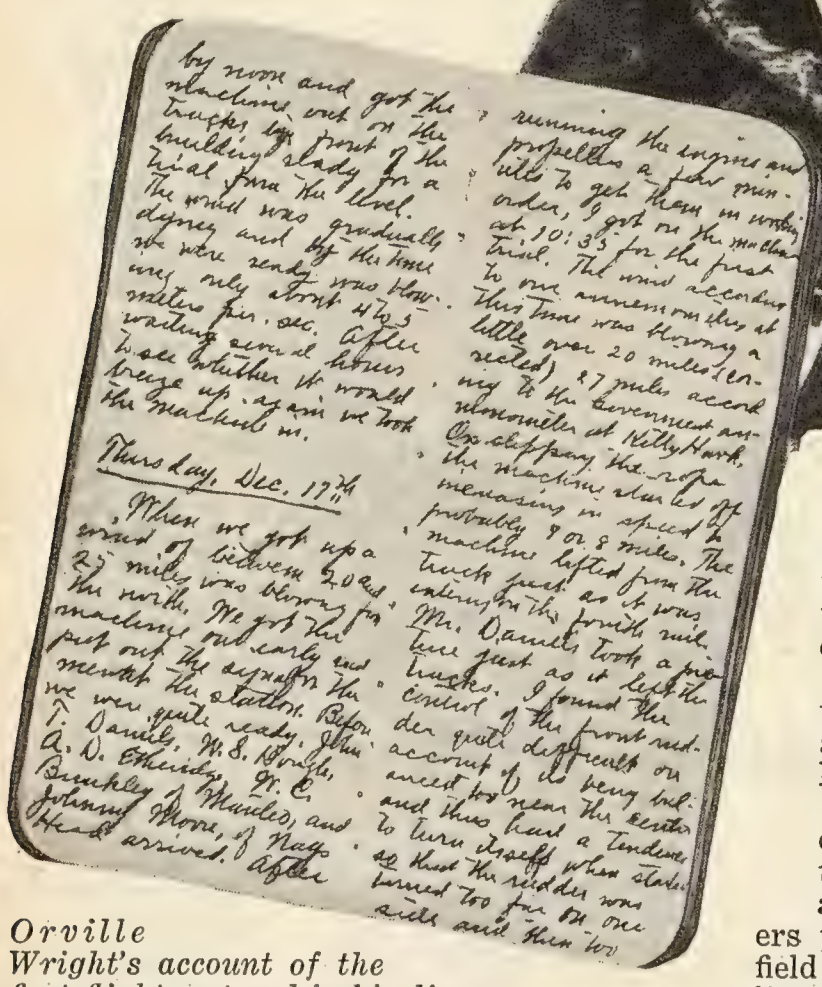
ing them. In 1896, when these two young men were twenty-five and twenty-nine years old respectively, their eyes were caught by an item in the daily newspaper reporting the accidental death of Otto Lilienthal. He was killed by a fall from a glider of his own design and construction, after a long series of trials in an attempt to master the art of flying.

This bit of news did more than excite their curiosity. It prompted them to take out the family encyclopedia and read Professor Marey's



International photo

A recent photograph of Orville Wright in flying clothes.



by noon and got the machine out on the tracks in front of the building ready for a trial from the level. The wind was gradually degrees and by the time we were ready was blowing only about 4 or 5 miles per. sec. After waiting several hours to see whether it would breeze up again we took the machine in.

Thursday, Dec. 17th

When we got up a wind of between 20 and 25 miles was blowing from the north. We got the machine out early and put out the signals to mention the station. Before we were quite ready John T. Daniels, W. S. Dough, A. D. Etheridge, Jr. C. Brinkley Jr Manteo, and Johnny Moore, of Nags Head arrived. After running the engine and propellers a few minutes to get them in working order, I got on the machine at 10:35 for the first trial. The wind according to our anemometer at this time was blowing a little over 20 miles per hour. The first flight lasted only 12 seconds but the distance (852 feet) was over 3 times the length of the longest flight we had previously made, and convinced us that with a little more speed and underneath control the machine would be able to rise from any ground incline encountered on the field. After littling the rope the machine started off increasing in speed to probably 9 or 8 miles. The machine lifted from the track just as it was entering the fourth mile. Mr. Daniels took a picture just as it left the tracks. I found the control of the front rudder quite difficult on account of its being balanced too near the center and thus had a tendency to turn itself when started so that the rudder was turned too far to one side and then too

Orville Wright's account of the first flight, entered in his diary.

articles on Animal Mechanisms, and to draw books relating to flight from the Dayton library.

Later, in 1899, they wrote to the Smithsonian Institution for information regarding the available literature on the subject. They obtained and read the literature suggested and were greatly impressed by the fact that men of the very highest standing in science and invention had attempted to solve this problem.

IT rekindled their earlier boyish interest in the habits and powers of birds.

They reasoned that if such men as Leonardo da Vinci, the great universal genius; Sir George Cayley, Professor Langley, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, Sir Hiram Maxim, Octave Chanute, the past president of the American Society of Civil Engineers; Charles A. Parsons, inventor of the steam turbine; Thomas A. Edison, Lilienthal, and others had given serious consideration to this supposed impossibility, then man might some day really learn to fly.

Realizing that there were probably a large number of great difficulties to overcome, they felt that the cheapest and quickest way would be first to learn what difficulties others had experienced.

But the available literature disappointed them. Most of it was mere speculation, and later they were to find that it was very largely unsound and of little use to them.

The activity of other experimenters, quite intense during the period from 1889 to 1897, had produced no positive results and had largely subsided, the experimenters themselves practically retiring from the field acknowledging defeat. As for their published data, either it was entirely wrong, or else truth and error were so mixed as to make it impossible to separate them.

Did heredity give the two young men in Dayton any particular advantages? I think not. Their ancestors on both sides were among the hardy pioneers who first settled in that part of Ohio. Four boys, the other two older than Wilbur and Orville, and a younger sister, constituted the family of the Rev. Milton Wright and his wife. The two elder brothers married and moved away from Dayton, the two younger and the sister remained. The father was later a bishop of the United Brethren Church. He was editor of the church paper.

Orville tells me that his mother had been noted in school for more than ordinary mathematical ability and, what to me is most important, that his father was always willing and ready to encourage and help the boys in any endeavor that would add to their fund of knowledge.

While schoolboys—they received their education in the grade and high schools of Dayton—they gave early evidence of independent resourcefulness and mechanical ability by building their own printing press and editing and publishing a little newspaper, called the *West Side News*, for circulation in their own neighborhood. Their press, fashioned largely from cordwood, was essentially different from others then in use. Other printers could not understand how they made it work.

I have seen a copy of the paper printed on this press. It is an excellent piece of presswork.

Orville's interest in printing was awakened, he thinks, by his admiration of the woodcuts in the better magazines of that period. He tried his hand at this art, first with a tool which he fashioned from the spring of a jackknife and later with a small set given him at Christmas. Wilbur made the wooden handles for this set.

The two were always doing things together. The sum total of their enterprises, up to the time of their starting their great work that gave man wings, seems to me to indicate a high degree of inventiveness and dexterity with tools—and an insatiable curiosity. Surely an equipment above the average, even though there seems to be no evidence of inventive genius in their ancestry.

The belief, held by many for a long time and by a few even now, that the Wrights stumbled quite by chance upon a successful design which later flew, is as far from the truth as error ever can be.

THE first conclusion they arrived at was perhaps, in one sense, the most important. They correctly concluded that the lack of the abilities to control the balance of a flying machine and to guide its flight were the stumbling blocks in the path to success.

Both were quite satisfied, as were others at that time, that sufficient sustentation could be obtained to carry the necessary loads of an engine, fuel, operator, and other things.

Their second conclusion, which also was afterward proved sound, was that it was impracticable to maintain balance by shifting the weight of the operator to counteract the effect of gusts of wind or other forces. This had been attempted by Lilienthal and Pilcher in their trials with rigid gliders.

The Wrights saw that some way must be found to make the same forces of the wind which tended to overturn the plane bring it back to its proper flight position.

The world now knows that any other solution is practically impossible. They were the first to realize it.

Their belief in the correctness of this hypothesis was strengthened, if not confirmed, by trials on the kites with which they were constantly experimenting, and also by intelligent

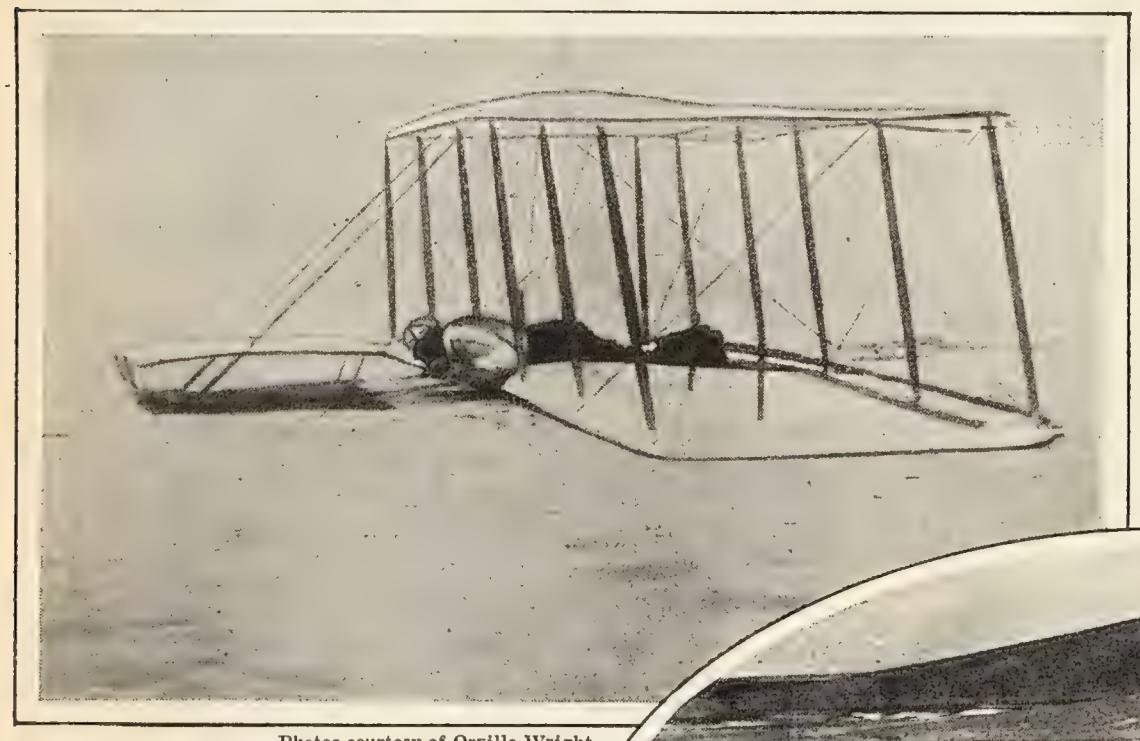
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ORVILLE WRIGHT, THE FLIGHT-BRINGER]
Continued from page seventeen

and careful observation of the flight of pigeons.

As early as 1899 they fastened auxiliary strings to corners of box kites and so partially confirmed their theory of dynamic balance by warping the surfaces of these kites and controlling their movements.

They felt that if Lilienthal had, in five years of elapsed time, spent only about five minutes actually in the air, the important and essential thing was to *practice flying*; that after the art of flying gliders was acquired, it could be applied to power machines.



Photos courtesy of Orville Wright

Wilbur Wright landing the 1901 glider at Kitty Hawk.

Accordingly it occurred to their resourceful minds to find some place where a constant prevailing wind of fifteen to twenty miles per hour would make it unnecessary to bring the machine back to the top of the hill for each glide, and so would enable them to practice by the hour.

As the Weather Bureau informed them that the vicinity of Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, fulfilled the requirements, their first glider was taken there in the autumn of 1900. But the joke was on them, so to speak, for they soon found that while the *average* was about fifteen miles per hour, it was likely to be zero for three days and sixty on the fourth.

THIS first glider was quite different from any previously used by others. It embodied the ingenious arrangement of two superimposed wings (exactly as in our modern biplane) rigidly trussed along their front and rear edges, but not trussed from front to rear.

The lateral balance was to be controlled by warping the opposite sides of both sets of wings in opposite directions.

An auxiliary horizontal surface was mounted on a supporting frame in front of the lower wing. The rear edge of this auxiliary surface could be raised or lowered, producing an upward or downward curvature of the surface. This movement was to control the longitudinal, or fore and aft, balance. With machines of this description they made numerous experiments on the seashore near Kitty Hawk during 1900 and 1901.

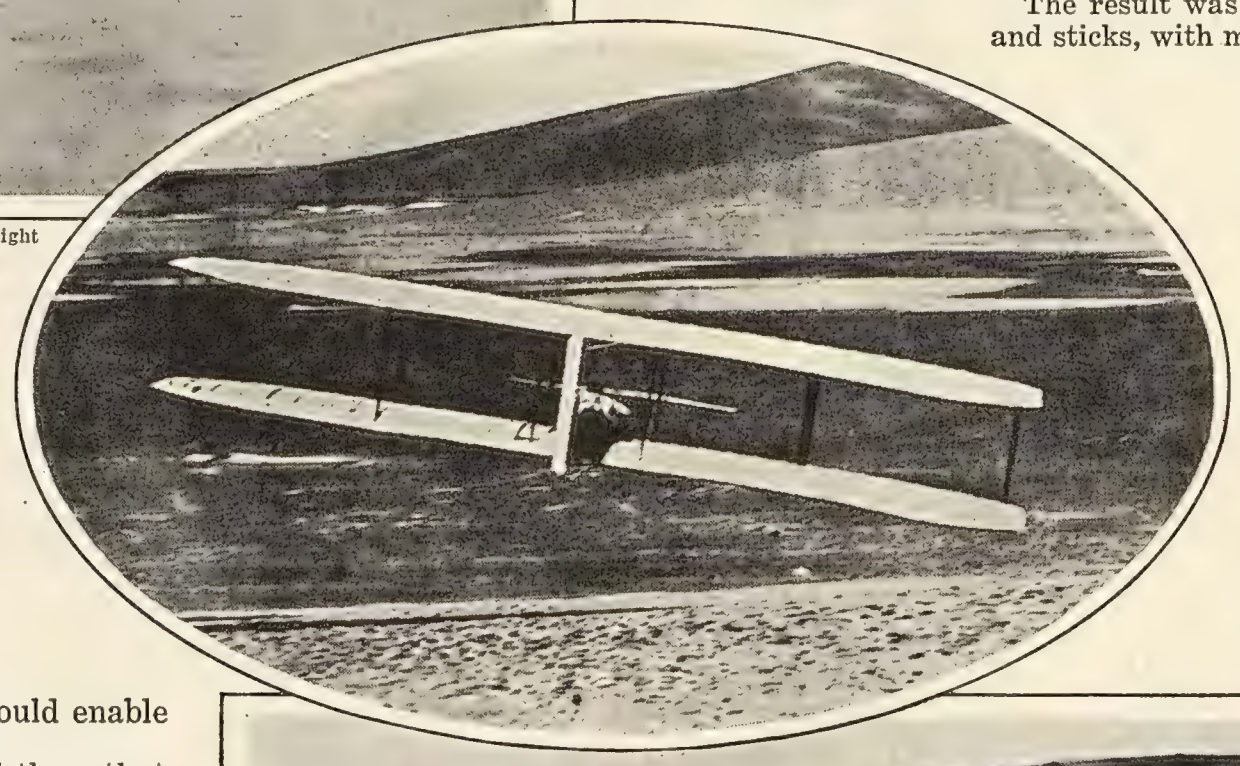
Their experiences during these two seasons confirmed some of their ideas, but on the whole were very discouraging. In the words of Wilbur, "When we left Kitty Hawk at the end of 1901 we doubted that we would ever resume our experiments. At this time I made the prediction that men would sometime fly, but that it would not be within our lifetime."

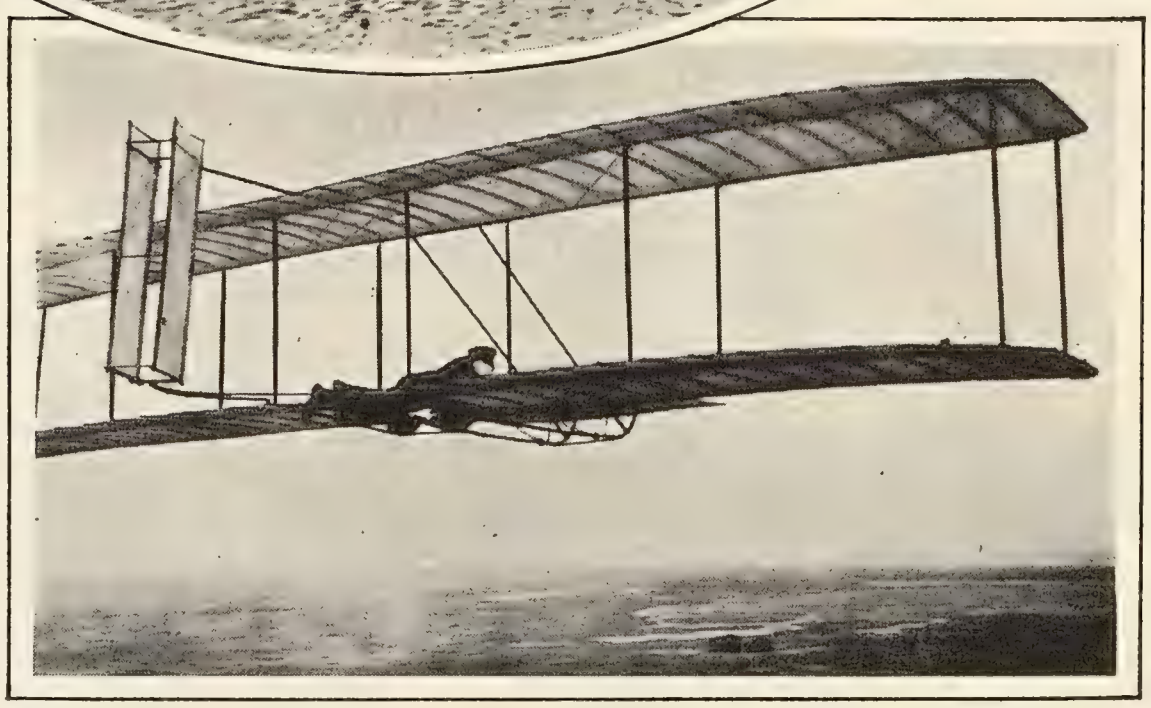
But even then, for the first time in history, wings adjusted to different angles of incidence on the right and left sides had been successfully used in attempting to control the balance of a flying machine.

The brothers had accomplished more than any of their predecessors, but like them had found that the positive results obtained were too small for the effort and money expended. They were about ready to abandon the task and acknowledge defeat, as had the others.

Perhaps the most discouraging feature of the two seasons' trials was the discovery that data calculated by others was so unreliable that they might as well cast it all aside. The calculated "lifts" were nowhere realized in practice.

Discouraged as they were after returning home to Dayton in 1901, they could not keep their minds off the puzzling things which they had observed, nor could they keep from discussing possible solutions. Before long they were again as deeply interested as ever. They decided to work out complete data of their own. The winter of 1901-'02 was devoted to a series of laboratory investigations which were as ingenious, painstaking, and successful as any of which I have knowledge.





The glider of 1903, with a movable double rear vertical rudder, and above, the glider of 1902 being banked for a turn.

Putting aside all precedent, they designed and constructed their own "wind tunnel" for testing miniature models, and a most effective balance for measuring relative reactions. With these instruments, they obtained data which they were able later to translate into results that could be applied in their designs.

They experimented with curved wing forms (most others had previously investigated the reactions of flat planes) and obtained data relating to the lift and drift of various wing forms.

They also, for the first time, made a systematic investigation of the effect of "aspect ratio" (the ratio of the total length, or span, of a wing to its breadth, or chord).

More than two hundred miniature wing surfaces were tried out. Not only were the characteristics of a great variety of wings investigated, but the relative resistances of struts of various shapes were determined. This last disclosed the great advantage of streamlining parts of the structure to decrease head resistance.

The labor expended in these experiments was more than repaid by the results obtained with the third glider which the brothers took to Kitty Hawk in August, 1902.

The nature of the journey to camp, involving a twenty-five hour trip by rail, a twenty-four hour trip on a sailing vessel, and lastly a small-boat trip, would have discouraged anyone less enthusiastic and persistent.

ALMOST a thousand glides were made between September 23 and October 28. Only one accident occurred. The following is from Orville Wright's diary entry of September 23, 1902:

> The result was a heap of flying machine, cloth, and sticks, with me in the center, without a bruise or a scratch. The experiments thereupon suddenly came to a close till the repairs could be made. In spite of this sad catastrophe we are tonight in a hilarious mood as a result of the encouraging performances of the machine, both in control and in angles of flight, which we are convinced will be at least three degrees better than any machine ever tried before.

Their laboratory work had been largely confirmed in practice. They now knew for certain that their methods of controlling balance were correct, that their data relating to lifts and resistances were sound, and that in a larger machine ample lift could be obtained to enable it to carry a power plant as well as the aviator. The very next step could take them to a power machine.

But a power plant for such a purpose did not exist.

While gas engines had enjoyed quite a period of development and were capable of generating considerable power per unit of weight, there were no such things as airplane propellers, nor was there any information about them.

These two related problems, of building a suitable gasoline engine, and constructing propellers or air screws, must be solved before the power machine could become a reality.

They first thought that their tables applying to wing design could be used in connection with the formulas for marine propellers, for air propellers were simply small wings traveling in a circular path. But they found that marine formulas were almost entirely empirical and the two conditions were not at all similar.

As Orville says, "With the machine moving forward, the air flying backward, the propellers turning sidewise, and nothing standing still, it seemed impossible to find a starting point from which to trace the various simultaneous reactions."

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY]

"LIBERTY holds our confidence and respect for what it delivers"

JOSEPH M. KRAUS
Adv. Mgr., A. Stein & Co.

"BEFORE the first issue of LIBERTY appeared, in fact before the publication had a name, we invested thousands of dollars in an advertising contract covering our first year's program in your weekly. We made that original investment on faith. Since then, each successive year, we found ample justification based on facts, to appreciably increase our LIBERTY advertising investment. And, barring the unforeseen, this policy will be continued.

"LIBERTY is a medium which, in our opinion, throbs editorially, from cover to cover, with the tempo of youth in its modern interpretation. That appeal finds a receptive audience for all the family—for the American family is a young family, dominated, supported, encouraged, enlivened and subsidized by the spirit of youth. And so LIBERTY is an ideal rendezvous for this American family and the manufacturer who senses that the modern manner has elevated itself in a crystallized demand for (and the ability to satisfy the want) merchandise that is right in vogue and right in quality.

"Men readers of LIBERTY are responding to our messages on PARIS Garters and Suspenders—women readers have been quick to digest our informative campaigns on Hickory Personal Necessities, Children's Hickory Garters and Hickory Elastic—and both men and women have been influenced by our holiday campaigns in which Christmas presents from Paris and Hickory (for the whole family) have been featured.

"LIBERTY has delivered a liberal excess of circulation right along; its makeup seems psychologically effective; its future program makes every advertising dollar invested in it do better than a dollar job—there is a definite cumulative value, constantly increasing, which must not be passed over lightly.

"We're in LIBERTY because we must buy all our advertising as we buy our raw products: the best quality at the best price. LIBERTY holds our confidence and respect for what it delivers. Since our products distinctly enjoy that confidence too—we both have a mutuality of interest, it seems to us, in maintaining that position. And, we believe, we will."

Joseph M. Kraus

A. Stein & Company have found LIBERTY'S unique whole family appeal particularly valuable in selling their products. More and more, buyers of national space, who keep abreast of changing buying habits, are realizing the rare responsiveness of LIBERTY'S youthful-minded, ready-to-buy audience.

LIBERTY GUARANTEES
2,000,000
average net paid circulation for the second six months of 1929 and guarantees at least
1,750,000
average net paid circulation for the first six months of 1929
No increase in Advertising Rates

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

[ORVILLE WRIGHT, THE FLIGHT-BRINGER]
Continued from page eighteen

It was not until several months had passed, and every phase of the problems had been threshed out over and over, that the various reactions began to untangle themselves.

The first propellers, built entirely from the Wrights' calculations, gave efficiencies of better than 65 per cent—about one-third more than had been obtained by Maxim or Langley.

The first power machine was calculated to weigh 600 pounds, including the operator and an eight-horsepower engine. But the engine, on trial, developed nearly twelve horsepower and this permitted the addition of about 150 pounds weight, making it possible to strengthen the wings and other parts.

The system of controls was the same as had been developed in the gliders. A power plant had been substituted for the force of gravity, to produce horizontal instead of inclined flight.

The first flights with this machine were made on December 17, 1903, on the beach near Kitty Hawk.

Only five persons besides the two brothers were present. While a general invitation to the few residents of that locality had been given, not many apparently cared to face the rigors of the cold December day in order to see another machine *not* fly.

Photos © Brown Brothers

Wilbur Wright astonishing the natives at Pau, France, in 1908.

THE first flight lasted only twelve seconds, but it was *the first in the history of the world* in which a machine carrying a man had raised itself by its own power into the air in free flight; had sailed forward on a level course without reduction of speed; and had finally landed without being wrecked.

The second and third flights were a little longer. The fourth lasted fifty-nine seconds and covered a distance of 852 feet against a twenty-mile head wind—the first world's record for distance and duration.

What must have been the emotions of these two men?

That night Orville scribbled in his diary:

Thursday, Dec. 17th. When we got up, a wind of between 20 and 25 miles was blowing from the north. We got the machine out early and put out the signal for the men at the station. Before we were quite ready, John T. Daniels, W. S. Dough, A. D. Etheridge, W. C. Brinkley of Manteo, and Johnny Moore, of Nags Head, arrived.

After running the engine and propellers a few minutes to get them in working order, I got on the machine at 10:35 for the first trial.

The wind according to our anemometers at this time was blowing a little over 20 miles, (corrected) 27 miles according to the government anemometer at Kitty Hawk.

On slipping the rope the machine started off, increasing in speed to probably 7 or 8 miles. The machine lifted from the track just as it was entering on the fourth rail. Mr. Daniels took a picture just as it left the tracks.

I found the control of the rudder quite difficult on account of its being balanced too near the center and thus had a tendency to turn itself when started so that the rudder was turned too far on one side. . . .

That matter-of-fact entry, written at the spot and on the day, is an account, by one of the two flight-bringers, of the first flight, which he himself made. Daniels, Dough, and Etheridge were members of the crew of the Kill Devil life-saving station; the other two witnesses were neighbors.

The machine was carried back to camp and set down in what was thought to be a safe place, but a gust of wind caught it and it started to turn over. All hands made a rush, but arrived too late. The resulting damage was sufficient to stop further experiments for the time.

If the fates were ever generous to these two indomitable men, I have yet to discover it. But the end of their long struggle was in sight, the victory was already assured.

The spring of 1904 found them with a new and stronger machine continuing their experiments on what is known as Huffman Prairie at Simm's Station, eight miles east of Dayton. The first and second trials, to which newspaper men had been invited, were failures owing to engine trouble.

But from this time on progress was rapid. Longer and longer flights were made. For the first time in history, an airplane was flown around a closed path and back to its starting point. Soon they were making numerous circuits of the field, staying in the air longer, mastering the art of flying. The story of their achievements from this time on is too well known to need repetition. But it is in order to mention that they were quick to see the military value of their machine and that their modest attempts to place it at the disposal of our own government met with no hearty response.

Abroad the news of their experiments naturally excited the interest of some individuals and government officials. What followed is briefly summarized by Orville:

The British government sent a representative to see us in October, 1904. We approached our own government in January, 1905. A French army officer wrote asking us if we would sell a machine. We delayed answering him until we had received an unfavorable answer to our second approach to our own government in October, 1905. . . .

As a result of our answer to the French officer in November, an option was given in December, 1905, to private parties in France for the purchase of a machine to be delivered to the French government. This option was taken over by the French government in February, 1906, but was never exercised. . . .

We were in Europe on business negotiations in 1907. Early in 1908 we entered into contracts with a French syndicate and with the United States government. Wilbur's flying at Le Mans, and later at Pau, France, in 1908 and 1909, was in carrying out the contract with the French syndicate. We had no contract with the French government. This is by no means a complete record of the different government negotiations.

Orville and Wilbur Wright with King Edward VII of England at Pau, France.

The contract to furnish a machine for our own government was awarded to the Wrights in open competition. The specifications, previously formulated by the brothers, called for a maximum speed of forty miles per hour, required the carrying of a passenger, and contained a bonus and penalty clause.

Orville tells me that the actual speed performance of all their machines was never as much as two miles per hour away from the calculated speed. Such accuracy of calculation has yet to be exceeded.

NOW, with the true story of this epic achievement in our minds, what are we to say of the men who did the job?

In order to emphasize the important features of this gigantic task, and to give a clearer perspective, I take the liberty of summarizing them:

The brothers' interest in flying was awakened in boyhood; it grew with the increased knowledge of what others had done or were doing; it passed from the curious stage to the active one; it became so intense as to force them on from one step to another until every obstacle had been forcibly thrust aside and the problem solved.

Instead of receiving any material aid from the experiences and researches of others, they were misled by what they tried to use and finally were forced to rely wholly upon their own efforts.

They grasped the salient and important points of this complex problem, where others had not.

They correctly diagnosed the difficulties and found the remedies.

Their progressive labors involved acquiring knowledge of the necessary mathematics and allied sciences, and the devising of laboratory apparatus and methods.

Their work was prompted entirely by their own interest in the subject and financed entirely from their own meager resources, earned principally in a bicycle shop they had.

If genius is, as Franklin said, an infinite capacity for taking pains, these two men are among the world's greatest.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Ain't Nature Intelligent!

Billy is fond of picking flowers, and one Sunday we told him we would take him out to the woods to pick some violets. We drove out to a pretty place, plenty of trees, crumbling old mill—even the brook was there. He stepped out of the car and his eyes lighted up as he looked all around. Then he said with much enthusiasm, "Gee, isn't this a good place for a woods!"—Mrs. Alice D. Loring, 7152 Ruskin Lane, Stonehurst, Pa.

A Strategical Retreat

A friend of mine has a very nice house and fruit orchard in Scotland. The orchard is surrounded by a stone wall. Walking with him here one evening, we suddenly spied the head and shoulders of a small boy appearing over the wall.

"Hi!" shouted my friend. "Where are you going, my lad?"

Came the hasty reply: "Back again, sir!" as the lad disappeared. —C. R. Hamilton, 62 West 58th St., New York, N. Y.

Sin, Sex, and the Soviet

Four New Films with a European Flavor

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★

ALL the lovely Hollywood stars want to play bad girls these days. In United Artists' newest, The Woman Disputed, Norma Talmadge goes a step farther along the cinematic primrose path. Kiki was a sprightly gamin of the Paris gutters, but not really naughty. Mary Ann Wagner is something else again.

Now it seems that there were two Lemberg lads—Paul and Nika. Paul was an Austrian and Nika a Russian, but they were bosom friends. Along comes Mary Ann. The two pals do all they can for her—in a nice, polite, gentlemanly way, you understand—and before long they both love the regenerate heroine.

The sound of marching feet echoes. You know the rest. Paul and Nika are called to the colors. Paul is an Austrian lieutenant, Nika is one of the late Czar Nicholas' captains. They part bitterly, because Nika believes that Paul has cheated at love.

Mary Ann, of course, loves the absent Paul. Then Nika captures Lemberg. He threatens Mary Ann and a lot of other Lembergers with death before a firing squad unless Mary Ann gives him " his hour."

Right after that Nika is killed, but not until he has taunted Paul about his enforced conquest. But Paul comes to understand Mary Ann's great patriotism when the whole Austrian army lines up in the public square to honor the heroine.

De Maupassant once wrote a biting, sardonic tale of a streetwalker's sacrifice in another war with this same plot, save that irony then occupied the place of saccharine sentimentality.

If you can stand the utterly false quality of the story, you will like Miss Talmadge as the lady of the streets who does her bit for Austria. You will admire Arnold Kent for the charm and élan of his performance as the unreal Nika. Kent runs away with the film. I regret that this is the last favorable review that I ever can give Kent. He is dead, the victim of a Los Angeles automobile accident, and his first hit, after three years of minor rôles, comes too late.

★

The hope created among those who saw Serge Eisenstein's The Cruiser Potemkin is badly battered by his newest Soviet film, Ten Days that Shook the World. This film is violent and riotous propaganda, but it isn't entertainment. Here again the Soviet régime presents its version of the passing of Kerensky and the dawn of the bolshevik. Here the events of 1917 are presented with so much passion and mad fervor that they are virtually incoherent.

Eisenstein had a central figure in Potemkin. It was the cruiser itself, throbbing to the beat of rebellion. Pudowkin's The End of St. Petersburg had a dumb inarticulate peasant as its chief protagonist. Ten Days that Shook the World, on the other hand, is just a mass of strange and bizarre shots showing the first bolshevik gatherings, mass clashes, seas of bayonets, bridge girders, north and south ends of statues, and the staircase of the Winter Palace, all jumbled into short shots, badly assembled and badly titled.

Eisenstein's bitterness against the ill fated Kerensky, the Women's Battalion of Death, and against the bourgeois distorts the film and smothers its effect as an authentic retelling of history. And the Soviets weakened their case and their film by removing Trotsky, now out of favor, after the picture had been made. This does not clarify the general incoherence.

Potemkin and The End of St. Petersburg suggested a strange and savage new pictorial technique. Ten Days that Shook the World is not for you nor me. It is as distorted propaganda as any marshaled up in any land by any fanatical reform league.

★

The Woman from Moscow is Pola Negri's last Paramount picture. This rehashing of the old Sardou melodrama, Fedora, is out of date, what with its Nihilists, its threats of Siberia, and its tragic Russian princesses in quest of revenge. Stay away —and remember Pola as Du Barry.

★

Paramount's His Private Life presents the suave Adolphe Menjou as another elegant, dissipated boulevardier, this time in quest of an American girl who fears men with pasts. The pensive Mr. Menjou is good, but the comedy is below par.

Personalities—

Arnold Kent was born in Florence, Italy; real name Lido Manetti. . . . Gilbert Roland says his name is Louis Antonio Damasco de Alonso.

Inside Facts—

Norma Talmadge has always been up among the first six screen stars in point of money earned. About $10,000 a week.

A plot borrowed from De Maupassant and embellished by Hollywood gives Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland a chance to do some fairly good acting in The Woman Disputed.

The latest Soviet propaganda film is Ten Days that Shook the World—a hodge podge of bolsheviks, bayonets, and bourgeois. Above is Pola Negri with Norman Kerry in Miss Negri's last Paramount appearance, The Woman from Moscow.

Cattle, Mealies, and NIGGERS

A Story of Africa and a Woman Who Tempted

By

MARGARET CARSON HUBBARD

Pictures by L. R. GUSTAVSON

JOAN PETERS lay in a deck chair on the veranda facing the south. Twenty miles away ran the railroad—the railroad which trickles through the heart of Africa, linking such lonely homesteads as hers to home. North, east, and west rolled the yellow veldt; yellow because it was June and the rainy season long since past.

Her thoughts traveled back to the June a year ago when she had landed at Capetown, aglow with the thrill of meeting Michael Peters, whom she had married at the Cape before making the long trip north to his farm.

A year ago she had fancied herself in the rôle of pioneer wife setting forth to help her man carve a home and fortune from northern Rhodesia's wilderness. Mealies, niggers, and cattle; cattle, mealies, and niggers. In the long year little else had entered her life save those three. Now her mind flashed back to home, companions, moving electric signs, theaters, dancing. . . .

The sweet tinkle of an m'pira accompanying the croon of a native song pierced her consciousness at the thought of dancing. The cattle boy was bringing home the cows—the everlasting cattle—whose calves were lowing at the kraal bars. From the compound sounded the throb of a solitary tom-tom. Some boy was expressing his longing for his own distant village, nativewise, on the tom-tom. The syncopated sadness jarred on Joan's nerves.

"Damn the niggers!" She lighted a cigarette. "Bring tea, Matches!" she called kitchenward.

Tea—it made her think of the tea party at which she had met Michael. He was home from Rhodesia, tanned and bubbling over with the wonders of Africa. He had made it sound like a gold and blue paradise where men joyed in the combat of making ranches out of a wilderness to the accompaniment of native songs and lions' roars. Cattle, niggers, and mealies; mealies, niggers, and cattle; sunrise and sunset.

That was all that Joan had found in it and none of it touched her. She ordered meals, dosed an occasional native, his wife or child, drank tea, smoked cigarettes, and read and reread the letters, books, and magazines from home. She had no baby. She had not the nerve, stranded away out in the wilds, nor did she want the care of one.

The soft pad of Matches' bare feet sounded, coming from the kitchen. He deftly arranged the tea table at her elbow, his eyes on his work. He could see that the "missis" was in no mood for gossip.

"Whoopeeee! Eeow! Eeow!" The wild scream of a native driver to his oxen tore the air in the distance. Joan sat up, straight. Matches' eyes shone in anticipation of visitors and gossip.

"Someone is coming!" he exclaimed.

"Who? Who can be coming? Inkos isn't due for two weeks," Joan questioned.

Matches shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps Bwana Stanley," he answered. "A boy came to the compound this morning who had met him at Mutema. He comes from the Zambezi where he has been after elephant."

Again the savage shouts of the driver pierced the distance, though nearer this time.

"Stanley? Bwana Stanley? Who is he?" asked Joan.

"He is a great Inkos," Matches answered in awed tones. "He can shoot meat without looking. He kills elephants. He knows all the animals. He makes pictures of them and he is always writing in his little book."

"Where does he live?" asked Joan.

"All over the country. He is never still, except when it rains. Then he stays in his kais at Tara," was Matches' strange answer.

"Has he been here long? In Northern Rhodesia?"

"Oh, yes. Five Christmases," answered Matches. "He comes from your country, but he never goes back. And oh—how his boys work!" Matches grinned as though at the memory of the tales told. Silently Joan sipped her tea and listened to the approaching caravan.

Nearer and nearer came the wild, shrill cries. Then the wagon drawn by eighteen oxen appeared against the sky on the crest of the hill back of the compound. Behind the hill the sun was sinking. Behind the wagon walked a line of carriers, their packs on heads or shoulders. At the end of the line was a donkey on which rode a man wearing a sun helmet.

Joan's houseboys gathered at one end of the veranda to watch the approach of the procession. From their comments and expressions Joan learned that among the natives at least this man Stanley had a high standing. His prowess with natives seemed to rate as high as his prowess as a hunter, or whatever he was.

"Cookie! Dinner for two!" called Joan. "Plenty of bath water, Johnny!" she added. "And see that the kia over there is in order."

"YES, Inkossikos," the two boys answered her, and Cookie made for the kitchen, driving his picannins and helpers before him, while Johnny went to the guest kia, calling the water-boys to work as he went.

Two natives, each clad in a wildcat skin and a string of beads, loped around the side of the house, shouldering a pole on which hung a ten-gallon ex-gasoline tin. Now it played the part of water tank. Singing lustily, the boys swung toward the little river that runs through the farm. Two boys similarly loaded followed them. It is thus that water runs into homes in central Africa.

Joan lingered for a moment on the veranda, watching the procession winding toward her

farmhouse. A visitor! Her pulse quickened at the thought. But she spent no time dreaming. Instead she hurried into her bedroom, lit the candles on her dressing table, and turned critical eyes on the face in her mirror. It was almost a year since she had dressed for a man. For Michael, she thought, had noticed nothing about her after their first two months of married life. Mealies, cattle, and niggers! So she summed up his limitations.

"Lord! I hope this man knows something other than those three." Joan's lips murmured the words. She had taken to whispering to herself in her year out. Swiftly she applied powder, rouge, and lipstick, brushed her hair until it shone, then pulled from the back of her wardrobe a fluttering dress that had not seen candlelight for months.

Eyes shining, cheeks flushed under the rouge, she surveyed the result with satisfaction, then laughed at herself.

"My first beau and first party weren't as thrilling," she thought. "But that's what Africa will do to a woman!"

ABOUT noon the boys returned with a duiker tied to a pole.

In the dining room she surveyed Matches' handiwork on the table with critical eyes. "Not so bad," she reflected and rejoiced that she had always insisted on linen, shining silver and candlesticks, flowers, finger bowls, and such niceties.

"It ought to give him a thrill," she mused. "I hope it does, and that I do too. Life will take on a bit of spice if a man sees me again instead of raving of beasts and mealies."

As she straightened a fork here and there she heard her boys greet the new arrivals, then she heard shoe-clad steps approaching and went to welcome her guest. She stood in the doorway, the candlelight behind her.

"I fear I intrude." The white man's voice came out of the darkness—a gentleman's voice, reflected Joan. "Your boys tell me that Mr. Peters is away. But I would appreciate permission to outspan and camp on your farm for the night."

"Never!" laughed Joan. "I have had the guest house made ready for you and the table set for two. You must accept my hospitality and regale me with traveler's tales. I haven't talked to a soul for two weeks, and that soul was my husband. Do come in."

Joan stepped aside.

"My name is Stanley," the man answered, entering the room. "I assure you I appreciate your welcome and will tell my best tales to merit it, though it is longer than two weeks since I have entertained a lady and I may have forgotten how."

Stanley bowed rather diffidently.

"My boys have told me of you, and their high regard we will accept as an introduction," Joan answered a bit formally. Now that the man was more than a voice she felt almost shy. "Johnny will take you to the guest house. Dinner is at seven. It is now only six-thirty.

"Johnny!" she called. "Take the Bwana to his room," she directed as Johnny rose out of the blackness of the door to the veranda.

"I WILL try to do justice to the occasion, Mrs. Peters, but after months in the veldt I can hardly hope to do so." Stanley smiled ruefully at his khaki shorts, patched and grubby; at his strong legs, thorn scratched, burned almost black by the sun and made blacker with dust. But Joan noticed that he had shaved before his arrival.

"Don't let that trouble you," Joan answered. "If you need anything let Johnny know and perhaps he can find it among Mr. Peters' things."

Stanley followed Johnny to the thatch-covered mud hut on the other side of the little flower garden which was used for guests. Joan lighted a cigarette and sat on the veranda. The edge had worn off her excitement.

"The man is too damn dignified," she sighed.

Weeks of discontent had told on her poise and judgment. Excitement! She was mad for some excitement. The natives had theirs. At times the pulsating tom-toms, excited singing, and dancing almost drove her crazy. She wanted to share in the African wildness, and as a white woman, she was barred.

Michael had his excitement with his work, raising grain and cattle. In that Joan had no share. Michael was successful, so she could do nothing for him but be a cheerful companion. That was often difficult as all day long she had nothing in particular to do. No one needed her except to order meals or dole out epsom salts and quinine. More often than not the sweating, sick natives revolted her.

There were no charms in playing the rôle of My Lady of Mercy to them. Once Michael had had a bad dose of malaria, and needed her badly. But the terror of those three days of delirium was not the kind of excitement she craved. What if he had died! She still shuddered at the memory of those days and the thought of being widowed in the wilds of Africa.

IN his hut Stanley was pondering on the enthusiastic welcome given him and debating his choice of shorts. The pair with only one patch won, though more faded than the newer pair with three patches. A rapid and unexpected trip up a thorn tree in front of a charging buffalo had wrecked his newest shorts. He had come on the brutes unexpectedly, had shot one and wounded another with a rifle too light to be chosen to deal with them. But the fates had favored him and he was whole, though his best shorts were not.

He was rather dreading dinner, yet looking forward to it. Six months ago he had talked to a white woman; but she was a missionary, which had made her seem less a woman. But this little baggage! Good looking, lonely evidently, and with a good husband miles away on business but also probably enjoying himself.

"But I'll get my knees under a real table covered with linen and by the grace of God won't lose my head," he mused, tying a faded tie.

"Bring my boots, you sawed-off hunk of ebony," he roared to his boy, Christmas, who came with a grin, carrying Stanley's boots, shined to a miraculous brilliancy, considering their former state.

"Mind what you do tonight, you black reprobate," charged Stanley. "If you make trouble with the women in the compound I'll take off your hide."

The boy laughed and rolled his eyes. "Make trouble with the women, Inkos?" He pulled his face into seriousness. "I don't know how! The women never look at me."

"I know all about that," Stanley parried. "The only time you don't make trouble with the women is when they aren't around." Christmas grinned with delight. "But this time, and no mistake, I will have none of it, and I advise you not to forget it."

"Inde, Inkos." Christmas knew it was a serious matter and resigned himself to his fate. He knew better than to disobey his Inkos.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CATTLE, MEALIES, AND NIGGERS]
Continued from page twenty-three

Stanley gave a last brush to his hair and turned to Christmas for inspection. The boy nodded approval. "The Inkos is a real Inkos now," he said seriously. "The Inkossikos will think you a great man."

Stanley flushed in spite of himself. "Blast your soul, Christmas, you make me feel like a bull nigger going courting. Well, I used to be able to hold my own in a drawing-room. You 'boss up' this kia and mind that my boys make no trouble in the compound or anywhere else."

Stanley lit a cigarette and headed for the house. The huge flaming African moon was edging over the cornfields. Homely native sounds of women's voices, soft laughter, and the tinkle of a solitary m'pira came from the compound. Through the open door of the house the candlelight cut a space out of the darkness.

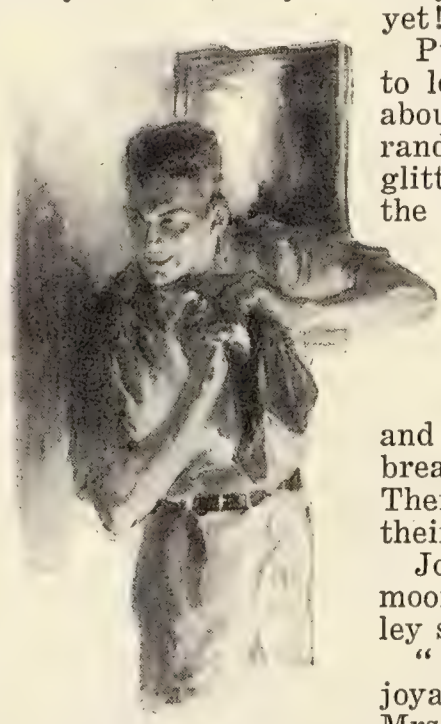
Joan stopped Stanley on the veranda.

"Do sit down. We will have our sundowners out here. I believe in making the best of evenings out of doors during the mosquitoless months. I hope you will be comfortable in your hut."

Stanley laughed. "It is the height of luxury for me, Mrs. Peters. Six months of the year at least I'm in the veldt and a tent and camp cot make my home."

"Six months in the veldt! What on earth do you do all that time? How do you stand it?"

"Stand it! It's when I'm away from the veldt that it is hardest for me to stand life. I happen to love it. One either loves or loathes Africa."



"I'll get my knees under a real table covered with linen," he mused.

"I'm beginning to feel that I loathe it," Joan answered. "Cattle, mealies, and niggers are all I hear or see of it."

That was the tinder to set off the flame of Stanley's devotion to his adopted country. The veldt—the rolling, infinite African veldt—he brought to life for Joan with a touch of the magic of his knowledge of it. Every bird and animal he seemed to know as though one of them. The heat, the cold frosty nights, the burning sun, the moon rising in front of them and turning the world to silver, the maddening pulsation of the tom-toms, the natives and their cheerful fatalism, he told of as though there were a witchery in them.

Joan failed to feel it, but she sat entranced and listened. She knew it wins a man to listen to tales of what he holds most dear, and she wanted Stanley to notice her, eventually at least. She had set herself a task—to find out if a year in the veldt had ruined her power to charm a man.

SUNDOWNERS, dinner well cooked and quietly served, went by as though in a dream. Adroitly Joan threw in the necessary words to keep Stanley talking. The man had talked to no one in months who even *seemed* to care to hear of what he saw and did, and the wall of his reticence had been broken down by Joan's apparent appreciation of what he wished to perpetuate in pictures and writing: the wild life of wild Africa which would soon be wiped out by the domesticity of farms and ranches.

At 11 o'clock Matches brought whisky and soda, and at that Stanley woke to consciousness of time and place.

"Good Lord! Mrs. Peters, please forgive me. I have had no idea of time all evening. You will agree with me that a man off the veldt is an impossibility."

Joan's huge brown eyes widened.

"You don't know—you never can, John Stanley—how you have thrilled me. Not since I left home have I had such a feeling for Africa. If only you were near so you could teach me more!"

Stanley was past noticing that his pulse quickened at Joan's use of his full name.

"Come out with me and I'll make you see some of the beauties of my Rhodesia." Stanley leaned forward, eager for her acceptance.

"But you will laugh at me," Joan pleaded. "I know nothing of it!"

"THAT'S why I want you to go," Stanley parried. "I want to have the fun of showing someone who understands what I consider the best of Rhodesia."

"And that is not cattle, mealies, and niggers?" Joan questioned.

"Natives—they are part of it. The rest I'll try to show you. You may learn to love Africa yet!"

Putting down his glass, Stanley rose to leave. Joan threw a woolen cape about her and went out on to the veranda with him. The moon was high, glittering white silver smeared with the shadows of its mountains. The cornfields shimmered under the brilliant cold light. The cone-shaped roofs of thatch gleamed in the compound. There was not a sound, only the strong feeling of night quiet. The air was cold and brisk. Joan almost dreaded to break the silence, it was so intense. Then the cattle shifted and lowed in their kraal and the spell was broken.

Joan moved nearer to Stanley. The moonlight bathed her in silver; to Stanley she seemed a sprite of silver mist.

"You have given me the most enjoyable evening I have spent in years, Mrs. Peters. Thank you." He bowed stiffly, but he was truly moved. It was years since he had talked to anyone who seemed to sympathize with his passionate love of the wild veldt.

"Call me Joan, John; and good night." With that Joan swiftly turned and went into the house, where the candles had burned to the sockets. She stood listening until she heard the door of Stanley's hut, then she burst into gay, exuberant laughter.

"I've done it! I've done it! The man actually is spellbound," she cried aloud, then drew her breath. "And so perhaps am I—and I don't care if I am. Rather disaster than a vacuum."

She blew out all the candles but one, which she carried to her bedroom. She brushed her hair twice as long as usual, massaged the cold cream around her eyes with extra care, and gave her nails more attention than they had had for months. When she blew out her candle and crept into bed under the mosquito net the room seemed brighter than ever.

"I'll sleep in the moonlight and go mad and be happy," whispered Joan.

In his hut Stanley was whistling under his breath. He thought he cared nothing for appreciation of the work he was doing, but Joan's sympathy had thrilled him as he had not been thrilled for years.

"Dangerous stuff, this sympathy," he murmured as he fell asleep. "Wonder how she really hits it off with Peters?"

But the next day Joan did not give Stanley an opportunity to think much of Peters. Her obvious craving for human society made it easy for him to persuade himself that he might accept her hospitality for a day or two. He excused himself on the ground that he was really doing her a kindness. Subconsciously, he admitted that he was vastly enjoying the comforts of a real home and a woman's society.

Joan left nothing undone to make the contrast between his life in the veldt and the life on her farm pleasantly vivid. Breakfast was a leisurely affair. It included oranges from Southern Rhodesia—a luxury for Stanley—marmalade and toast wafer thin, bacon crisp and curly, and pungent coffee with thick cream.

In spite of himself, Stanley sighed with delight and regret. Impossible as he knew it would be to have his cake and eat it too, he realized acutely that he had sacrificed much for the sake of his work.

They spent the morning on the veranda talking as people talk who have been starved for responsive companionship. The sky was blue as only an African sky can be and warm with the blazing gold of a June sun in Rhodesia. The only interruption was boys coming up with something to sell: a dozen eggs, some fowls, pumpkins, and monkey nuts.

One of Joan's boys brought a wee baby wildcat. The boy had come on a family in the long grass when out for wood and had managed to catch a kitten. The little thing could barely walk. It only sprawled on the ground, a mottled brown ball of fluff, squeaking for its mother. Stanley promptly gave the boy a sixpence for it. Though Joan had never even noticed any of the baby animals the natives were always catching, she took this kitten from Stanley and cuddled it against her cheek.

"Do you like it?" Stanley asked. "It's yours if you do. I never can resist the little things, but I try to make it a rule to buy nothing except when I am settled for the rains. They are great companions for me during those months."

"I love it!" Joan exclaimed. What she really loved was herself in a rôle that appealed to Stanley. "I'll borrow my cook's cat and let her bring it up."

Together Joan and Stanley lined a box with straw and soft flannel rags for the foundling. When the cook brought his cat and her kittens Stanley took the cat in hand, scratched her ears and stroked her into a state of ecstasy. Then he put her and her family in the box and the wild kitten with them.

Suspicious at first, the cat soon responded to Stanley's crooning and petting and did not resist the wild kitten's nosing. Stanley, entranced, sat watching them. Joan watched him, half despising, half adoring his concern. But Stanley saw only her interest and, later, remembered her brown eyes and bright face nestled against the fluff of the wild kitten.

THE afternoon slipped by as the morning had gone—talking, probing each other's mind, building castles in Stanley's Spain. Joan began to wonder if she might not learn to love Rhodesia under such a man's tutelage; if with him she could not find some of the thrill of Africa. Excitement! Surely with Stanley she would have plenty of excitement, and of a kind she thought she craved.

By evening Stanley was asking himself what he might do with such a woman as Joan to help him. He had not had such visions in years. He continually wondered about Peters. How did they get along? Did they love each other? To him Joan seemed lovely enough to turn any man's head.

As they were having coffee after dinner a tom-tom started beating on the air. Then one boy started the high lilt of a dance song. Another joined him, then a third, and they began the clapping of hands to the throbbing rhythm of the dance. Two more tom-toms joined in, one with a deep "oom" which beat out the tempo of the dance against the higher maddening syncopation of the small tom-toms. One by one the boys' voices joined in the dance song. When the clapping, syncopated singing, and throbs of the tom-toms had become a frenzy the falsetto voices of the women chimed in. The night seemed to be alive with the maddening, stirring African dance.

"Let's go over and watch them for a while," Stanley suggested. "The tom-toms always drive me mad."

"And me," Joan answered. "Only they make me frantic to dance too."

When Joan and Stanley reached the compound the blood-stirring dance was at its height. The bright moon threw into sharp relief the lithe, whirling figures of a man and woman dancing within the circle of the rest of the swaying, bending natives. The man was stripped to the waist, his dusky torso shot with bronze in the moonlight.

On his head he wore a zebra's mane like a

crest. On his wrists and ankles were bracelets of the black mane of a sable antelope. On the calves of his legs were rattles made of empty shells filled with little stones. Like castanets, the rattles emphasized his every rhythmic step. The fluttering manes answered every provocative gesture. The dancer was vibrant with strength and allure. Arms stretched, head thrown back, he leaped and bent, turned and bent, then repeated his steps, every muscle rippling, shoulders shaking and twitching.

His partner moved with him gesture for gesture, step for step, though nativewise they did not touch each other. Like a shadow she followed him—a coquettish, feminine shadow. Her stunning shoulders were bare. A piece of calico was bound under her arms and fell below her knees. To every leap of her partner which boasted of male pride in strength she responded with a turn of her shoulder, a movement of her hips, that was seductive woman incarnate.

She sprang for the circle, and the man flashed between her and her goal. Her part in the dance was to flee away, and his to prevent her from rejoining the circle. The natives clapped, swayed, bent, and sang in a frenzy of delight. The tom-toms voiced the wild pulsating lure of the dance. Every black heart was stirred and so were the two white hearts of Joan and Stanley, watching outside the circle.

JOAN moved nearer to Stanley and took his arm. He pressed her close to him. They seemed to be one, yet hardly conscious of each other. The tom-toms, the dancers, the circle of ecstatic men and women bathed in the light of the full moon hypnotized them.

At last the dancing woman dodged the man and flashed into the circle. The tempo of the passionate accompaniment slowed down. The spell was broken. Stanley's sigh ended on a sob of long-drawn breath.

Joan drew away from him, lighted a cigarette, and turned toward the house. Stanley followed her, sunk in his emotions. The soft pulsation of the tom-toms and subdued native song pursued them. They sank on to the steps of the veranda, still listening.

"The natives have the courage of their emotions," Joan commented.

Stanley nodded. "When I watch them dance, I wish I did too," he answered. "But we whites have built up a set of consequences that make us afraid."

"In Africa?" Joan asked. "What matters but the moment in Africa? All one needs is the nerve to follow one's emotions."

"And afterwards?"

"If the emotion was big enough it would carry one over the afterwards," Joan answered with conviction.

"That sounds tempting and almost challenging," Stanley parried, watching her intently. The dance again mounting to a crescendo, Joan's loveliness and her provocation stirred Stanley more than he admitted. Joan felt the tenseness of the man and prayed that he would snap under it. Excitement! Why could she not have what even the natives had? And Stanley touched her imagination as well as her emotions.

WITH maddening calm the man stood up and lighted a cigarette. Joan leaned back against a veranda post and laughed up at him.

"Perhaps some day we will have the courage to follow our emotions with no unpleasant consequences," she said.

"And that day will spell paradise for many benighted souls," Stanley answered gravely, bowed, and went to his hut.

Joan watched him, wondering what was in his mind and what in hers. After all, what did she want? To be swept off her feet? Stanley might do it very effectively.

As for Stanley, he lay in his hut, his heart beating in time to the pulse of the tom-toms, his mind troubled. Joan disturbed him strangely. Her unexpected challenge to his emotions made him wonder about Peters.

"If it weren't for that man I'd take up her challenge and damn the consequences," he thought as he tried to go to sleep.

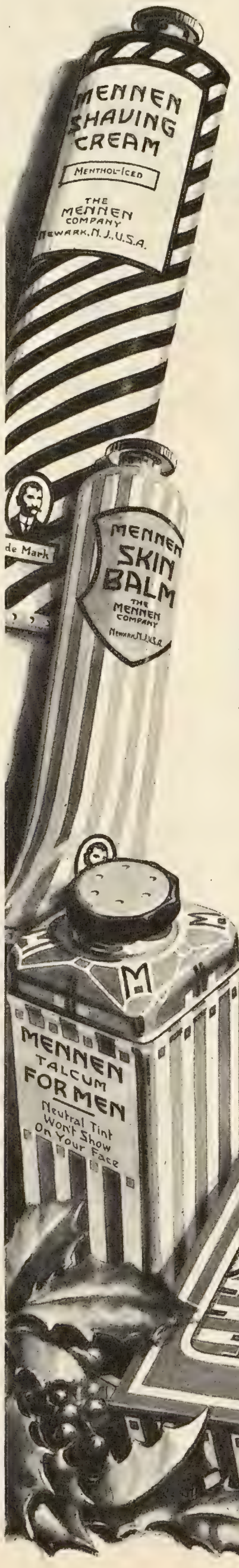
But Peters was far off in Johannesburg and the next morning, when Joan and Stanley met after 6 o'clock tea, neither of them was thinking of him. Joan was dressed in knickerbockers, ready for the veldt. Stanley noted her trim, buoyant slenderness and glowing eyes.

They struck off from the back of the house, two boys carrying their rifles, water sacks, and sandwiches. The sun was just rising over the rim of the veldt. The grass and trees were wet with dew. Joan was wearing two sweaters, but even so she shivered with cold. Quietly they pushed through the long grass down the hill and through the thick reeds that bordered a little stream.

A marabou stork gazed at them sorrowfully down his long beak, flapped his heavy wings and slowly

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

For the Christmas "male"!



What a man wants is something he can use. Here's something you can give him that will put new delight and comfort in his daily shave. He'll use this Mennen Trio Package of Shaving comforts and bless you every time he shaves.

Your dealer has this Trio Package, containing: a full-size tube of the famous Mennen Shaving Cream, *Menthol-iced* with a bracing dash of cooling menthol; a full-size tube of Mennen Skin Balm to prolong the smooth, cool comfort of the Mennen shave—and a full-size tin of Mennen Talcum for Men, to tone down face shine and soothe the skin. Neutral-tinted not to show.

Make this a "Mennen" Christmas for him—father, brother, boy-friend. Give him this Mennen Trio Package. He'll enjoy it and remember you for it long, long after the big day's past.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
Newark, N. J. *and* Toronto, Ont.

Your shave is only as good as your lather

MENNEN

the *dermutized* shave

Christmas Seals Save Lives—Buy Them

[CATTLE, MEALIES, AND NIGGERS
Continued from page twenty-five]

lumbered off above the grass. Across the vlei they softly pushed, startling a covey of guinea fowl that scurried through the grass. Three reedbucks started up and bounded off. The boys pushed the rifles into their hands.

Joan took aim, but Stanley stopped her.

"Let's not shoot today," he begged. "You don't need the meat. Let's keep the rifles for protection only. I'll take you to a water hole I know of where we can see some game and watch it."

Joan nodded assent and to the boys' disgust they returned their rifles.

Up and down the rolling hills, through the grass and the open m'haubahauba bush they made their way. The sun crept higher. Joan took off her sweaters. By 8 o'clock they reached a water hole at the edge of a patch of bush.

"This is the spot. Isn't it great?" Stanley asked.

Joan sank wearily down, leaning against a tree. "Great," she answered. "But I'm rather tired."

"I'm sorry." Stanley was contrite. "Perhaps I brought you too far. Here—" He rolled up the sweaters and pillowed them at her back; poured out some water for her and offered a sandwich.

Stanley threw himself at Joan's feet. The boys squatted to one side. The sun came higher and warmer. Parrots screamed in the tree tops. At last the waving grass told of something approaching. A line of wart hogs thrust their grotesque snouts through the grass and came to the water hole, anxiously keeping watch behind them. Stanley watched, fascinated, and Joan watched Stanley. The wind shifted. The hogs caught their scent and started off like a streak, manes erect and tails straight, flying the meager tassels at their tips. Joan laughed delightedly.

"Isn't it great?" Stanley asked again. "I could do this by the month. I love the silence broken only by the life of the veldt. Deliver me from the maddening crowds!"

"Don't you ever get lonely?" Joan asked, leaning forward, her hands hanging between her knees.

"God, no!" exclaimed Stanley. "Though after today I may. You would make the veldt even dearer, Joan." Impulsively he reached for her hands, then caught the gleam of her wedding ring.

"Forgive me," he growled, flushing. "A bit of real human sympathy is going to my head."

"And to mine, but I don't care!" cried Joan.

"DON'T say that," Stanley begged. "It would be so damnably easy to make love to you."

Joan leaned forward. "Why not? A year or a day, what is the difference out here? I want more than mealies, niggers, and cattle! And you can give it to me."

Stanley buried his face in his arms.

"Stop, Joan. If we plunge you'll have to take the consequences. I can give you only niggers, wild animals, and veldt instead of niggers, cattle, and mealies."

"Granted, only that," Joan answered. "But you have left yourself out. And I might matter to you, might be able to help."

"In a month I'd drive you mad. You'd loathe the rough life I lead. And then I'd hate you."

Joan ran her fingers through his hair.

"It's not worth while thinking of consequences. You never can tell what they will be, for all your thinking," she mused aloud.

"I don't know what you want, Joan, but you make me want to make love to you. Whether I want you to come and live my life with me, I don't know and I don't care now. That's for you to show me," Stanley answered without looking at her. His attention seemed concentrated on a blade of grass.

He could see that the "missis" was in no mood for gossip.

Instinctively Joan evaded the sober challenge of his words and spoke directly to the passion beneath them.

"At the end of a year here I'm most mad, but you have touched something into life again so that I want to live and care." Her voice trembled. "The future can take care of itself as far as I am concerned."

Stanley stood up and called to the boys. "Here, you! Take the rifles and bring back a small antelope. We will eat here at noon," he ordered.

The boys grinned with delight and trotted off over the crest of a knoll. Stanley watched until they were out of sight, then he whirled on Joan and gathered her in his arms. Savagely he covered her lips. Almost as passionately she returned kiss for kiss.

"I'll make him need me and take me with him," she vowed to herself in the midst of his kisses. "Michael never needed me, never will, as this man does."

Through the hot hours of the morning Stanley held Joan hungrily in his arms, brushing her hair with kisses, silently gazing at the horizon, then fiercely embracing her. He hardly spoke except to whisper her name over and over again.

Joan feared his silence—it seemed to threaten the future; yet she dared not break it.

About noon the boys returned with a duiker tied to a pole. Stanley sent one boy for wood and the other for water and busied himself skinning and quartering the duiker. After that he and Joan chatted and joked, though Joan did not lose the foolish feeling that she was making conversation. She blamed Stanley for that. Somehow he made her feel guilty and she resented it. She was thinking, or trying to, only of the moment.

They cut small steaks, stuck them on forked sticks, and grilled them in front of a little fire. Joan's delight was charming and Stanley watched her longingly.

"What, oh what, if she dare take up my life with me?" he thought.

When by the sun they saw it must be after 3 they started homeward, both of them feeling at peace with each other and with the world. At first they exclaimed over each trifling incident of the walk; a bird, a bavbab tree, a shadow; nothing was too trifling. But as the sun sank, the sweet peacefulness of the veldt drenched them and they were silent, exchanging only glances heavy with passion.

WHEN they came over the hill back of the compound Joan sent the boys running ahead with the duiker, with directions to the cook to roast some for dinner. Then she turned to Stanley.

"On this hill I first saw you riding on your donkey at the end of your safari. I was never more thrilled at the sight of anyone. I should have known something tremendous would come of it."

"Oh, Joan," Stanley stammered and crushed her to him, "given the courage, we will make something tremendous of it. Do you truly believe you can come with me?"

"I love you, John," Joan answered. It was the first time either of them had mentioned love. Stanley held her gently, took off her helmet, and laid his cheek on her hair.

"If only I didn't feel I were stealing you from another man!" he whispered.

"Don't," Joan answered sharply. "We can't afford to think of right or wrong!" she exclaimed.

Stanley shook his head. "We must think to the end of it, then see if we have the courage. It's not an easy life you'd have with me, you know."

"I'm in no mood to think of tomorrow, John. Today is enough for me." She moved on down the path. "Do you know that this is the first mail day I've forgotten since I've been out? There may be letters from home waiting for me!"

Stanley trudged along behind, feeling powerless to plumb the depths of this woman. Would she leave Peters and go with him? If she did, would she care enough for him to overlook the hardships and be a real partner?

They had reached the compound now, the little village where Joan's natives lived. Fat brown babies clad only in rays from the setting sun crawled about the doors of some of the huts. Women, singly and in pairs, were stamping mealies into flour, their strong bronze backs rippling easily as they raised and lowered the long poles into the hollowed-out stumps that were their mortars.

A few boys were weaving mats. A little procession of women was coming from water, huge earthen pots balanced easily, almost coquettishly, on their heads. The soft native greetings to Joan carried no smiles with them nor brought any to her face.

Niggers. She brushed distastefully past an eager young mother holding up a new baby for her admiration. The brown woman's face fell. Stanley, a step behind Joan, had paused as he expected her to. He stood still, looking after

her as if she had suddenly become someone else. Then, with a few words that brought a pleased smile to the native woman's face, he went slowly down the path Joan had taken.

He knew, all at once, that if either of them were hurt in their affair, it would not be she.

She reached the house several moments ahead of him. When he stepped on to the veranda, she stood beside a table just inside the door reading a letter. She glanced up quickly. Her eyes were shining and she made a warmly impetuous little movement toward him.

She *was* lovely, and stirring. Passionately he swept her into his arms. He was the reckless one now. He wanted to assure himself that his feeling of a moment ago was all wrong.

"Joan." It was a rough whisper. "Nothing matters but this . . ."

His lips held hers for a long moment. At the end of it he released her with a sinking sense of defeat. She had responded, but there was something—

"Joan," he began, "you'll love it all with me. Cattle, mealies, niggers, and the veldt. Together, we—"

Her sudden gesture stopped him, and drew his eyes to the letter still in her hand. From it, at her movement, something fluttered to the floor. He stooped for the bits of paper. Railroad and steamer tickets! She took them quickly from him, and avoided his eyes.

"I've got to leave, John. Of course I didn't know about this—Michael had no idea he could send for me—I can't disappoint him now. A trip home, you know, away from all this"—her sweeping, disdainful gesture took force from long-pent-up feeling—"for a while. Looking at it sensibly, I'd be a fool to stay, wouldn't I?"

Her laugh was high, and a flash of defiance mingled with embarrassment crossed her face at the flood of anger in his. Had she intended to amuse herself with him only until this moment?

"This is what Michael says," Joan went on quickly:

"'Dear Joan: I am inclosing a ticket for a trip home. The "everlasting niggers, cattle, and mealies" have turned out to be more profitable than I had hoped. I feel that they owe you this. If you choose to be back by Christmas I am delighted, but suit yourself. Bob McArthur is going north to boss up the farm until I return. I will meet you in Bulawayo. You must take the train south the Friday after this reaches you. Hope it's not too short notice. With love, Michael.'"

The location of Northern Rhodesia, where this story is laid.

As she finished she looked at John a little fearfully. His face, he hoped, betrayed none of his feelings. He managed a laugh.

"You are to be congratulated, Joan. It's lucky we hadn't bolted before this came. I hope you have a corking time. Do you plan to rejoin your husband at Christmas?"

"I'm not thinking that far ahead!" laughed Joan. "And oh, John, you are a corker not to make a fuss."

Stanley had himself well in hand now.

"I would be a fool to fuss about losing what I never had. You are to be congratulated on your philosophy. Courage is more often a liability than an asset. I'll meet you at dinner?" he asked, and at her nod went whistling toward his hut.

Joan breathed a sigh of relief. "What luck!" she sighed, then turned to her bedroom and the dressing table.

In his hut Stanley was sitting in his deck chair in a brown study. Christmas was ordered to pack up.

"We leave tomorrow, Bwana?" he asked.

"For the veldt again," said Stanley.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Answers will be found on page forty-six

1—Which is called the Sunshine State?

2—Does the earth rotate on its axis from east to west or from west to east?

3—What is the literal meaning of *table d'hôte?*

4—What is the name of a large group of islands in the St. Lawrence River?

5—Who was Xantippe?

6—According to the Bible, what was Judas paid for betraying Jesus?

7—What is the next numerical division after trillion?

8—What is meant by the "three Rs"?

9—What is the highest mountain in the world?

10—What bird, in the Middle Ages, was trained to hunt other birds and small animals?

11—What is the name of the receptacle in which an archer carries arrows?

12—What does hibernate mean when applied to animals?

13—What is meant by Davy Jones' locker?

14—What is an archipelago?

15—What is a regicide?

16—What country once was inhabited by the Aztecs?

17—How old is Herbert Hoover?

18—What is the name of the church of which the Mormons are members?

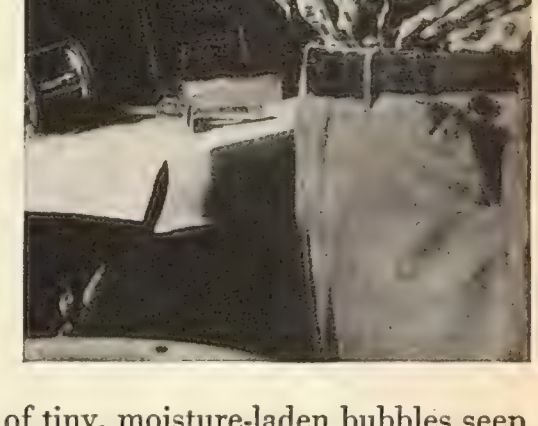
19—What is a holograph will?

20—Where is Mount Ararat?

Whiskers Soften Come Off Quick!

. . . no razor pull, sting or smart

Here's good news, men, if you shave yourself. It's the story of a quick and scientific way to get your whiskers off



YOU can thank science for this, men! It's a quick, new-type lather . . . perfected for you by Colgate chemists.

Just think of it. No rubbing. No sting or smart. Off come whiskers clean and smooth, when your beard is softened this easy way.

See how the razor glides across your face. Note the smoothness. The fresh, invigorated feeling of your skin. It's a big shaving improvement you'll agree.

No other like it!

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results.

It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap, is the real softener of your beard.

It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.

A glance at the photographs in the circles proves this better than words.

Note how the tiny Colgate bubbles hold water close against the whisker. Now contrast that with the large, air-filled bubbles of ordinary shaving lather.

Good-by, razor-pull!

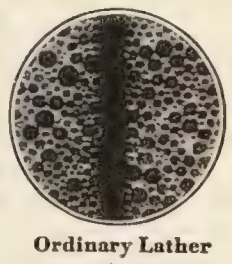
That's the principle, men. Now here's what it does for you:

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

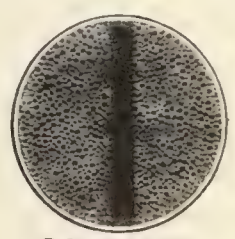
2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base, where the cutting takes place.



Ordinary Lather

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.



Colgate Lather

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

You've never had a shave like this before. You've never known such comfort.

Let us send you a free tube to try. It will last you seven days. We will also send a generous sample of After Shave, our new-type lotion.

Colgate & Co., 503-I. FREE OFFER, MEN!
595 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's After Shave.

Name_____

Address_____

Vox

A Dry Thinks Out Loud

GREENVILLE, S. C.—Fifteen years ago a drunkard was well-nigh a social outcast here in South Carolina, so few of the better element drank to excess. Now, however, it seems the proper thing for anyone who has the price to drink when and where he pleases.

Formerly the husband who drank slipped away from home for his "dram"; but he now makes a family affair of it, for the wife, the daughter, and the son are more than glad to join him.

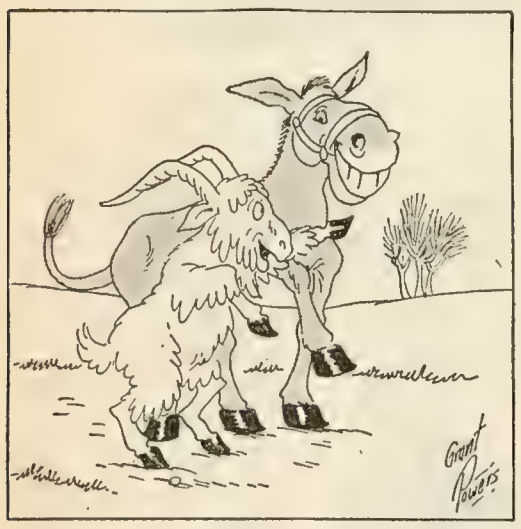
Among the poor there has probably been a decline in the consumption of alcohol, but there are many more drinkers in the aggregate than before prohibition.

Regardless of the fact that I am still bone dry in practice and favored the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, I am frank to say that prohibition is a rank failure, and I am firmly convinced that it will never become effective under the Volstead law. Some other method of control must be found.—*Jas. M. Richardson.*

Here's Hoping

NEW YORK, N. Y.—As one who hasn't been following football very closely, I welcomed that article by Francis Wallace entitled "The Army-Navy Football Dispute." Before reading Mr. Wallace's explanation I hadn't understood what in heck the row and the break between the two academies was all about.

Now that I do understand the reasons, I'm joining the millions of



other fans in wanting football's most picturesque spectacle back. Here's hoping the Army mule and the Navy goat soon make it up, and, arm in arm (I mean foreleg in foreleg), go swinging along the road together, friendly enemies once more.—*Bill S.*

We Thought They Made Soldiers and Sailors There

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.—Francis Wallace, in his article "The Army-Navy Football Dispute," had a tendency to show both sides of the question. Yet he was pro-Army in so far as he stated that life at West Point is a hardship and life at Annapolis is a "breeze."

I am speaking from experience, having spent two years at Annapolis myself, while two other members of my family are graduates of West Point. The quarters at West Point are not as cold, bleak, and gray as your writer makes them and neither are all the quarters at Annapolis as rosy as those pictured.

After all, it is what the life of a midshipman or a cadet makes out of your boy in after life that counts really more than the football battles. I know of two boys of the same family. One entered West Point at the same time the other entered Annapolis. Neither smoked nor drank.

One left Annapolis with the same habits that he went in with, but a much finer physique. Possibly his bearing was not as "military" as that of his West Point brother, who left West Point with all the pomp of a chapel wedding and smoking and drinking both added.

The Annapolis man is established in business and doing fairly well, having accumulated some property. But the West Pointer is still working for a salary for a large corporation which does not pay him enough to make both ends meet at the standard of living he started in his West Point pride and glory.

There is no reason why this wise Congress of ours should not see that the same entrance and athletic requirements cover both institutions and let the plebes at both academies alternately get that wonderful life impression of celebrating a victory.—*W. E. Love.*

Congratulations

PRINCETON, N. J.—Your magazine amply satisfies the intellectual needs of our "average American."

Thank God I am *not* average!—*J. G. H.*

Try and Get It

FORT COLLINS, COLO.—Two vacations! You said something in your editorial, "Pro Winter Vacations." The six-day week hurts nobody, but two vacations would be reasonable: mentally, physically, and morally healthful. A good idea.

Talk to the boss and the bosses some more. We should have that winter vacation.—*A Reader.*

He Did. There Wasn't Room to Print It All

CHICAGO, ILL.—Well, here I am, flat on my back, seventy years old, and a guy comes along and writes an editorial "Pro Winter Vacations."

I wish there had been somebody that smart when I was young. Look what I missed.

I didn't know editorial writers had bosses. What gets me is that the boss only said "No." Gosh, what a lot more he could have said!—*Frank Benton.*

Yeh—Much Too Cute

BOSTON, MASS.—I'm afraid of all this talk about whether women are to wear their hair short or long, as exemplified in your article, "To Bob or Not to Bob," by Rosalind Shaffer.

Remember the time when women were debating whether or not they ought to wear corsets? And what

happened? It finally ended in a Vox Pop discussion as to whether or not *men* should wear corsets.

Now, doubtless, we'll have a lot of words about whether or not men should have long hair.

Just think of the fetching effects that could be achieved. A fat man with long curls and a walrus mustache. Or a scrawny man with a Vandyke beard and luxuriant hair drawn back in a becoming bun on the back of his neck.

Or, how about a typical go-getter, his strong teeth shut tight on a good cigar, with a Dutch bob like Colleen Moore's?

Too cute, fellers — too cute! — *Alarmed Male.*

Childish Voice from Idaho

IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO.—I'm 10 years old and I'm not married no not quite yet but I know how to catch the boy friends and vamp the money off of em don't you worry.

"Love Letters of an Interior Decorator" sure panics our family and how! And Marg sure can razz Mike.—*Claudia J. Sleifer.*

Answering Anna

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In reply to Anna J. Quinn's recent letter stating that Catholics are forbidden to read the Bible, more than 400 letters have been received from members of the faith. They cannot all be published, but here are four typical ones.]

TORONTO, CAN.—Anna J. Quinn, Catholics honor and revere the Holy Bible as the Word of God, and any statement to the contrary is in opposition to Roman Catholic teaching.

The Catholic Church preserved the sacred writings throughout the ages, and except for the Catholic Church there would be no Bible today. This is merely a historical fact.

No Catholic is forbidden to read the Bible.—*E. C. Lloyd-Jones.*

HUTCHINSON, KANS.—If I were not genteel I should call Anna J. Quinn a liar. If I were a man and not genteel I should call her a d— liar. But being genteel and not a man I am not calling her either.

I am a Catholic. I have a Bible and read it. Our parish priest preached a sermon recently in which he urged his members to read the Bible and observe its teaching.—*Ethel Brentan.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—A reply to Anna J. Quinn, that great non-Catholic exponent of Catholic beliefs and teachings.

I have been a Catholic all my life, and to my great surprise I learn that I have been deluded all along, for I thought that I did believe in the Bible (and passionately so) and thought that the book in my collection marked "Holy Bible, Douay Version," was the Bible.—*Arthur G. Koopmann.*

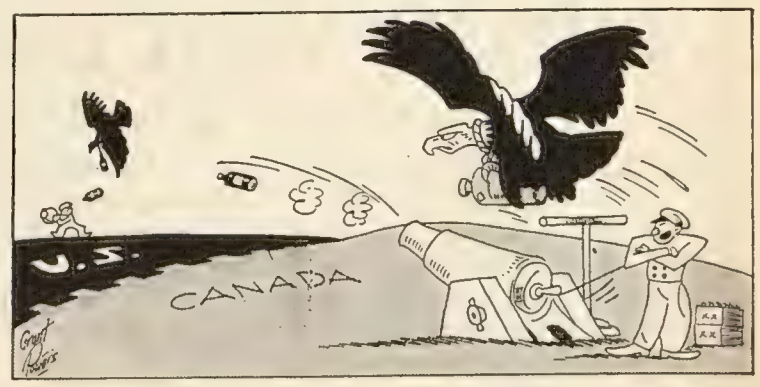
CHICAGO, ILL.—Any honest, intelligent Protestant, as well as any Catholic, could tell Anna J. Quinn that Catholics must necessarily believe in the Bible. Catholic liturgy and prayers are practically all extracts from the Bible.

And if Catholics aren't allowed to read the Bible, then what in thunderation is done with the millions of Catholic Bibles that we know are in existence and are being printed right along?—*M. E. Reed.*

Not Bad for a Beginner

NEW YORK, N. Y.—That article, "Crossing the Border," by Richard Carroll, on the great game of "bringing it in" from Canada, set me to meditating. And, once started thinking, I had beginners' luck.

The upshot of my cogitations was this. Why not an air route for booze transportation? Not by airplane. Too obvious. We'd be pinched. My



plans are foxier. I've recently invented a long-range cannon, guaranteed to shoot bottles of hooch a distance of ten miles—admittedly sufficient to go way over the heads of the inspectors at Rouses Point.

Think, for a moment, of that steady stream of bottles flashing through the blue, every last bottle of 'em knowing just where it's going. Oh, yum! Oh, mum! Oh, Burgundy! Oh, *boy!*

Pop

And I can think of still another way that that air route plan could be worked. It's based on the exemplary conduct of the St. Bernard dogs that had a habit of rescuing travelers lost in the snow. Each hound had a flask of brandy tied to his collar.

Now, why not a flock of eagles, each of 'em trained to fly from Montreal to New York, with a gallon flask of Canadian rye tied to his neck? Eagles are forever wasting their time carrying off lambs. Let's give 'em an honest-to-gosh job. Real work. Wet work. Work any eagle would be proud of.—*An Inventor.*

Let Us Help You. We Know Lots of Words

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I think you have the rottenest paper I've ever read. I cannot find a word to express my opinion, therefore I have used the word "rotten."—*A Reader.*

She Did—But Did You See Her Expense Acct.? That Took G—Courage

PITTSBURGH, PA.—I herewith enter a protest on too much "guts" in LIBERTY. I read four stories in one of your recent issues and in three of them "guts" were prominent.

The best thing in LIBERTY for a year is "Gasoline Gypsies," by Grace Robinson. I do hope she reaches the coast without using this unsightly word.—*Clear Grit.*

How J. Walsh Would Have Won the War

BROCKTON, MASS.—I read, in LIBERTY, "Ten Years Ago This Week—When Peace Was Won," by Frederick Palmer.

Mr. Palmer gave us some good dope, but why did America rush the end of the war, and sacrifice many soldiers' lives in one last drive? That was all nonsense.

Had I been commander-in-chief instead of Pershing, this is what I would have done. First, I would have given all the boys a chance to see gay Paree, before they went up to the front. Then I would have kept the artillery working day and night shifts—knocking the Germans right and left.

Then, with a few good airplanes and aviators, I would have had them bomb the Germans.

Of course, after all this, the Germans would have been running to our lines, yelling "Kamerad!"—and then I'd have had the doughboys come out of their safe dugouts, to take the Germans to the rear, as prisoners.

Thus much life would have been saved.—*J. Walsh.*

Brown on Green (Get It?)

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—I'm going to praise you and razz h— out of you at the same time. You have a good

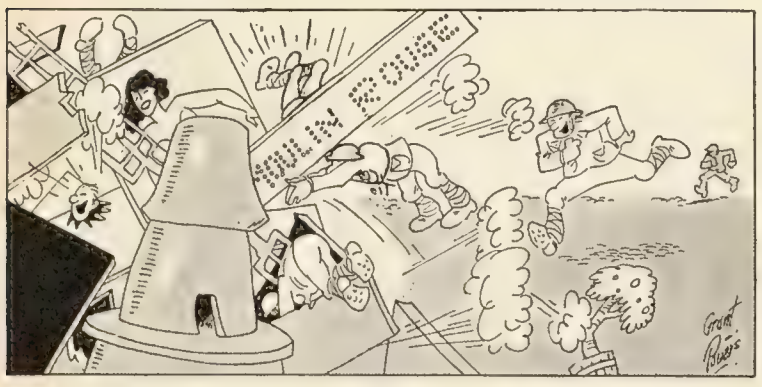
magazine, but it's drunk. It gets on some terrible jags.

On a half dozen pages it sobered up on "The Black Joke," by Robert W. Chambers, and would have sobered still more if it could have carried an installment of Charles MacArthur's "War Bugs," which ended in the preceding issue.

Then you gave it a shot, and Lord—it staggered, turned around, and flopped in the gutter with Cosmo Hamilton's "Peter Piper's Pickle," Eugene B. Block's "Why Women Kill," and Elisabeth Sanxay Holding's "Important Things."

Whereupon the "white wings" swept it up with the rest of the trash.

Perhaps, though, the stories by Walton Green, concerning Little Solly, will make those same white wings forget to sweep your magazine up—because they'll be too busy reading it!—*Monte Brown.*



A Job for Mr. Shakespeare

BATTLE MOUNTAIN SANITARIUM, HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—I wish to compliment Mr Frederick Palmer on "Ten Years Ago This Week." How well he presented the story of the fourth act of the greatest drama of the ages! A battle in which a million actors took their cue and played their parts till the last curtain fell in that grim theater of war, the Argonne Forest.

Won't you please have Mr. Palmer show the aftermath—the ten years after? How the wreckage from that last act drifted back to our own shores again, broken, useless, hopeless—there to spend the remainder of their useless days. For they broke their strength and lives to be in "Hell, Heaven, or Hoboken by Christmas."

Perhaps, Mr. Palmer, you could inspire someone in the audience to throw us a tiny bouquet—a message of hope that we could cherish to the end. Let some playwright, in a fifth act, show what this wild drama meant.—*Ernest K. Chaney.*

As One Gypsy to Another

PORTLAND, ME.—I am writing this letter to teach the people who do not realize what they are saying about "Gasoline Gypsies," and I hope you will publish this.

I am eleven years old. This summer I went on almost the same route from coast to coast. And I appreciate Grace Robinson's story very much. They have nothing to criticize about her or her story. It is absolutely true—*Jacquelyn Scanlon.*

Too Bad We're Not a Daily

TYLERTOWN, MISS.—LIBERTY helps me pass at least two dull evenings a week in the little towns I have to go to. It has been a good moral influence in my life.

One evening I made a date, about which I could not have written my wife. However, I became so absorbed in a copy of LIBERTY that I forgot about the date! Thus was another soul saved from something or other.—*D. D. C. (A traveling man).*

Wise Crack for the Week

CHICAGO, ILL.—Your Vox Pop should be called Vox Pox. And it's very *small* pox, at that.—*Sniping Susan.*

From the Coast Guard

NEW LONDON, CONN.—I'm sending this in late, due to the fact that I have been at sea.

I'm writing this in reference to Sidney Sutherland's article, "Havana Succeeds Florida." I mean the cracks he made about the coast guard in it.

He (Sid) seems to be under the impression that the coast guard is a bloodthirsty, rum-chasing outfit—that we carry guns fore and aft, ready to shoot at a moment's notice, and that we shot at private yachts.

Let me tell you the "private yachts" we fired at belong to some of the most dangerous rum runners in Florida, and that the said rum runners were always willing to give us a gun battle.

The 100-foot patrol boats that were sent down to Florida were sent there with supplies and orders that the crews were to help refugees, help restore order, stop looting, give assistance to the sick and hurt, and help build shelters for the homeless.

That was at the time of the hurricane. They have been there, since, to help the people. Chasing rum runners is the least of our worries.

The main thing we do is patrol the coast and look for vessels needing assistance, wrecks floating around loose, dangers to navigation, and, last of all, rummys.

I'm writing this because I'm sticking up for a good outfit: the coast guard.

People like to slam h— out of us because they think all we do is chase rummys.—*Von K.*

Referred to Mr. Carroll

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.—I have just finished reading your article about Fred Stone and his crash, written by Richard Carroll.

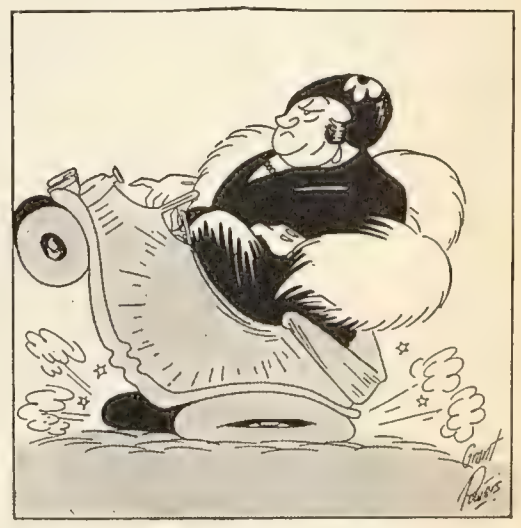
I would like to ask the author of that write-up a few questions. He stated that Fred learned too easily—that "flying came too easily for him"—yet he said that Fred had not soloed until after fourteen hours of dual instruction. Is that *too* easily?

I have soloed over thirty students and the average time has been eight dual hours. Some of them have soloed in five hours, and all of them, to the best of my knowledge, are still flying.

I certainly do hope that Fred has a quick recovery, and still loves aviation.—*Everett L. Edmondson.*

Here You Are

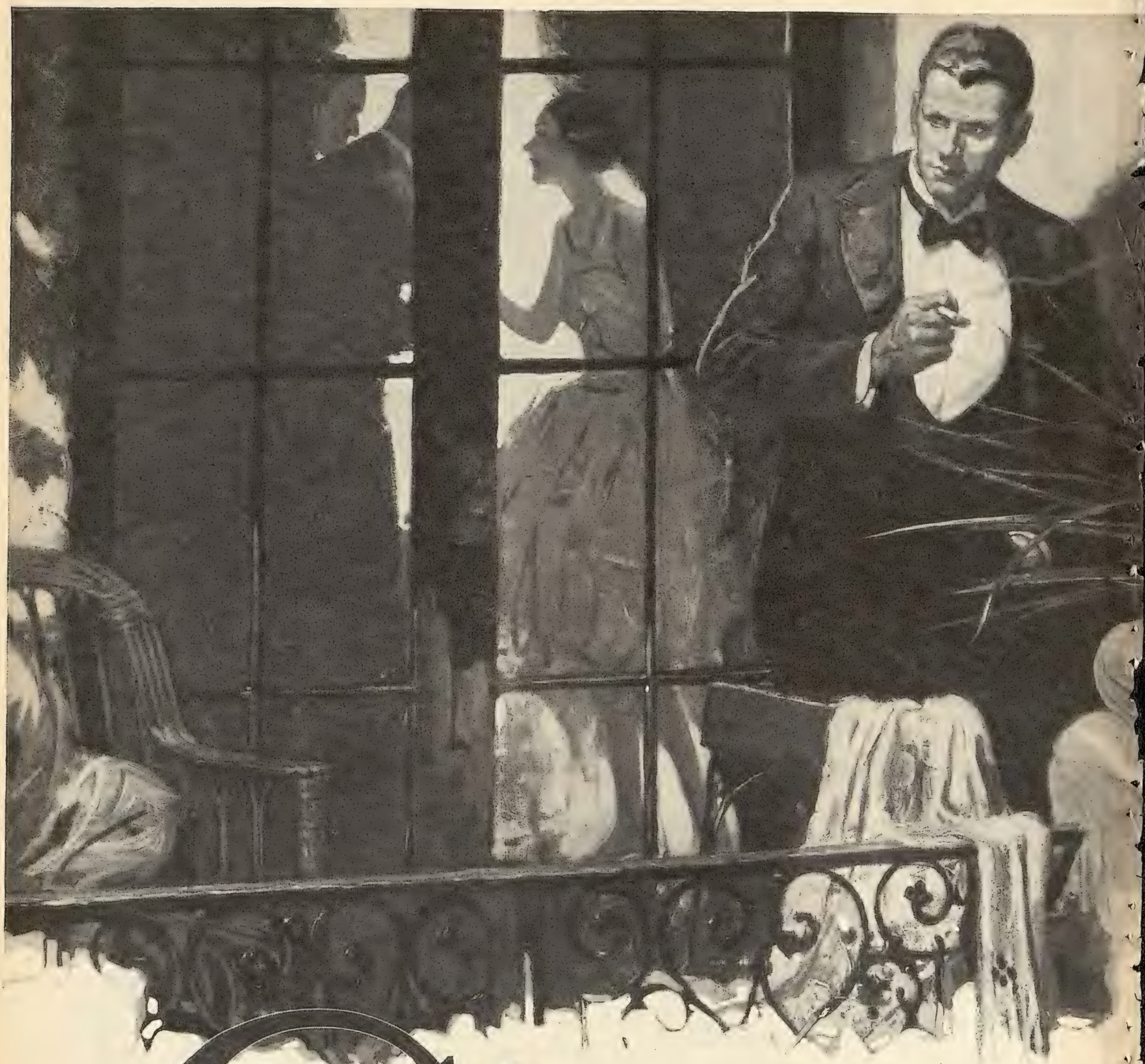
CHICAGO, ILL.—Your Bert Green is keeping right up to specifications.



The part of his thirty-sixth "Interior Decorator" spasm that cracked my ribs was where his hero, Mike, was telling Marg about August MacGregor's daughters. He said in his letter:

"One of 'em is built like the Graf Zeppelin....She must weigh 400 in the Onyx with her hair down. Every time she sits in the back of a Ford it looks like it was climbing a hill.... Oh what a lovely creature—and what hips! My dear, whenever she gets up they have to take the sofa away from her."

Oh, for some illustrator to give us a picture of that Ford on its haunches, or one of the overstuffed girl with the sofa that wouldn't leave her.—*Green Fiend.*



Chester

MILD *enough for anybo*

What a cigarette meant there

It took a lot of courage,
for he was no "ladies' man," and she was the belle of the town.

That awkward, stammering proposal . . . interrupted . . . what a mess he had made of it! And now . . . would she never come back? And what then? The zero hour, for a fact . . . the longest minutes of a lifetime.

Like most men, he lived through it, sustained by that little friend in need . . . his cigarette. In after years he always said it was the most important cigarette he ever smoked.

What a cigarette means *here*

It took a lot of courage,
likewise, to propose and go through with the idea behind Chesterfield.

It took courage, for it meant less profit per package than is made on most other cigarettes. Into Chesterfield we blended the finest qualities of tobacco ever offered in a cigarette at popular prices—tobacco selected regardless of cost, from all the leaf markets of the world.

And when Chesterfield jumped to big volume and continued steadily to grow . . . we knew that this cigarette which so surely bespeaks tobacco quality to us had come equally to mean it to you.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Xanthi and Cavalla, Smyrna and Samsoun—from here come the fragile tender Turkish tobaccos for Chesterfield's famous blend.

. . . and from Virginia and Carolina come the famous "bright" or "yellow" tobaccos; from Kentucky the rich mellow Burley which completes this mild yet satisfying blend.

field

y . . . and yet THEY SATISFY

The natives had a good thick coating of dirt to keep off the heat, but we bathed too often to acquire one.

1916

I WAS out at Meadowbrook with Mike Stephens and he took me to a polo game. It was not a particularly interesting game, due to the efforts of one man. He was so much better than any of the other players that even his own team mates failed to share any of the sport of scoring. Not only was he a better player, but he had far superior ponies. Anyone else on the field was lucky to get near the ball and then only for a second until he rode them off from it.

"Why doesn't that bird go off by himself and let the rest of the crowd have some fun?" I asked Mike.

"Why should he?"

"This is a game, isn't it?" I asked him.

"Sure."

"Supposedly played by sportsmen?"

"Sure. That's Jimmy Miller you're referring to. Not only a great player, but a fine sportsman. One of the finest I know."

"That's not my idea of a sportsman," I insisted. "Anybody can see he's the best out there, but why rub it in?"

"You mean he should play down to them? Not play his best and not use his best ponies against them?"

"Something like that."

"That would be an insult. No sportsman ever plays down to his adversary, no matter how inferior. Jimmy Miller would never do a thing like that. He was invited to play in this tournament match and he's got to play his best.

"A sportsman must always do his best. The only time he can slack up is to avoid taking an unfair advantage of an opponent. I remember once I was playing in the Internationals and got hit on the leg with a mallet. It knocked me out for a moment, but after a rest I managed to go on with the game. The score was five to four in our favor and it was the fifth chukker.

"The Englishman I was playing against was a demon; he had been riding me like a cyclone first from one side and then from the other. When I went back in with my lame knee he whispered to me:

"'Which leg is game?'

"'Right,' I told him, not thinking why he had asked.

"And from that time on he only rode me from the left side. Never once did he come against my right leg. Now that's sportsmanship. But if he hadn't played hard against me because he was a better player or because he was winning—I'd have been insulted. Jimmy was invited over here to play because he is so good. He's got to put out his best."

"Just the same he's not my idea of a sportsman—see him then!"

"Say, let me tell you something," Mike said with some heat. "I've known Jimmy Miller for fifteen years and I tell you he's a thoroughbred if there ever was one. He and I were down on the border together with the squadron. Say, I remember one thing that will prove whether he was a sportsman or not."

"All right," I agreed, "shoot the works. Tell me a story. I'm tired of this game, anyway."

And this is the story as Mike related it.

YOU remember the excitement back in 1916? Well, Jimmy and I were high privates in the squadron and had to go down to Texas and defend the border. Some say we went down to catch Villa and some say we went down to get ready to fight Germany. In either case the joke was on us. We never saw a hostile Mexican and in three months we were all conscientious objectors. I'll say we were.

We were camped just outside a little town between the Last Chance Saloon and some low hills and it was just like living in a frying pan. The natives had a good thick coating of dirt to keep off the heat, but we bathed too often to acquire one. That was our trouble.

The Rio Grande was around the other side of town and except for a couple of guard details all we had to do was drill and take care of horses. I want to say I've paid my grooms a bonus ever since.

One afternoon we were having a poker game. There was Jimmy and Caruso Donnelly and Harry Jackson and Bum Taylor and two others. We were playing on a camp table in a tent and it was hotter than blue blazes. We were stripped to the waist and full of cold beer so it wasn't so bad. We were playing table stakes jack pots.

You know poker is the only real democratic game. Here was Jimmy Miller, who had just learned to dress himself, sitting next to Caruso Donnelly, who was tattooed with the names of all his girls, and Bum Taylor, who had a cauliflower ear and a double row of gold teeth that were all the profit he got out of ten years in the ring. The only thing we had in common was a love for the national game and, believe me, that crowd knew how to play their papers.

It was a slow game. Nobody held anything and we were all growling at our luck. We decided that the best thing to do under the circumstances was to send out for more beer. So we cut and Jimmy and Jackson were elected to rush the growler. They put on their shirts, took fifty cents apiece from us and went over to the saloon. The game went on.

Then Caruso got a brilliant idea.

"Let's do something for excitement," he suggested. "What d' you say we stack the cards and have one good pot anyway?"

"Not on your life," I told him. "We did that once at college and the guy that won the pot wouldn't believe the cards were stacked and the game was called off to make room for a fight."

"Well, we'll give 'em both the same hands so they'll have to split the pot. Then we can stay out and it won't make any difference. We'll give 'em both royal flushes and they'll bet their heads off. Nobody ever called with a royal flush and if either one of 'em ever does, we'll kid him until Villa leads prayer meeting."

Everybody else wanted to do it so I shut up and let Caruso fix the cards. Jackson was to get the ace, king, queen, jack, and ten of spades and Jimmy was to get the same thing in hearts.

They came back with all the beer they could carry and the game went on. Caruso dealt and Jackson opened. You could see he was excited.

The others dropped out until it came around to Jimmy. He squeezed back the corners and had another look to make sure he had it. He hesitated like he was going to toss his hand in and then looked at it again.

"I guess I'll hit that five," he said and shoved in the money.

Jackson looked at his hand, grinned, and raised him back ten. Jimmy raised back all the cash he had and Jackson checked it all out.

"No more cash," says Jimmy. "I'll see you and we can wait until after the draw. I'll just call. Take what cards you need because I've got plenty as it is."

"I don't need any new ones," Jackson tells him. "Bet 'em out like you had 'em. Your word's good enough for me."

"It's your bet," Jimmy says, "you opened."

Jackson took a dirty blank check from his pocket and filled it out in pencil.

"I've got about five hundred dollars in the bank at home. I'll bet that."

Everyone was getting excited. It looked like somebody might get bluffed out of the pot.

JIMMY looked at his cards and looked at Jackson.

"Take your time, Jack," he told him. "A gentleman never bets on a sure thing, but I warn you I play my cards for all they're worth. And I think these are worth a lot."

"You play your hand and I'll play mine," Jackson told him. "I don't aim to be a gentleman when there's that much money in the pot. Watch out for yourself and bet your own hand."

"Who's got a blank check?" Jimmy asked.

He got one and filled it out.

"There's your five hundred and here's five hundred more."

Everybody was looking funny at that. Jackson took a piece of paper and wrote on it and threw it in the pot.

"There's your five hundred and five hundred more."

"All right," says Jimmy, "get out your cash register because I'm going to play a tune on it. I'll—"

"Hey, wait!" Caruso yelled. "This can't go

The Story of a Crooked Deal and a Victim Who Won

By Elliott White Springs

Pictures by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr.

ONE afternoon we were having a poker game. We were stripped to the waist and full of cold beer.

on. Too much ghost money. Against all rules. You've gone far enough."

"Mine isn't ghost money," Jimmy told him.

"I'm good for mine," Jackson insisted.

"All right. All right. But no more I O Us or uncertified checks."

Everybody agreed with Caruso but Jimmy and Jackson.

"Tell you what we'll do," Caruso suggested. "Suppose you get your money first. Put your hands in envelopes, seal 'em, and write your names across them. Nobody sees 'em. We'll put 'em in the bank with the pot. Then you can both get your money and bet your shirts."

THERE was a lot of argument, but everybody was with Caruso to stop it. They labeled the hands and Caruso and I took them over to the bank with the money in the pot—about eighty dollars.

In an hour everybody in camp knew every detail of the game except the dealing. There were side bets made and everybody in the game was famous. Famous but nervous.

Next day we were more than nervous. We were scared. We didn't know where the thing might end. We got together and decided we'd better talk the thing over and get them to call. Three of us went to see Jimmy and Caruso went to find Jackson to bring him over.

Jimmy was over in his tent figuring.

"It's about time you birds were calling," he told us. "I've been expecting you. And I see a nigger in the woodpile. Is this a put-up job or not?"

"What do you mean, put-up job?" I asked him.

He took a sour look at me and pointed to his figures. "I figure it this way. Jackson and I were both out of the game just before that hand was dealt. The cards might have been stacked. I have a royal flush. Jack must have one too. Or at least a straight flush. And both of 'em pat. Get me?

"Well, I figure that if the twelve apostles had started two games at their first reunion and played ever since, allowing four minutes for a hand, there would never have been two royals out at the same time and wouldn't be for nine hundred and sixty years more. The chances are one to 422,171,977,600. See, there it is. Look at the figures for yourself.

"So I'm morally certain that hand was framed. I'm going to call it off. I don't want any of Jack's money and he can't get any of mine. Then we're going to chase you buzzards out of camp with sabers."

"Wait a minute, Jimmy," I argued. "The whole camp knows about it and we'd all get chased out if it got out it was a fake. We'll get Jack and you can call him and split the pot. We don't have to tell him."

"All right," said Jimmy. "I'll do it providing each one of you swears never to tell a soul."

We agreed and the others went for Caruso and Jackson. I stayed with Jimmy to have a laugh now that it was all over. But here came Caruso looking worried. Jimmy bawled him out and told him to go get the hands.

"YOU don't know the worst of it," Caruso told us. "I just been talking to Jack. He doesn't suspect. He doesn't think you can possibly have a royal. Thinks you might have a straight flush or fours. He's pretty much upset over it. Never do to tell him now."

"He needn't ever know," Jimmy told him. "I'll call him and we can split the pot and that's all there is to it. I had a good time and I don't care anything about not winning the pot. It was worth it to hold a royal just once."

"But think of Jack," moaned Caruso. "He's going to be fighting mad. He just told me he's got a wife out in Denver with the con and he's got it all figured out how he'll send her somewhere else with the money and get her cured. Thinks the money is as good as on the way to her. For God's sake, don't ever tell him that we framed it. He's wired to his brother to mortgage everything and wire him the money to bet."

Jimmy got worried at that, too. He thought it was a good joke up to that time. He made Caruso promise to keep his mouth shut and sent him after the envelopes. Then we all went over to Jackson's tent.

Jackson was protesting about the haste, but Caruso gave him his envelope and told him he'd already made his bet.

"Your I O U is good with me, Jack," Jimmy told him. "There's no use for any more money because I'm only going to call you. You raised me five hundred. Here's a check for it. I call. What have you got?"

Jackson looked first relieved and then disappointed.

"A royal flush," he said. "What's yours?"

Jimmy was tearing open his envelope. We all felt sorry for Jackson. He was so excited he started to cry. Jimmy looked at him a moment and then glared at us.

"You win, Jack," he announced. "I have a straight flush." Then he kicked over his chair, put his cards in his pocket, and walked out.

And you want to tell me that he isn't a sportsman? If you still think that, I'll punch your face for you. Come on over to the clubhouse and meet him. The game's over.

THE END

Only Half There

Reading Time 45 seconds

Slipping backward *at* 40!

through the deadening effects of cachexia (run-down condition)

Throw off the yoke of fatigue and depression! Be vital of body, clear of mind and meet the day's tasks with the vigor that wins! Yeast has brought new life and energy to millions. Let it work its wonders for you!

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets—pure yeast in pleasant, palatable form. Swallow them if you like, though most folks chew them, so good is their taste. Start eating this yeast today and soon you'll feel the difference in every organ of the body.

In 5c packets or the big 10 day bottle for 50c at drug stores.

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for cachexia (run-down condition). Loss of appetite. Indigestion. Constipation. Boils—Pimples.

At drug stores everywhere

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

"Now Shake Hands with Santa Claus"

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

THE annual Saturday before Christmas shopping crush!

Human sardines wiggled in and out of jammed aisles, wishing they were monkeys and could climb up for air. Everybody stepped on everybody else's feet in the slow, rhythmic shuf-shuf-shuffle. Here a derelict pump. There the crunch of spilled hard candy underfoot. Strident cries of *Mama!* Nasal cries of *Caaaaa-sh!*

Flynn's department store was selling high priced holiday bargains to harassed unfortunates who'd failed to do their Christmas shopping early.

"Carry the baby way up high on your shoulder," Lil was telling Sandy. "He must see everything. It's his first Christmas."

"The air's terrible. Will it make him sick?" Sandy felt rather dizzy himself in the mingled smells of soap, dress goods, chocolates, celluloid, perfume, leather, incense, oilcloth, and heated shoppers. "Where'd all the women come from? Who supports 'em all?"

"OH!" a high pitched feminine voice trumpeted. "You've smashed my lamp-shade, miss, and it cost eight dollars plus the beads and fringe." Bump! Shove! Push!

"One side! One side! Keep to the right for the elevators!" A heavenly blue uniformed attendant was bellowing into the din. "Rugs on the third. Watcha step! WATCHA—"

This week's cover picture.

"Watcha wallet," Lil told Sandy as they squeezed into an elevator. "Pickpockets thrive during the holidays." A fat woman was pressed up against her shoulder blades as tight as a mustard plaster.

"Second floor. Laces, embroidery, handkerchiefs, vests, stockings, buckles, artificial flowers, hats and frames, scarfs, fancy garters, shoulder feathers, and fountain pens in holiday boxes. Second floor."

"We get out here," Lil puffed, edging out through a six-inch aperture between a suitcase and a dear old lady's umbrella. "Stick close, dear, so we don't get separated. You have most of the money."

"Christmas seals! Get your Christmas seals here!" A worn out society woman was shoehorned into a tiny booth. "Seals, seals, seals!" She kept rattling a box of change.

"I still have a hundred at home," Sandy told her politely.

"I'm looking for two shoulder feathers," Lil explained. "One for Ma and one for the minister's wife. After that I want to get two pairs of fancy garters with faces, and a wild scarf. These holiday boxes are so pretty with their ribbon and poinsettias. I wonder if they'd sell me some without the fountain pens inside?"

Crackling bundles of all shapes and conditions. Round, square, oblong, and humpy mealsack. Children of all sizes. Fat, thin, red, washed out, and freckled. Some with horns. All with candy suckers and butter plate eyes. Christmas—the wonder season for young and old!

"They haven't the color shoulder feathers I want," Lil murmured. "Let's look for those many-sided glass paper weights. They're only a dollar. Ma could easily use another paper weight for the grocery slips in the pantry." Push! Shove! Bump!

"If you see any jeweled candy boxes, yell out," Sandy gasped, having received a clothes box on one ear. "I could fill it with some of your nice fudge and give it to the boss' better half."

"I should make fudge with everything else I have to do!" Lil piped up. "You spend a dollar twenty a pound and get the lady something swell. Plain homemade fudge is about as classy to people like that as —well, as beet tops are to us."

"Clear the aisle! Clear the aisle!" This excited warning came from a portly gentleman in a fur coat. He was carrying out a bridge lamp. The salmon fringed silk shade was caught up on his derby.

"Clear the aisle!" Sandy began to yell. But nobody paid any attention to him.

The toys were on the third. Lil and Sandy staggered up the stairs.

"Wait until the baby sees Santa," Sandy grinned. "You'd better hold him. He may cry. He's not used to such long beards."

They shoved right in through an admiring juvenile circle. And there sat dear old Santa in red flannel with one purple garter showing by mistake!

"Now shake hands with Santa Claus," Lil said sweetly.

NOTE—The suggestion which Leslie Thrasher followed in designing this week's cover picture was made by Miss Marie Cashbaugh, 714 Lafayette Street, Michigan City, Ind. An award of $50 has been sent to Miss Cashbaugh.

(Next week's cover adventure: Christmas Eve)

Lined with FUR *yet* SHAPELY as the finest unlined gloves

The BILTMORE *Fur Lined* $6.50

You can enjoy the pride of well groomed hands and yet have warmth and plenty of it. Smooth fitting and smart. Ideal for motoring or dress. Soft fur or lamb lining provide the warmth. Osborn's special construction provides the trim, crampless fit and permits free circulation in your hands in any position. Cold winds cannot numb your fingers. The soft supple leather is durable and long wearing. Button or strap wrist, as you prefer.

MADE FOR WOMEN, TOO

If your dealer should be out of stock, write us giving his name

THE C. D. OSBORN COMPANY
Chicago, Illinois

Osborn Gloves

From PADDY DRISCOLL'S Memoirs

When Twelve Men Played on the Navy Eleven

By CHARLES COLLINS

International photo

Bachman (center) and Halas (end) on the famous Great Lakes eleven of 1918.

PADDY DRISCOLL, the professional football player, is generally accepted as Jim Thorpe's successor in all-around gridiron prowess. He has seen more service in a leather helmet than any other leader of the game, and although he is now thirty-two years old he is still at the peak of his form.

Fourteen consecutive seasons of heavyweight competition form Paddy's record. He has played two years with Northwestern; one with the sailors of the Great Lakes station during his war enlistment; and eleven with the strong professional elevens—the Cardinals and the Bears—of Chicago.

The strangest and most sensational play of Driscoll's career resulted in a touchdown made by another man. It is, however, the incident which he remembers most vividly. It was one of those things which simply *couldn't* happen.

Here is Paddy Driscoll's most amazing story.

The team which represented the Great Lakes Naval Training Station in 1918, composed of enlisted men, was making an impressive bid for national honors. It contained several players, including Driscoll, who had been All American timber during their college careers. But it was self coached, and when it invaded the East the experts believed that it would be defeated. It bowled over Rutgers, 54 to 14. Driscoll scored forty-one points that day. But on the following Saturday, when Great Lakes met Annapolis on the Middies' home field, the experts were justified—almost.

Two minutes to play. The Middies had the game as good as won, 6 to 0, and were in possession of the ball close to Great Lakes' goal line. They were ready to go over for a second touchdown, with Navy Bill Ingram as the line crasher.

One more buck would do it, and Ingram took the ball.

As Ingram plunged he was hit hard by a Great Lakes linesman, and the ball flew out of his clutch. It jumped through the air and nestled on the breast of "Dizzy" Eileson, halfback of Great Lakes.

Dizzy lived up to his nickname. He held the ball in his hands for a moment, as if saying to himself, "Well, look who's here!" Then he tucked it under his arm, straightened his helmet as if preparing for dress parade, and started to run. Five alert Great Lakers accompanied him as convoy, and down the field they sailed. George Halas, the end, was one of them; Blacklock, a tackle, was another; Emmett Keefe, a guard, made a third.

It was clear sailing. An unremembered runner in the quintet of interferers took out the Middies' safety man. Before them was the unprotected goal; behind them merely the thudding of distant cleats. They sailed on gleefully.

At the Middies' twenty-yard line they heard the smash of a hard tackle, and saw Dizzy Eileson, their pride and joy, take a shattering fall, with the arms of a husky midshipman locked around his knees. Halas says he began to cry, thinking that they had let a man slip through the interference. But Blacklock, the giant tackle, roared out in rage, and pointed toward the Annapolis bench.

The daddy of 'em all on the gridiron—Paddy Driscoll, with fourteen years' pigskin warfare to his credit.

A Middy substitute had left the side lines and leaped to the rescue! Twelve men on the field for Annapolis—and the interloper had prevented a touchdown! An unparalleled atrocity!

Blacklock, wild with wrath, picked up that lawbreaking substitute with his left hand, and then put him down again with his right fist. When he rose, another member of the Great Lakes' interfering squad swung on him.

Then there was a war cry from the Annapolis stands, and an answering yell of defiance from the trainload of gobs who had followed their team from Great Lakes. Middies and sailors streamed from their seats into the field, fighting mad and looking for trouble. Civil war was about to explode.

There was a milling around and a shoving about; there was general cursing. But the habit of discipline was too strong; and presently the middies and gobs retired in good order, leaving the football teams to thresh it out.

There was a long and heated argument. Annapolis maintained that according to the rules the offense could be punished only by a penalty of one-half the distance to the goal line from the point of the foul. From a legal point of view they were right; and such a decision undoubtedly would have saved the game for the Middies.

But the referee handed down a verdict which agreed with the spirit of the game rather than the letter of the rules. He gave Great Lakes the illegally prevented touchdown. Then Blacklock kicked goal, and the game ended: Great Lakes 7; Annapolis 6.

The sinning Annapolis substitute, whose name was Saunders, was afterward court-martialed, much to the satisfaction of the entire Great Lakes station.

That Great Lakes team of the war period was composed of Halas, Reichle, Minton, and Bernard, ends; Ecklund, Andrews, Collins, and Blacklock, tackles; Keefe, Jones, and Miller, guards; Bachman, Conrad, and Knight, centers; Driscoll and Conzelman, quarterbacks; Eileson, Abramson, Erickson, Bliss, and Mendenhall, halfbacks; and Willaman, Reeves, and Lauer, fullbacks. Many of these men had brilliant careers in football before and after mobilization.

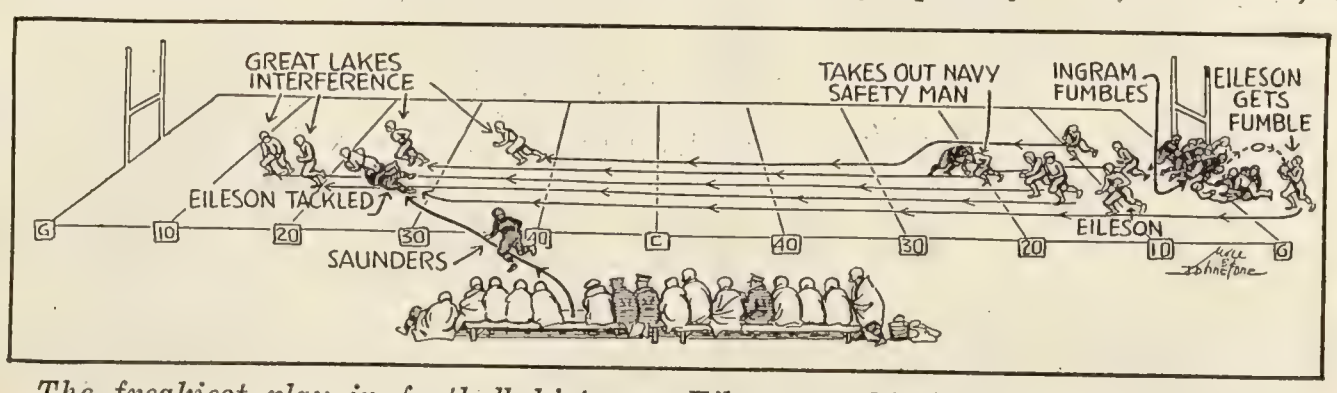
DIZZY EILESON, who was a college freshman when he enlisted, became a star at Washington and Jefferson. Some of the other players went into professional football and are still active. Blacklock has played with and against Driscoll in many games since then. Halas, Erickson, and Conzelman are still to be found in professional lineups. Bachman, who had been a star at Notre Dame before the war, was coach of Northwestern in 1919.

Great Lakes was invited to play at the Tournament of Roses in Pasadena, California, on New Year's Day, 1919. Their opponents were the Mare Island Marines, champions of the Pacific Coast. The game decided the national championship. Great Lakes won, 17 to 0. Paddy Driscoll contributed one field goal to the score.

That is the only time in the history of American football when a noncollegiate team has been accepted as national champion. Here is the shining record of the gobs for 1918: Great Lakes 10, Iowa 0; Great Lakes 7, Illinois 0; Great Lakes 7, Notre Dame 7; Great Lakes 27, Purdue 0; Great Lakes 54, Rutgers 14; Great Lakes 7, Annapolis 6; Great Lakes 0, Northwestern 0; and Great Lakes 17, Mare Island Marines 0.

That year Walter Camp did not select an All American Intercollegiate team because so many of the university players were in uniform. He named an All American service team instead. Paddy Driscoll was first choice as quarterback, and given the captaincy.

THE END



The freakiest play in football history. Eileson grabbed Ingram's fumble and streaked down for the Annapolis goal escorted by five interferers. Saunders, Navy sub, rushed from the sideline bench and tackled Eileson. Then the fun began!

BOYS!

. . . get your equipment for winter sports *free!*

Clifton L. Wells of Rhode Island got this dandy sled free! You too can get one without a penny of cost!

HOW would you like to get a dandy pair of ice skates free? Or a speedy sled? Or one of those great moleskin coats to keep you warm on the coldest days when you're at play? Here's your chance! Join the great organization of LIBERTY Boy Salesmen in your own city. We'll show you how you can get many prizes free—and, in addition, earn money every week. It's easy! Thousands and thousands of boys are doing it. So can you! Just work in your spare time. Right in your own neighborhood. No money, no experience needed. We will send you our Big Catalog of Free Prizes, showing radios, bicycles, sleds, all kinds of sporting goods, etc. Here's the best chance you ever had to get free prizes and earn spending money every week! Make the most of it. For full details, mail the coupon today!

Mail this today!

LIBERTY MAGAZINE, 12-22-28A
Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

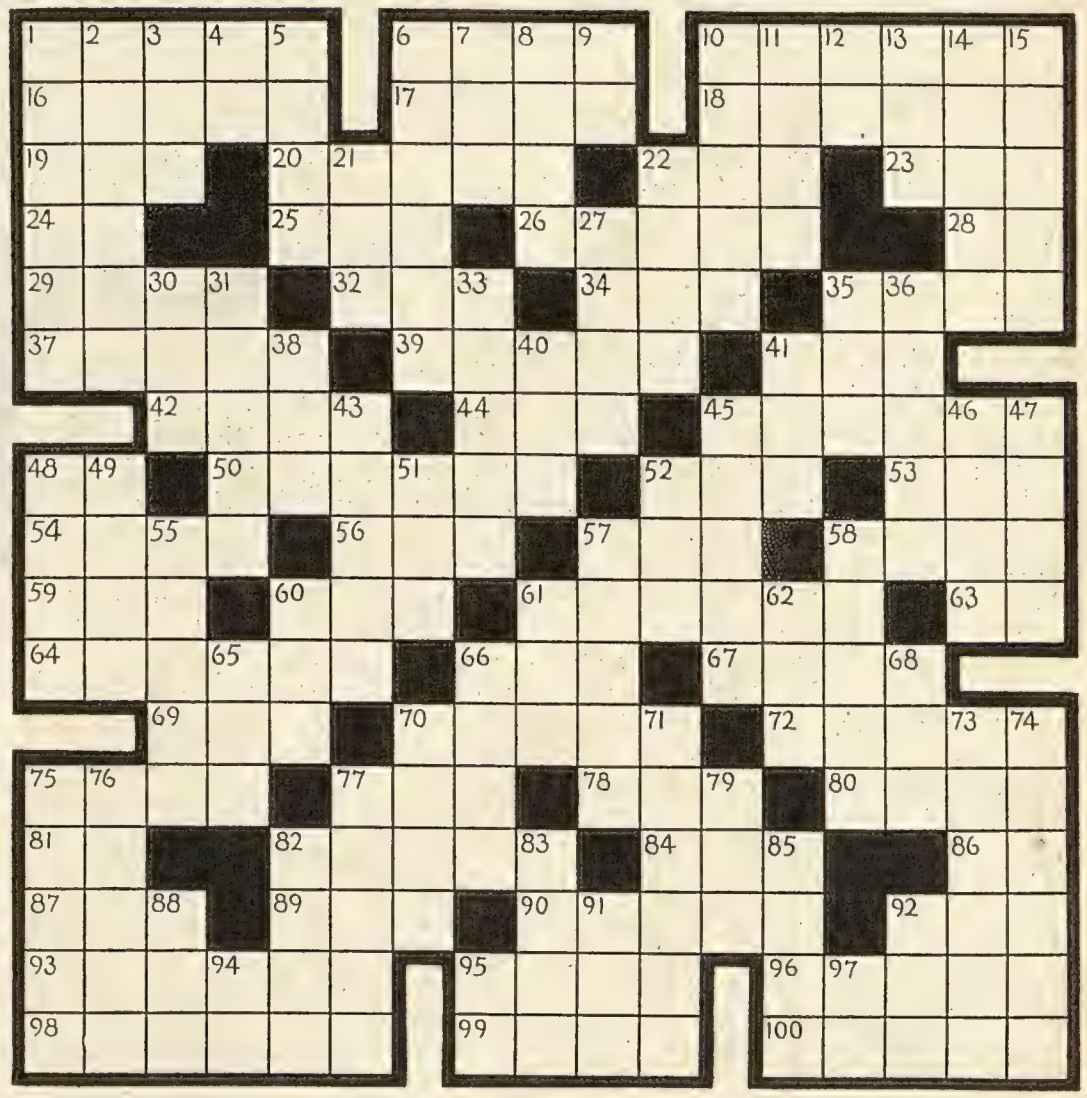
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

An *Easy* Puzzle—

A fairly simple task awaits the solver here, where most of the words are reasonably familiar and all are clearly defined. The construction on the opposite page is recommended for those fans who like their puzzles hard.

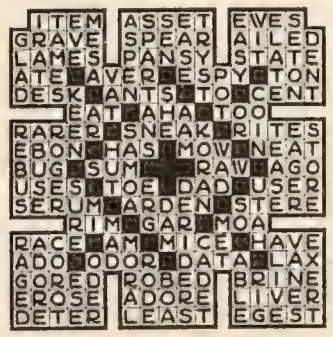


HORIZONTAL

1 One of an Asiatic race
6 Walk in a yielding substance
10 Rough instrument for flaking
16 Lessen
17 Biblical name
18 Withdraw
19 Tear
20 Irritate
22 Perched
23 Point
24 Small fish of the carp kind
25 Measure of length
26 Transmits
28 Note of the scale
29 Intimate
32 Cardinal number
34 Deer
35 Gone by
37 Undertake
39 Restore to freshness
41 Pronoun
42 Support for a bridge span
44 Succeeded
45 Indicate
48 Exist
50 Praised
52 Of small number
53 Present
54 Murine animals
56 Disfigure
57 Extinct flightless bird
58 Molding
59 Peer Gynt's mother
60 Calling sound of cattle
61 Stinging insect
63 Symbol of strontium
64 Gentle
66 Note of the scale
67 Satisfy to repletion
69 Wave
70 King of Phrygia (Greek myth.)
72 At no time
75 A duck
77 Nourished
78 Alcoholic liquor
80 Abnormal sound in breathing
81 Ejaculation
82 Peeled
84 A fuel
86 Exist
87 Corroded
89 Playing card
90 Declaim
92 Japanese statesman
93 Clean up, as a camp
95 Tart
96 Mark to denote an insertion
98 Expunged
99 Crude metal (plural)
100 Commerce

VERTICAL

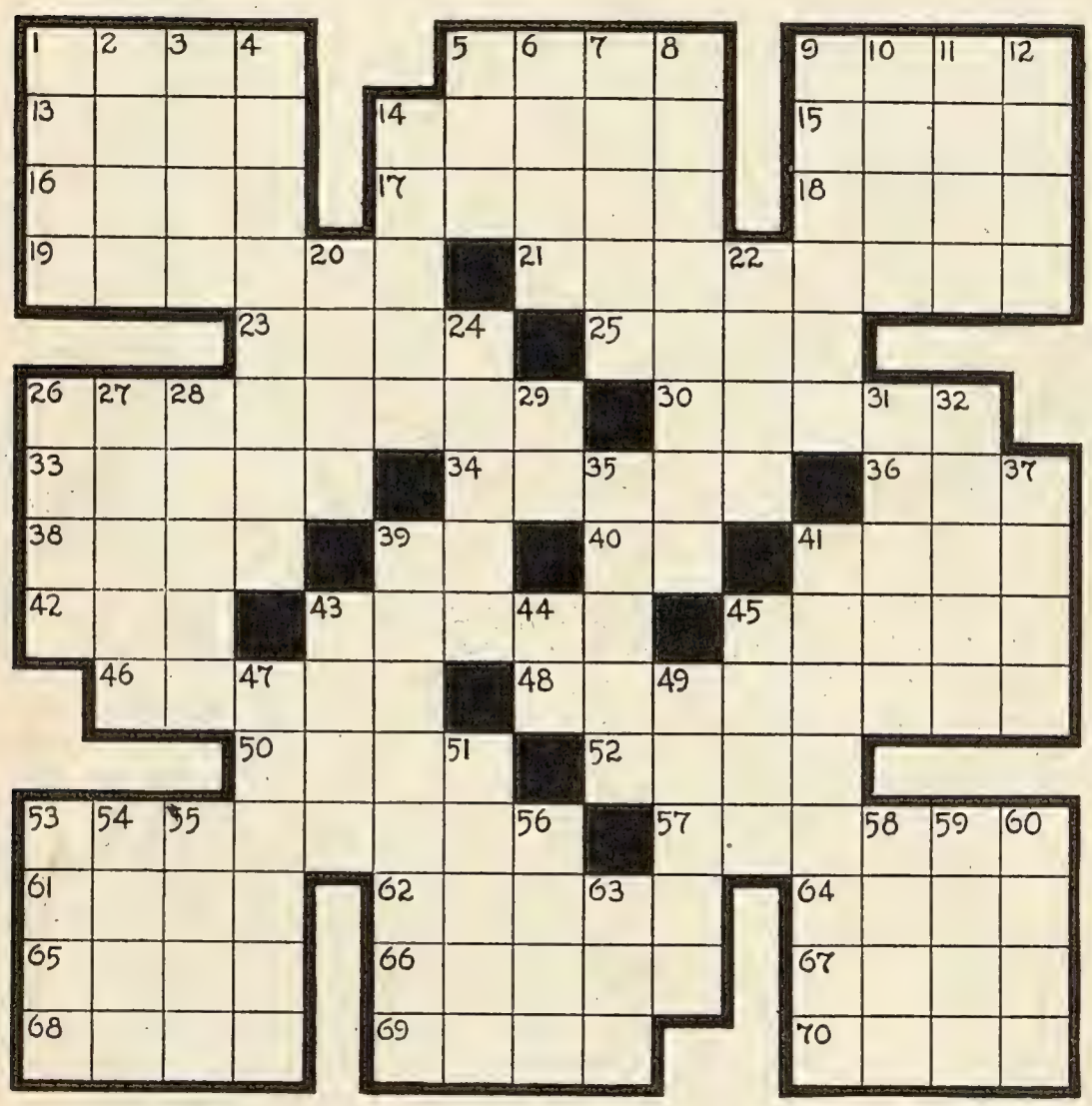
1 Pertaining to the sea
2 Dwells
3 Lick up
4 By
5 Division of time
6 Rove
7 Commotion
8 Divisions of a year
9 Printer's measure
10 Rate of ascent or descent
11 Steeps
12 Electrical current (initials)
13 Beverage
14 Redacts
15 Pardon
21 No
22 Snowfall
27 Paradise
30 Snake
31 Utters reproaches
33 Fresher
35 Fastener
36 Amidst
38 Yes
40 Drowse
41 Chop
43 A report
45 College officials
46 Digits
47 Pitcher
48 Contemptuous name for a child
49 Relieve of tension
51 Jackdaw
52 By reason that
55 Taut
57 Tooth
58 Aquatic animal
60 Meadow
61 Receptacle for coal
62 Bear young, as a sheep
65 Atmospheric moisture
66 Take the part of
68 Woman's name
70 Nothing more than
71 Sweetens
73 Exultant
74 Distant
75 Contour
76 Engine
77 Confronted
79 Entangle
82 Step
83 Portal
85 Party or faction
88 Note of Guido's scale
91 Regret
92 Man's name
94 Form of to be
95 In such manner
97 Measure of area



Answer to last week's easy puzzle

and a *Hard* One

In the solving of this cross word puzzle you will be challenged, not only by a number of words unheard of except in a dictionary, but by unusual definitions which have been applied to many with which you are familiar.

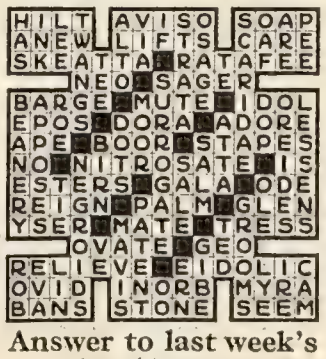


HORIZONTAL

1 A singing bird
5 Scotch maiden
9 If the facts were different
13 Network of nerves
14 Jaunty
15 Upward flight
16 Greek name for an Egyptian sun god
17 Pertaining to a hard wood
18 Combining form meaning equal
19 Son of Apollo and Manto (Greek myth.)
21 Causing dryness
23 The seventh, asteroid
25 Toward the bow of a ship
26 An oxide (SrO)
30 Reddish deer of the Andes (plural)
33 Diving birds
34 The pomace of grapes, left after the expression of juice (plural)
36 Spanish word for river
38 Troublesome business (plural)
39 Symbol of germanium
40 Like
41 Made a practice of
42 Dance step
43 Heat of passion or affection
45 Degree of advance in a journey
46 A sesquioxide (Y_2O_3)
48 Babbler
50 Woman's name
52 Turn or twist about
53 Approbation publicly expressed
57 Forcible entrance or encroachment
61 Species of cabbage
62 Give spirit or vivacity to
64 Advance or retire by small degrees
65 Native name of an Asiatic country
66 Woman's name
67 A lake in Russia
68 Indentation
69 To bark trees
70 Waxed

VERTICAL

1 Warp having more than two threads passing through each split of the reed
2 Variant of combining form meaning blood
3 On the highest point of
4 Device to produce a pull, as in a loom (plural)
5 American historical writer (1825-1909)
6 Large flatboats
7 Lapidary's polishing wheel
8 Elision of letters from the middle of a word (plural)
9 Got sight of, as something distant
10 Shaped mass of sugar
11 Principal garment of a Hindu woman
12 A man's name
14 To take as actual (logic)
20 Old Roman liquid measures
22 Part of the hind leg between the thigh and ankle (zoölogy)
24 Procreated
26 A rebuff
27 Nowadays
28 Collection of fowls perching together
29 Scoriated lava
31 The fur seal
32 Continued attempt to gain possession
35 Young codfish (plural)
37 River in Germany
39 Having a texture consisting of small particles
41 Putting in circulation, as money
43 Titular character in a Verdi opera
44 An assimilated form of ob
45 Overpower with sudden emotion
47 Become more mild and tender
49 To place in a row
51 At a little distance from the rest
53 Sour
54 One of the dots mottling the sun
55 To represent, as by a diagram
56 Having no flaw
58 Unique thing (slang)
59 Area 40 poles long by 4 broad
60 Lateen-rigged vessel of Arabia
63 Antiquity



Answer to last week's hard puzzle

"American Flyer" REG U.S. PAT. OFF
Transformers Electric Trains Mechanical Trains

"Gee Dad! that's just what I wanted"

The Advanced "President's Special"

Sonny is pinning all his hopes on a wonderful American Flyer train this Christmas. Don't disappoint him . . . All stores where toys are sold are now demonstrating the Advanced "President's Special" and other electrical and wind-up trains in the American Flyer Rainbow Line . . . Call in, see these amazingly realistic trains in operation and you will *know why* your boy wants an American Flyer for Christmas.

Ask your dealer for beautifully-colored American Flyer Train Book or write us direct for free copy.

AMERICAN FLYER MFG CO.
2227 S. Halsted St., Dept. L5, Chicago, Ill., Pilsen Station

Many models for early selection priced according to size and fun-making features. Electric trains $5.50 to $75. Wind-up trains $1.50 to $5. (Prices slightly higher west of Rockies).

Recommended by 6½ million boy-owners

Watch Fat Depart

Note the New Youth, New Vigor

This is what countless people have been doing, for 20 years, to get and keep the slender figures you see everywhere today.

Medical research has found that a great cause of excess fat lies in a defective gland. Food which should turn into fuel and energy goes to fat.

After thousands of experiments on animals, a way was found to combat this condition. Physicians the world over have since employed it in the treatment of obesity.

The method was embodied in Marmola prescription tablets, perfected by a famous medical laboratory. These Marmola tablets have been used for 20 years—millions of boxes of them. Anybody can see, in any circle, the amazing results of this method. New youth and beauty, new health and vigor. Slender figures are the rule.

Wherever you look you can see the change. Excess fat is now the exception. Youthful slenderness prevails. Excess fat is a blight which nobody should endure. Try this way to correct it. No hard work, no starvation is required. Simply take four Marmola tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

Every box contains the formula, also the scientific reasons for results. You will know exactly why the fat departs and why new vigor comes.

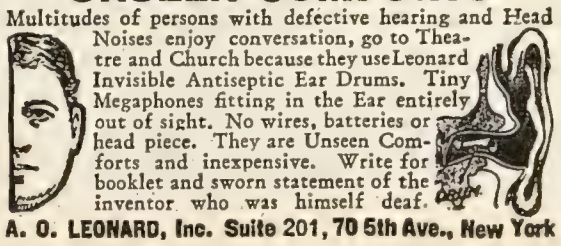
Try this method, which is right and scientific. Do this in justice to yourself. Accept the help which for more than 20 years has meant so much to so many. The day-by-day results will be a revelation to you. Start now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

DEAFNESS-HEAD NOISES
relieved by
"UNSEEN COMFORTS"

Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums. Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are Unseen Comforts and inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



A. O. LEONARD, Inc. Suite 201, 70 5th Ave., New York

THE HOUSEHOLD Finance Corporation provides places where you may borrow up to $300 at less than lawful interest and without the embarrassment and delay usually connected with the making of small loans. We have branches in the principal cities. Write for desired information and location of nearest branch.

Household Finance Corporation
360 North Michigan Ave. Chicago

Two very new models from Doucet-Dœuillet. The left-hand illustration shows a costume having a jacket of black and white plaid, a skirt of coral red kasha, and a sweater of beige tricot. Its companion model is a sports dress of yellow and dark blue.

Holiday Sports Clothes Reveal Spring Secrets

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris, November 26.

PRETTY hard sledding for the fashion writer as Christmas approaches. Women are more interested in the clothes they are going to wear during the holidays, and less interested in fashions, than at any other time of the year. Might just say "Merry Christmas" and let it go at that. But I'm not going to give up so weakly, because, you see, I really have something to tell you.

It's a secret, and if you are a true descendant of Eve, Christmas or not, you will want to hear it. So, if you're too busy with last days' presents and returns for those forehanded early gifts you didn't expect, tuck this LIBERTY away somewhere and read it later. It has to do with coming fashions, and shortly after the holidays, long before the first robin or hurdy-gurdy, you will want to know something about them.

Ostensibly, obviously, and on the surface, I'm telling you about holiday sports clothes. This is all straight and honest. But between the lines of the holiday sports outfit there is news of yet unborn spring clothes. I'm not supposed to talk about them now. However, it's a lot safer to know something in advance about what Paris is going to wear, even if you're choosing clothes for spot wear, as they say in garment trade circles.

"When the leaves begin to fall," in the cliché language of the Victorian romance, is when Paris begins getting ready for early spring. And once she has created these desperately dark secret modes for spring, she cannot help using the ideas when she is making up holiday sports clothes, or whatever it is that people are needing to make Merry Christmas merrier.

I have seen all of these clothes—those that are strictly private and those that are for immediate wear—so that it is an easy matter to trace the very strong resemblance between the two. And it is interesting to observe how much the holiday sports clothes that are coming out of Paris now have in common with modes that are being made for future consumption.

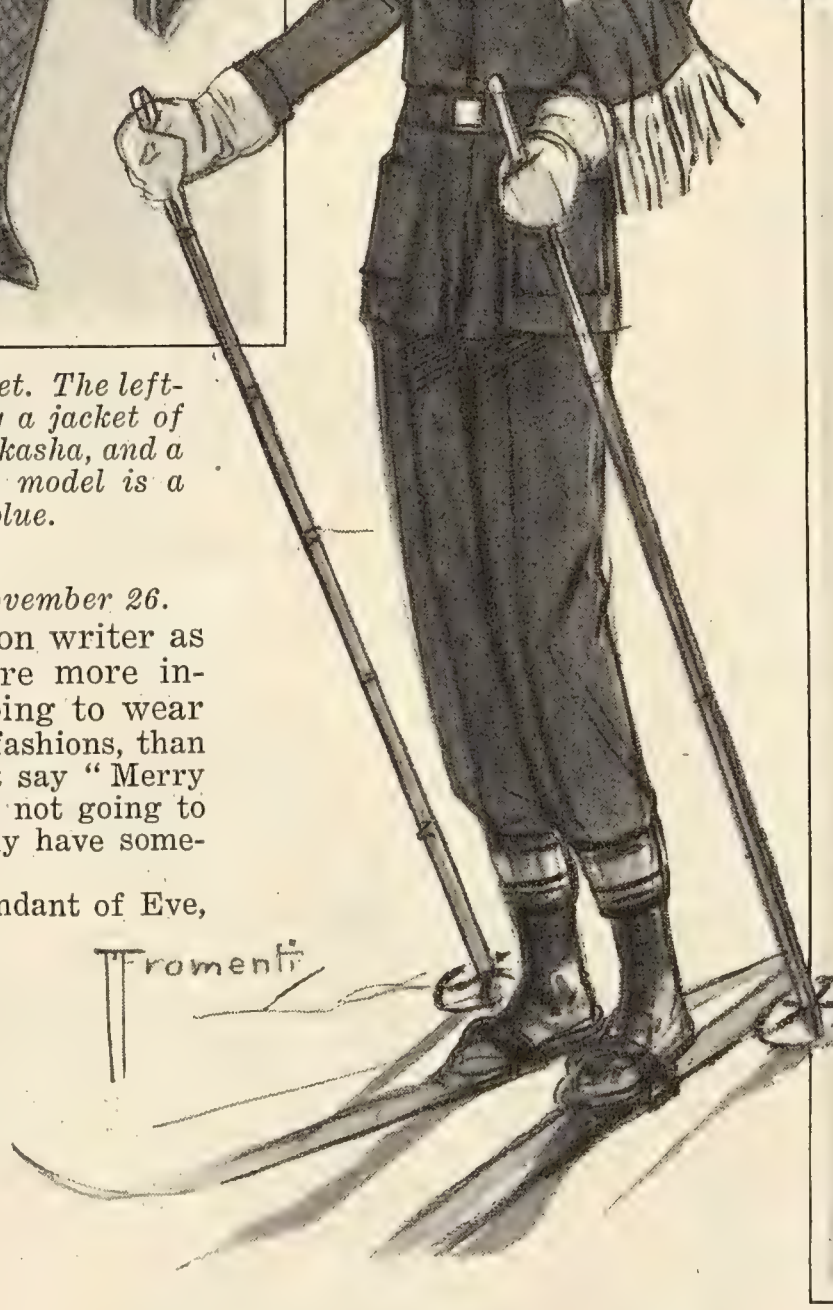
For a long time our idea of a sports dress has been that it was composed of two parts—a sweater and a skirt. This is one thing. Another is that the sweater should be jersey or knitted, and the skirt of a fabric resembling tweed, jersey, or tricot. The holiday sports dress brings to us another idea, and one that you will hear and see more of in the spring.

The sweater vanishes. It is replaced by a blouse—not one that follows the sweater precedent of going over the top of the skirt, but one that is neatly tucked in, à la the old-time shirtwaist. This blouse is made of a woolen fabric, the same fabric as the skirt usually, but in another color. And this new kind of sports costume makes use of a material which we have seen very little of for a long time—that is, kasha.

The right-hand sketch of the two in our upper panel illustrates this mode. It is from Doucet-Dœuillet, who originated this idea. The blouse of this dress is of pale greenish yellow kasha, and the skirt is of dark blue kasha, which also makes the collar, cuffs, and belt.

ANOTHER thing to notice and remember is that the sweater stripe has vanished. The new decoration is an allover leaf appliqué of dark blue kasha. The cut of the skirt, which has small godets set in the front and sides to give it a low flare, is important.

Now look at the creation beside it, also by Doucet-Dœuillet. First is the separate jacket, in this case made of black and white plaid woolen, without a collar, and with a fringed border. The jacket is not an attempt to match the rest of the costume, but a planned contrast. The skirt, flared in front, is of bright coral red kasha, with a narrow fringed-out edge replacing the hem. The third part of this triangle sports costume is a beige sweater with a turnover collar that shows above the jacket. It has a bright bead necklace and belt. A large scarf of coral red completes the smart ensemble.



Even a skiing costume may have a flaring peplum these days. Jean Patou created the model above for the season at St. Moritz. It is made of red gabardine. The scarf and cap are of white, with red and black trimming.

In this smart skating suit Patou combines a beige knitted jacket with a green wool skirt. The white sweater is spotted with these colors.

The center model is a real skiing costume from Jean Patou. It makes no pretense of having to do with other fashions, except perhaps in the flared peplum of the jacket, which is a fashion feature to keep in mind. This costume is of red gabardine, with a scarf and cap of white trimmed with red and black.

Our last sketch shows a holiday skating costume, also from Jean Patou. The man's sweater is beige, and the pullover blouse is white with beige and green rings and a green leather belt.

The smart knitted scarf and cap are also in white. The divided skirt is of dark green wool.

There's No Accounting for TASTES

Liberty Conducts Another Little Investigation of Preferences in This and That

AS a cross section of what people like, LIBERTY from time to time has compiled the answers of various groups of its employees to questions about their tastes.

This year the office staffs in New York and Chicago were asked five questions. The result was rather dismaying. There was so much material that all of it could not possibly be printed.

The names therefore have been arranged alphabetically, and every third name taken, regardless of whose it happened to be. To those whose names are omitted, condolences are hereby offered.

The five questions asked were:

1—What is your favorite book?
2—What is your favorite sport?
3—Excluding LIBERTY, what is your favorite magazine?
4—Who is your favorite actor or actress?
5—What did you do on your vacation?

The numbers preceding the answers, of course, correspond to the numbers of the questions. And please note—these are impromptu replies. No one was given time to think. The questions were put verbally, when the questionee least expected it, and the first offhand answer in each case is the one that was recorded.

M. B. Aleshire, *Art Director.*

1..Some Experiences of an Irish R. M., by Somerville and Ross.
2..Golf.
3..Am. Mercury.
4..Lionel Barrymore.
5..Saw good shows. Played golf.

Frank Anderson, *Office Boy.*

1..Palludia, by Anna Robeson Burr.
2..Baseball.
3..Saturday Evening Post.
4..George O'Brien.
5..Played ball and went to ball games.

Dorothy Archer, *Clerk.*

1..Ramona, by Helen Hunt Jackson.
2..Swimming.
3..Cosmopolitan.
4..Charles Rogers.
5..Spent time down at Oakland Beach, swimming, dancing, rowing, etc.

J. R. Ashburn, *Bookkeeper.*

1..The Magic Mountain, by Thomas Mann.
2..Soccer (football).
3..Cosmopolitan.
4..Alfred Lunt of Guild Theater.
5..Had none this year.

Mildred Barton, *Stenographer.*

1..Jude the Obscure, by Thomas Hardy.
2..Golf.
3..Good Housekeeping.
4..Ina Claire.
5..Spent my vacation in Danville, Ill. Played golf.

Mildred Bochner, *Stenographer.*

1..Jurgen, by James Branch Cabell.
2..Tennis.
3..The Nation.
4..Janet Gaynor.
5..Swam, played tennis, danced, rowed, etc.

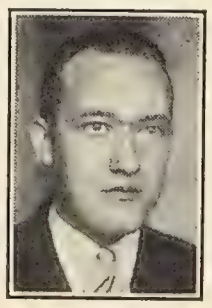
Rose Brady, *Stenographer.*

1..The Other Tomorrow, by Octavus Roy Cohen.
2..Don't go in for sports.
3..Cosmopolitan.
4..Conrad Nagel.
5..Stayed in the city and went to the races.

A. J. Brummel, *Bookkeeper.*

1..Vendetta, by Marie Corelli.
2..Baseball.
3..Saturday Evening Post.
4..Jack Mulhall.
5..I did not receive one this year.

Francis G. Burke, *Bookkeeper.*



1..The River's End, by J. O. Curwood.
2..Yachting.
3..Adventure.
4..Percy Marmont.
5..Made a trip to the Adirondacks. Did a little mountain climbing, fishing, etc.

Latrobe Carroll, *Editorial.*

1..Tess of the D'Urbervilles, by Thomas Hardy.
2..Tennis.
3..Harper's.
4..George Arliss.
5..Went to Wequetonsing, Michigan. Played bad golf.

Drew Catlin, *Statistician.*

1..The Green Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine.
2..Tennis.
3..Saturday Evening Post.
4..Emil Jannings.
5..Took a motor trip to Canada.

Helen W. Church, *Clerk.*

1..Daughter of the Samurai, by Etsu Sugimoto.
2..Walking.
3..American.
4..John Barrymore.
5..Had a wonderful time!

R. W. Clark, *Western Adv. Mgr.*

1..Napoleon, by Emil Ludwig.
2..Golf.
3..Financial World.
4..The late Holbrook Blinn.
5..Stayed home and played golf.

Marjorie Colahan, *Secretary.*

1..None.
2..Swimming.
3..Cosmopolitan.
4..Dick Barthelmess.
5..Catskill Mountains, with girl friend. Horseback riding; hiked, swam, motored.

Margaret Collins, *Chief Typist.*

1..None.
2..Sailing.
3..Cosmopolitan.
4..Helen Hayes.
5..Went to Cape Cod with girl friend. Sailing, swimming, and dancing.

Allan J. Crawford, *Asst. Prod. Mgr.*

1..The Outline of History, by H. G. Wells.
2..Swimming.
3..Saturday Evening Post.
4..Greta Garbo.
5..Traveled.

J. Cronin, *Bookkeeper.*

1..A Tale of Two Cities, by Charles Dickens.
2..Golf.
3..Collier's Weekly.
4..Alice Joyce.
5..Played golf and communed with nature.

Irving Davis, *Publicity Manager.*

1..None.
2..Swimming.
3..Am. Mercury.
4..Ethel Barrymore.
5..A trip across the continent and two weeks in Hollywood.

Helen V. Day, *Clerk.*

1..None.
2..Swimming and baseball.
3..Ladies' Home Journal.
4..William Haines.
5..Spent it in the country, swimming, etc.

George Del Gaudio, *Office Boy.*

1..A Tale of Two Cities, by Charles Dickens.
2..Football.
3..Saturday Evening Post.
4..Ernest Torrence.
5..In mountains and at seashore.

M. E. Dinneen, *Typist.*

1..The Understanding Heart, by Peter B. Kyne.
2..Swimming.
3..Good Housekeeping.
4..Milton Sills.
5..Rested.

Rosaleen Doherty, *Clerk.*

1..None.
2..Swimming.
3..Saturday Evening Post.
4..John Gilbert.
5..Went to Manasquan, N. J. Swam, danced, and played tennis.

[Cont'd on next page]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

A New Advertising Economy!

FOR 1929

—LIBERTY offers an unusual advertising economy! Without increasing your advertising appropriation you may tell your story to 500,000 MORE families!

For LIBERTY is adding half a million circulation in 1929 at no increase in advertising cost.

Ask a LIBERTY representative to call with full details of this extraordinary business-building opportunity!

LIBERTY
GUARANTEES
2,000,000
average net paid circulation for the second six months of 1929 and guarantees at least
1,750,000
average net paid circulation for the first six months of 1929
No increase in Advertising Rates

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Helen Doran, *Clerk.*

1. The Count of Monte Cristo, by Alexandre Dumas.
2. Tennis.
3. Saturday Evening Post.
4. Lon Chaney.
5. Hiked, fished, swam, danced, rode horseback.

M. V. Edds, *Advertising.*

1. Moby Dick, by Herman Melville.
2. Golf.
3. National Geographic.
4. Joe Cook.
5. Motor trip to Canada with my wife.

Helen Eisen, *Secretary.*

1. The Island Within, by Ludwig Lewisohn.
2. Horseback riding.
3. The Nation.
4. None.
5. Camp Topstone, Branchville, Conn.

Margaret M. Fealey, *Secretary.*

1. None.
2. Tennis.
3. Literary Digest.
4. Lynn Fontanne.
5. Boat and train to Nova Scotia, for two weeks.

Robert Fenning, *Office Boy.*

1. Beau Geste, by P. C. Wren.
2. Basketball.
3. American.
4. Emil Jannings.
5. Only had one week so I stayed at home. Helped about the home.

Joseph J. Finn, *Clerk.*

1. Napoleon, by Emil Ludwig.
2. Football.
3. Saturday Evening Post.
4. Frank Craven.
5. Wisconsin north woods. Fished, played golf, hiked.

F. J. Fucito, *Auditor.*

1. The Conduct of Life, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.
2. Baseball.
3. American.
4. William Farnum.
5. Rest at bathing beach.

A. D. Gash, Jr., *Clerk.*

1. None.
2. Speedboating.
3. Literary Digest.
4. John Barrymore.
5. None.

Sara Geller, *Clerk.*

1. Daphne, by M. P. Sherwood.
2. Swimming.
3. Cosmopolitan.
4. Clive Brook.
5. Went to the seashore one week and spent the second week hiking around New York.

Nora Gleason, *Clerk.*

1. Beauty and the Beast, by Kathleen Norris.
2. Bowling.
3. Good Housekeeping.
4. Helene Costello.
5. Went to Lake Geneva. Swam, golfed, danced.

Alfred Gorlich, *Office Boy.*

1. Boy Allies Series, by C. W. Hayes.
2. Baseball.
3. Western Story Magazine.
4. Richard Dix.
5. Did not get any.

Charles W. Groce, *Edt'l Auditor.*

1. David Copperfield, by Charles Dickens.
2. Golf.
3. Saturday Evening Post.
4. Lon Chaney.
5. Golfed, swam, and danced.

H. E. Hanganer, *Advertising.*

1. Napoleon, by Emil Ludwig.
2. Golf.
3. Cosmopolitan.
4. George Arliss.
5. Cape Cod and Narragansett Pier. Golf and swimming.

Thomas W. Harris, *Clerk.*

1. The Three Musketeers, by Alexandre Dumas.
2. Tennis.
3. Time.
4. Raquel Meller.
5. I have yet to have my first vacation since leaving school.

Anna Haven, *Clerk.*

1. The Gate Marked Private, by Ethel M. Dell.
2. Skating.
3. Vanity Fair.
4. Billie Dove.
5. Took short motor trips through Connecticut.

A. F. Heig, *Bookkeeper.*

1. The Silver Horde, by Rex Beach.
2. Golf.
3. None.
4. He's dead.
5. Tour.

T. M. Hinz, *Advertising.*

1. David Copperfield, by Charles Dickens.
2. Golf.
3. Cosmopolitan.
4. Ethel Barrymore.
5. I spent my vacation on Cape Cod.

Anna Horvat, *Clerk.*

1. Sorrell and Son, by Warwick Deeping.
2. Swimming.
3. Red Book.
4. Dolores Costello.
5. Got married. Stayed in city.

E. M. Hunt, *Advertising.*

1. Les Miserables, by Victor Hugo.
2. Fishing.
3. Time.
4. Emil Jannings.
5. Visited Canada, where they really *do* have liberty.

Yetta Jacobowitz, *Clerk.*

1. Bad Girl, by Viña Delmar.
2. Hiking.
3. Cosmopolitan.
4. Billy Dove.
5. Had none.

Lillian Johnson, *Clerk.*

1. Riders of the Purple Sage, by Zane Grey.
2. Tennis.
3. American.
4. Richard Dix.
5. At a camp; swimming, tennis and golf.

Mae Kaplan, *Clerk.*

1. Strange Interlude, by Eugene O'Neill.
2. Golf.
3. Cosmopolitan.
4. Dolores Costello.
5. Played a lot of golf. Stayed right here in city.

E. C. Kennedy, *Advertising.*

1. Napoleon, by Emil Ludwig.
2. Golf.
3. Time.
4. Ina Claire.
5. Spent at Bigwin, Canada. Played golf and tennis, sailed and went swimming.

Loretta King, *MS. Reader.*

1. As You Like It, by William Shakespeare.
2. Football, to look at.
3. New Yorker.
4. Dennis King.
5. Went to Chicago, visited my family and friends.

A. C. Kleberg, *Advertising.*

1..Ivanhoe, by Sir Walter Scott.
2..Golf.
3..Time.
4..None.
5..Cape Cod; golf, swimming, eating.

William Koelsch, *Office Boy.*

1..Wings, by John Monk Saunders.
2..Baseball.
3..American.
4..John Gilbert.
5..Went camping for one week in the country.

Otto Kurth, *Art Dept. Manager.*

1..None.
2..Football.
3..Saturday Evening Post.
4..Wallace Beery.
5..Took short daily trips by auto around New York.

James LeBaron, *Clerk.*

1..Arrowsmith, by Sinclair Lewis.
2..Tennis.
3..Cosmopolitan.
4..Glenn Hunter.
5..Tennis, swimming, driving, dancing, cards.

Helen V. Longmore, *Secretary.*

1..Les Miserables, by Victor Hugo.
2..Ice skating.
3..Cosmopolitan.
4..Helen Ford.
5..Rested at Lake George.

Marguerite Luddy, *Stenographer.*

1..A Lost Lady, by Willa Cather.
2..Golf.
3..Saturday Evening Post.
4..Adolph Menjou.
5..Played golf.

Archie Mackay, *Clerk.*

1..Robinson Crusoe, by Daniel Defoe.
2..Bowling.
3..Saturday Evening Post.
4..William Haines.
5..Motored to Toronto. Hit a guy coming back.

Helen Maddux, *Secretary.*

1..None.
2..Tennis, swimming.
3..Harper's.
4..Jane Cowl.
5..Spring Lake, N. J. Horseback riding, tennis, swimming, reading, with girl friend.

Theodore Malcolm, *Clerk.*

1..Kidnapped, by R. L. Stevenson.
2..Handball.
3..Harper's.
4..None.
5..Walking trip.

Julia B. Mattis, *Proof Reader.*

1..Tom Jones, by Henry Fielding.
2..Have none.
3..American Mercury.
4..Mrs. Fiske.
5..Motored on the Jersey coast to Atlantic City, Cape May, etc.

Thomas J. McGuire, *Cashier.*

1..Brother Saul, by Donn Byrne.
2..Football.
3..Literary Digest.
4..Alice Terry.
5..Spent vacation in the mountains, also at different seashore resorts and traveling.

Catherine McNally, *Typist.*

1..The Green Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine.
2..Golf.
3..Saturday Evening Post.
4..Conrad Nagel.
5..Asbury Park, N. J., with relatives. Swam, danced.

J. Vincent Meany, *Bookkeeper.*

1..The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, by John Fox, Jr.
2..Football.
3..Saturday Evening Post.
4..William Haines.
5..Fishing trips. Spent a week at Gerritsen Beach.

Sydney K. Merrill, *Clerk.*

1..Red Horses, by Felix Reisenberg.
2..Football.
3..None.
4..Norma Shearer.
5..Hiked, loafed, swam, played ball —at home.

Henry D. Morehouse, *Editorial.*

1..None.
2..Baseball.
3..Cosmopolitan.
4..Florence Vidor.
5..Motored over New York state.

J. V. Mowe, Jr., *Clerk.*

1..Candide, by Voltaire.
2..Tennis.
3..None.
4..Margaret Lawrence.
5..Ate, drank, slept, read, played tennis, and enjoyed myself.

Margaret M. Murtha, *Secretary.*

1..None.
2..Swimming.
3..Cosmopolitan.
4..Norma Talmadge.
5..Asbury Park, N. J., swimming, dancing, driving, reading, concerts.

Philip N. Ober, *Advertising.*

1..Monsieur Beaucaire, by Booth Tarkington.
2..Tennis.
3..Time.
4..Alfred Lunt.
5..Ate and swam a great deal at Kennebunkport, Maine.

May O'Hagan, *Secretary.*

1..None.
2..Golf.
3..Delineator.
4..Greta Garbo.
5..French Lick a week. At home, attended the Walker Cup matches, and followed Bobby Jones around.

John R. Osborne, *Office Boy.*

1..Bad Girl, by Viña Delmar.
2..Baseball.
3..Saturday Evening Post.
4..John Gilbert.
5..Canoeing in the Catskills, swimming, and petting parties.

Lee M. Pasquin, *Editorial.*

1..Dictionary.
2..Boxing.
3..Saturday Evening Post.
4..None.
5..Worked.

Paul E. Peterson, *Mailer.*

1..Macbeth, by William Shakespeare.
2..Baseball.
3..American.
4..Leon Errol.
5..Motored to La Fayette, Ind., my home town; to French Lick and Louisville.

Ferdinanda Rath, *Clerk.*

1..Kitty, by Warwick Deeping.
2..Swimming.
3..Cosmopolitan.
4..William Haines.
5..Did a lot of swimming. Hiked. Danced. Most of the time just fooled around.

Virginia M. Revett, *Clerk.*

1..None.
2..Skating.
3..Collier's.
4..Richard Barthelmess.
5..Swam, hiked, danced, and played tennis.

[Concluded on Next Page]

Healthy hair
a definite asset

Well-groomed appearance is essential to business and social success. Healthy hair is important. You cannot afford to neglect it when the regular use of Herpicide adds only a few minutes to your daily toilet. The first application of this delightful preparation will bring new life and vigor to your hair and scalp.

To keep your scalp free from dandruff and your hair healthy, just try an occasional shampoo with Herpicide Tar Soap and use Newbro's Herpicide daily.

Sold at drug counters. Applied at barber and beauty shops.
THE HERPICIDE CO., DETROIT, MICH.

In 30 Days
5 Pounds of
Firm Flesh

To Every Skinny Man or Woman—That's McCoy's Ironclad Guarantee

McCoy takes all the risk. If, after taking 4 Sixty Cent Boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 One Dollar Boxes, any thin, underweight man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel a marked improvement in health—the purchase price will be refunded. Just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store in America. Distributed by McCoy's Laboratories, Inc.; also distributors of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil—there is none better.

IRON GLUE

TO MEND BOOKS—Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, leather goods, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c and 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, hardware, drug, grocery stores or 15c size sent by mail. Tubes. Bottles.
McCORMICK & Co., Baltimore Md.

BALDNESS
CAN BE AVOIDED
With Lucky Tiger, like Head and Chest Colds can be healed with Whyte-Fox No. 2. Sold under Money-Back Guarantee. Barbers or druggists
LUCKY TIGER

MONEY FOR YOU
Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

Cuticura SOAP
Fragrant, Antiseptic Cleansing and Beautifying
Sample Free. "Cuticura" Dept. Z, Malden, Mass.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

Boys! Earn Money in Spare Time and get Prizes Free!

Harold Rothermel of Illinois is one of the many boys earning money and winning free prizes.

HERE'S a wonderful opportunity for boys! You can have a regular income every week and win many valuable prizes besides. Thousands of boys throughout the United States and Canada are doing it. So can you. Bicycles, radios, ice skates, sleds, all kinds of sporting equipment, and musical instruments are among the prizes you can get absolutely FREE! It's clean, easy work, right in your own neighborhood in your spare time. No interference with school or play. No money—no experience necessary. We supply everything and show you how. Send the coupon below for full particulars, and our Big Illustrated Catalog of Free Prizes.

---Mail today---

12-22-28B

LIBERTY WEEKLY, *Boy Sales Division*, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Grace Robinson, *Staff Writer.*

1. Death Comes for the Archbishop, by Willa Cather.
2. Cross - country motoring.
3. American Mercury.
4. Ethel Barrymore.
5. In Berkshires.

Don Smith, *Advertising.*

1. The Spell of the Yukon, by Robert W. Service.
2. Golf.
3. Time.
4. Al Jolson.
5. Motored in Missouri. Golf at all stops.

Edith Waldman, *Stenographer.*

1. An American Songbag, by Carl Sandburg.
2. Walking.
3. American Mercury.
4. Emil Jannings.
5. Visited Plymouth and Provincetown.

Frederick A. Rolfe, *Artist.*

1. A Tale of Two Cities, by Charles Dickens.
2. Baseball.
3. Saturday Evening Post.
4. H. B. Warner.
5. Spent most of my time with relatives in Boston.

Leona Sofferman, *Clerk.*

1. The Island Within, by Ludwig Lewisohn.
2. Tennis.
3. Saturday Evening Post.
4. Norma Shearer.
5. Swam, played tennis, hiked, etc.

Sophie Welkowitz, *Clerk.*

1. A Pair of Blue Eyes, by Thomas Hardy.
2. Basketball.
3. Saturday Evening Post.
4. Billie Dove.
5. Went out to different places, and rested.

Ethel Rosenberg, *Clerk.*

1. Ramona, by Helen Hunt Jackson.
2. Swimming.
3. Amazing Stories.
4. John Gilbert.
5. Took a trip to the mountains. Swimming, tennis, rowing.

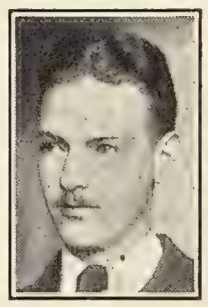
H. C. Stilley, *Chief Accountant.*

1. Science and Health, by Mary Baker Eddy.
2. Golf.
3. American Mercury.
4. Lon Chaney.
5. Played golf and visited relatives in distant city.

J. W. White, *Editorial.*

1. Lorna Doone, by R. D. Blackmore.
2. Baseball.
3. Harper's.
4. Walter Hampden.
5. Took some part in farm activities, drove car, rode horseback, loafed.

Charles F. Ryder, *Artist.*



1. Scaramouche, by Rafael Sabatini.
2. Basketball.
3. College Humor.
4. Douglas Fairbanks.
5. (I didn't get much—four days!) Mountains in upper New York.

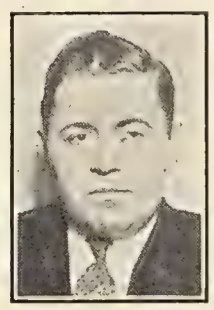
Edwin Sundberg, *Artist.*

1. A Tale of Two Cities, by Charles Dickens.
2. Handball.
3. American.
4. Jeanne Eagels.
5. Took an automobile trip to Quebec via Lake Champlain.

William Wilkowitz, *Clerk.*

1. The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini.
2. Golf.
3. Musical Observer.
4. Emil Jannings.
5. Took a complete rest.

J. H. Sawyer, Jr., *Advertising.*



1. Napoleon, by Emil Ludwig.
2. Golf.
3. Time.
4. Jane Cowl.
5. I took weekends off. Played golf, swam considerably, and motored in the country.

Amy L. Swanson, *Stenographer.*

1. Sorrell and Son, by Warwick Deeping.
2. Swimming.
3. Good Housekeeping.
4. Ina Claire.
5. Motored in northern Wisconsin.

P. A. Winchell, *Research.*

1. None.
2. Tennis.
3. Harper's.
4. None.
5. Got married.

Minna Schrank, *Secretary.*

1. The Way of All Flesh, by Samuel Butler.
2. Tennis.
3. None.
4. None.
5. At camp in the Poconos, near Stroudsburg, Pa.

Pauline Tenenbaum, *Clerk.*

1. Strange Interlude, by Eugene O'Neill.
2. Baseball.
3. Love Stories.
4. Mary Pickford.
5. Auto trip to Glens Falls, Lake George, Saratoga Springs.

Arthur Wrobel, *Clerk.*

1. The Scarlet Letter, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
2. Camping.
3. Saturday Evening Post.
4. John Gilbert.
5. I went touring.

Martha Seery, *Secretary.*

1. Vanity Fair, by William Makepeace Thackeray.
2. Swimming.
3. Red Book.
4. Lillian Gish.
5. Adirondack Mountains, horseback riding, canoeing, swimming.

C. O. Truman, *Clerk.*

1. None.
2. Aviation.
3. New Yorker.
4. Ethel Barrymore.
5. Swimming, motoring, flying.

Vernon A. Young, *Clerk.*

1. If Winter Comes, by A. S. M. Hutchinson.
2. Swimming.
3. Saturday Evening Post.
4. Lon Chaney.
5. Worked.

S. O. Shapiro, *Manager Boy Sales.*

1. Mlle. Maupin, by Theophile Gautier.
2. Golf.
3. Nation.
4. Otis Skinner.
5. Played golf, read four novels, came back needing a vacation.

Irving Veischleiser, *Clerk.*

1. Sorrell and Son, by Warwick Deeping.
2. Horseback riding.
3. Saturday Evening Post.
4. Douglas Fairbanks.
5. Rested at home.

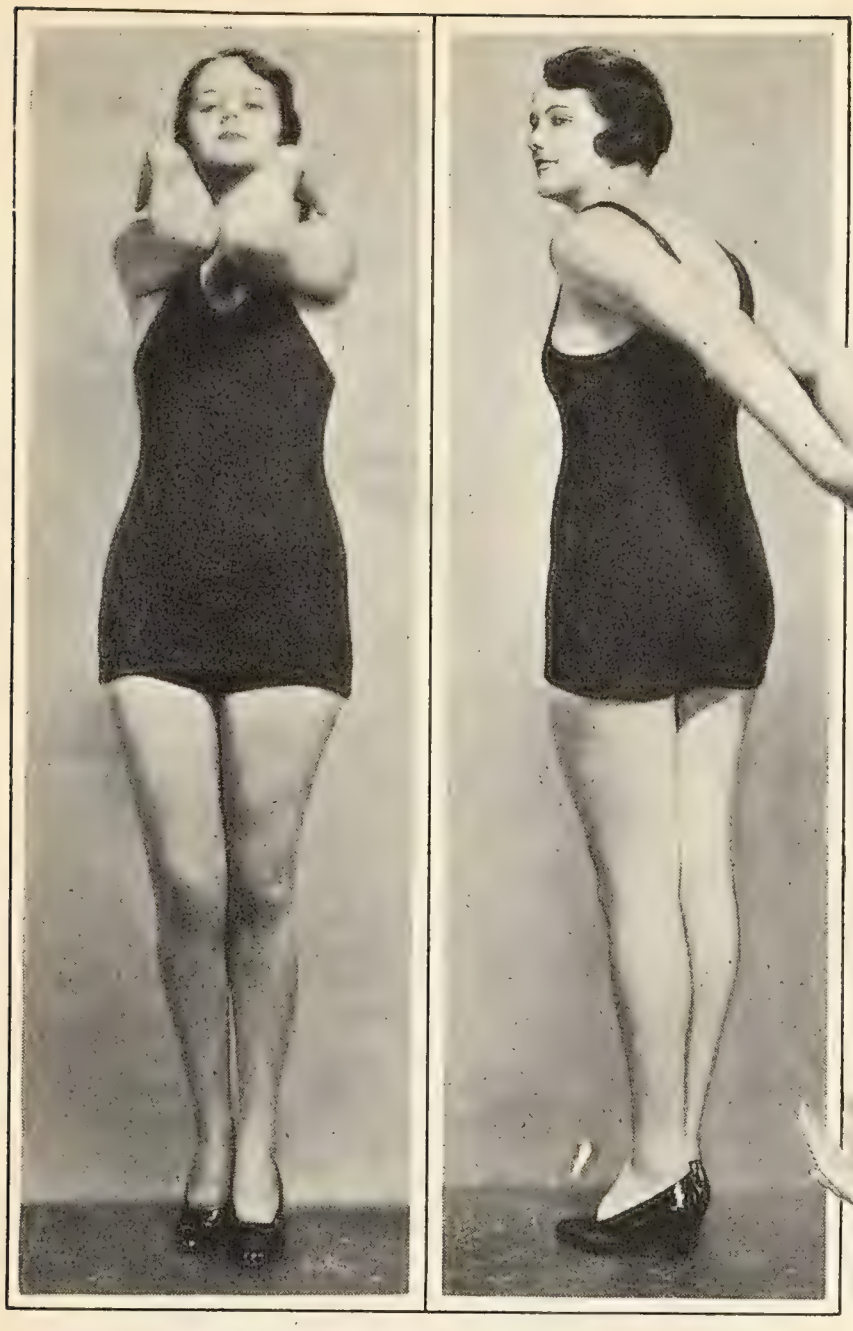
Eleanor Ziegler, *Typist.*

1. Show Boat, by Edna Ferber.
2. Ice skating.
3. Cosmopolitan.
4. Emil Jannings.
5. Remained at home with invalid father.

THE END

Eat, Drink, and— Have Curves!

By Eileen Bourne



Above, left: Stretch the arms straight out at the sides, then bend the elbows so the tips of the fingers touch the shoulders. Now move the elbows forward until they touch. Work the elbows as far behind the back as you can without strain. Repeat often.

Above, right: Stretch the arms full length at the sides, even with the shoulders. First describe good sized circles, then clap the hands alternately in front and back, trying not to bend the elbows.

Photos by Nickolas Muray

Above: Lie face down across a chair. Relax the body, with hands and feet touching the floor lightly. Now straighten the body by stretching the arms and legs upward; then relax to the first position. Repeat from three to five times, gradually increasing the number.

A girl's silhouette—not a boy's—is the result of the exercises here illustrated. Flat chests are no longer chic. Slender curves mark the 1929 beauty model.

Stand erect, abdomen flat, fingers interlocked behind. Simply rotate the shoulders. Stretch the hands down. This pulls the shoulders back, develops the chest, and helps to fill in the neck hollows.

CURVED is the line of the 1929 beauty model. Not fat, but femininely curved. A girl's silhouette, not a boy's! No more worshiping at the shrine of the empty plate—not if you want to have the chic new figure.

The flat-chested, hipless silhouette is *out*. Passé.

In its day it was stylish, therefore attractive. But its day is over. And last year's styles—But need a woman tell a woman anything about last year's styles? That they need a deal of revamping every woman knows. And that's what you must do to that toothpick, beanpole, war refugee silhouette of yours if you'd be a real lady of fashion. Curved like a Diana, a nymph, or a Tanagra figurine, as you choose, but *curved*.

Medical warnings you immoderately thinned down ones may have lent a deaf ear to. Tuberculosis statistics you may have passed by without a glance. State health departments may have courted your attention in vain.

But—listen to this: Ziegfeld, champion beauty connoisseur, tells in a recent interview that during the past year he turned down 9,000 applicants because they had the look of having starved themselves until they possessed neither interest, curves, nor pep.

Now will you be good and take another spoonful of vitality-breeding food? Cover your cereal with cream?

Will you do a few exercises to develop your bust? You'd better; and here are a few good ones to raise the chest, fill out the neck hollows, and generally curve the line of beauty.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State.....123

Something New in Menus

By
ETHEL SOMERS

THOSE who follow the modern trend have long since learned to enjoy new food combinations. Here is still another venture to tickle the palate.

From a health standpoint fruit and meat combinations are worth while. Their service encourages eating more fruit, with its important benefits, and at the same time is apt to restrain meat eating within reasonable and healthful bounds.

Pineapple with meat is especially valuable because pineapple is rich in digestive enzymes which facilitate the digestion of meat.

Our fruited porkettes are not only different and tasty, but especially healthful as well. Try serving them when your friends dine with you. The accompanying balanced menu is sure to delight them.

A DIFFERENT MENU

Fruit Cup with Cranberry Garnish
Cream of Oyster Stew Parsley Toast
Fruited Porkettes
Baked Tomatoes Pineapple Carrot Salad
Corn Muffins Butter
Apple Ginger Cake Cobbler
Orange Marshmallow Sauce

Oyster Stew

- 1 pint oysters (1 quart may be used, if desired)
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 1 quart milk (whole or part milk and part cream)
- 2 to 4 tablespoons butter

HEAT, but do not boil, the oysters in their liquor until the edges begin to curl, or for about 5 minutes. Drain, add the hot milk, butter, and seasonings. Serve at once. If it is necessary to keep the soup hot for a time heat over boiling water. Variety may be obtained by adding 1½ tablespoons to ½ cup cooked minced celery, or ½ to 1 cup rolled cracker crumbs, or ¼ cup diced onions cooked savory in the butter, or ½ tablespoon of minced parsley sprinkled over each serving.

Parsley Toast

- 3 slices stale bread ¼ inch thick
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 3 tablespoons minced parsley

REMOVE the crusts from the bread and cut each slice into 4 fingerlike pieces. Toast slightly under broiler flame. Brush the upper side with melted butter. Sprinkle with parsley. Place under the broiler flame a moment until the parsley is a brilliant green. Remove and serve very hot.

THE article on this page should encourage you to serve more fruit with the meals you prepare, for, as Ethel Somers points out, there are important benefits in eating fruit. If you find it difficult, however, to think of tempting recipes which call for the use of fruit, we advise that you consider the many suggestions in the three cookbooks, listed below, which Miss Somers has prepared for LIBERTY readers. They contain only tested recipes. Each book costs 10 cents—all three cookbooks for only 25 cents. Get this handy kitchen library. Order the cookbooks now, and please use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
Please send me a copy of ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I inclose.....cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name .....

Street or R. F. D.....

City..... State.....

12-22-28

Something different in dessert service is individual apple ginger cake cobblers with orange marshmallow sauce. Above, fruited porkettes, an attractive platter service.

Pineapple carrot salad not only is colorful and tasty, but permits attractive molding.

Fruited Porkettes

- 6 pork tenderloins Frenched (1½ pounds), or
- 1½ pounds sausage meat, or
- 1½ pounds ham, ground
- 6 canned pineapple slices
- 1 pound sweet potatoes
- 6 tablespoons brown sugar
- 6 slices bacon
- Toasted marshmallows to garnish

SELECT sweet potatoes that are large enough to slice into circles a bit smaller than the pineapple or else ones that are small enough to permit splitting in half and placing crosswise on the pineapple. Parboil the potatoes in boiling salted water (½ teaspoon salt to 1 quart water). If the sweet potatoes are cut up into 1 inch slices before cooking they will parboil in about 10 minutes. Split each of the pineapple slices and put one-sixth of the meat between in sandwich fashion. If ham is used bind it together with an unbeaten egg. Place the halved or sliced sweet potato on top of the pineapple. Sprinkle each with 1 tablespoon of the brown sugar. Place the bacon crisscross on top. Place on a baking rack in an open roasting pan and bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 45 to 60 minutes, depending on thickness of the meat. Serve on a hot platter garnished with toasted marshmallows.

BAKED TOMATOES—Fill 6 tomatoes, from which the cores have been removed, with a mixture consisting of 1 cup seasoned rice, ¼ cup butter, ½ green pepper, chopped, and the tomato pulp. Top with buttered crumbs and brown in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 15 minutes.

Pineapple Carrot Salad

- 1½ cups grated carrot (about 6 carrots)
- 1 tablespoon granulated gelatin
- ¾ cup sugar
- 1½ cups pineapple juice plus boiling water
- ¼ cup cold water
- Few grains salt
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- 1½ cups grated cooked pineapple

Or 1 pint commercially flavored lemon gelatin

MIX the gelatin and cold water. Let stand until the water is absorbed. Add the boiling water, sugar, and salt. Stir until the gelatin is completely dissolved. Then add the hot fruit juice. (If commercially flavored gelatin is used, prepare according to the directions on the package, substituting the drained pineapple juice for part of the water called for in the recipe.) Put the carrots through the fine or coarse knife of the food chopper. Mix with the pineapple and gelatin mixture. Pack into a mold which has been dampened with cold water. Let stand in a cold place for several hours or until solid. Remove from the mold by inverting the mold on the service plate and covering the mold for a few moments with a towel wrung out of hot water. Garnish the salad with lettuce and salad dressing, and serve.

Apple Ginger Cake Cobbler

- 1 egg
- ¼ cup sugar
- ½ cup sour milk or sour cream
- ¼ cup molasses
- 1 cup flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ⅜ teaspoon soda
- ½ teaspoon baking powder
- ⅜ teaspoon ginger
- ⅜ teaspoon nutmeg
- ¼ teaspoon cinnamon
- 1½ tablespoons butter

- 4 apples
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice

WASH, core, and slice the apples. If tender skinned apples are used, such as Spies or Jonathans, do not peel. Tough skinned apples should be peeled. Mix the sugar and apples and place in a buttered baking dish, or if individual desserts are desired use a muffin pan (see picture). Sprinkle with the lemon juice and place in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 20 minutes while the gingerbread is being mixed. Beat the egg and beat in the sugar, sour milk, and molasses. Mix and sift the dry ingredients, stirring them into the liquid ingredients. Stir in the melted butter. Mix well and pour over the hot baking apples and replace in the 350° F. oven. Bake for 50 minutes or until the ginger cake is shrunk from the edges of the baking dish and springs back when dented in the center. Serve with orange marshmallow sauce while the cake is warm.

Orange Marshmallow Sauce

- ¼ pound marshmallows
- 1 orange, juice and grated rind
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 1 egg white, unbeaten
- ⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar, or
- 1 tablespoon white corn syrup
- 3 tablespoons hot water
- A few grains salt
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- ½ cup cream, whipped
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

CUT the marshmallows into pieces. Mix with the fruit juices and grated rind. Let stand while preparing the following egg-sugar mixture: Place the unbeaten egg white, cream of tartar or corn syrup, salt, and sugar in a double boiler of 1 quart capacity. Add the 3 tablespoons of hot water and place in the lower part of the boiler, which has been filled two-thirds full of boiling water. Cook and beat vigorously and continuously with a mechanical beater for 7 minutes. Be sure that the water in the lower part is kept boiling. Remove from the fire. Add the marshmallow-fruit juice mixture. Place cold water in the lower part of the boiler and let stand until cool. Just before serving the warm cobbler, fold the whipped cream and vanilla into the marshmallow sauce.

YOU should have seen the orkistra. Talk about your Boston symfoney! This was all foney.

Love Letters *of an* Interior DECORATOR

A Bucket of Mud for the Girl Friend

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

Atlantic City.

DEAR Marg,

Well, I have your fresh letter and here goes for answerin it, and whats more, I aint goin to be stingy with the ink department either.

Who do *you* think you are to try and Ritz me? See a doctor Kid, your resperation is burnin you up. You may be the 5 reel feature but Im no 2 reel comedy take it from me. Why the snooty letter? Somebody must be wisein you up! Why all the noise about me twirlin the Hollywood queens all over the lots? You must be a bit jelly.

Just because I was bein sunkist by all those beautiful frails is no reason for you to think that I was goin down the isle to the halter. The only orange blossoms I was considerin was the ones in the shaker. For crimp sake be your gin.

On the level youre just like all wimin. If a guy gets a break with a cute ankle, right away the other one gets sore and puts her in the grease. Those beautiful flicker frails didnt mean anymore to me than Hoover did to the Democratic party. Gosh sometimes I think youre broadcastin from a low skull wave length. Youre goin loopy; youre off your casters, as they say.

Now listen, Love Lips, dont compare me with that frappay brother of yours. I go into a clinch every time I hear his name. Hes too lazy to die. If brains were ether he wouldnt have enough to floor an insect. His ignition is outer time.

Why call me a bootlegger, when he sallies forth sellin collegiate gin to his boozem friends at two bucks a throw. If it wasnt for him the obituary column would go outer business. Hes a sell out, take it from me. Ten minutes with him and the Goofy College looks like an Oxford University.

Yeah, and that panic he goes with! Shes a darb. Shes the last one off the Night Boat because she has to put the anchors in moth balls. Checks appeal, oh my yes. Shed slay any heavy sugar daddy if his old age bothered him a bit. Shed shoot the apple off her husbands head anytime and shoot him good-night too.

YES, and another thing, other wimins husbands dont hurt her eyesight any. She hasnt bought a lunch since she was seventeen, and wont, as long as her private telephone book holds numbers. Shes no apsay. I aint tryin to say nothin about her Marg, but if that fathead brother of yours wants to get rid of her, he better marry her. Thats kiddin on the level!

And another thing, where do you toon in to try and razz my family. I guess your old man aint so hot. You forget the size of the flat you used to have when I first met you. Gosh, three closets an bath, you couldnt even cut a steak in the livin room it was so small. Yes, and whats more, silk underware in your family was about as scarce as cavier at a laborers banquet. Your old lady used to have enough red flannels on the line to flag every freight on the Great Northern.

I suppose you think I ferget the New Years night that your old man threw the high hat party. That was a night and how! Ill never forget it if I live to be eight million. Remember when he was made head man of those new doggie flats, and wore a swell uniform like General Pershing with JANITOR tatooed all over it. I guess you think I forgot that, dont you? Well, while youre takin a bit of a shot at my family Im goin to tell you somethin that you never new.

Your old man had a buddy of his what just landed from Ireland. He wanted to show him a good time and put on the dog. So right away he grabs the millionares joint on the top floor as the millionare had just sailed for London. Then what does he do but go and invite the gang up from the fire house and all the shanty irish in the hod carriers league. Can you imagine it?

He tried to tell his pal from Ireland that he owned the joint. Thats a laugh, why he couldnt even own a hall bed room. Him, with the firemans suspenders and the clay pipe makin believe he was a millionare. After he got a bit plastered he told the works that he made a killin in Wall Street. The only time he ever

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

was in Wall Street was when he was workin for the Street Cleanin Department.

Oh what a Ritzy flop the rich guy owned. His name was Isaac Walton Goosberry, a big cheese magnate. He cornered the market on Swiss Cheese while all the Swisses were out huntin. Yeah, he had the market all boxed in, the cheese too, what I mean.

Well anyway, your old man invites the bunch up to the swell layout. There was Tim Hannigan and his three brothers includin the one with the peg leg, Michael Grogan the steam fitter, Larry O Keefe, the guy that runs the speakeasy in the undertaker parlor, Jake Reilly what fills the aquariums in the automat, Spike Moran, the bouncer down at the Flopp Inn, Mickie O Tool and his brother Al from the bomb squad, Joe Mc Nulty with the tin ear. You know, the little guy what has the storage battery hooked on his listener. Arthur Murphy who sells the rubber insurence to the Polocks, Paddy O Neil the brick layer, Jim Hogan the one armed punk that runs the one armed lunch, and about thirty other donkeys like them.

Oh what a panic! The place sounded like a riot in the mad house annex and the Battle of the Marne looked like the Boston Tea party playin bridge.

They had six cases of beer in the bath tub —they didnt know what the pantry was made for. One guy fell in the tub and was floatin around in the bottles and ice, he was so plastered that he didnt even know what it was all about.

In the middle of the big room two guys were layin in the fountain with the gold fish. Everybody was drinkin to your old man. In the back room six chumps were takin the hats off bottles of Mr. Isaac Walton Goosberrys rare old wines. One guy was givin the other fello a shampoo with a bottle of Sparklin Burgundy what was about four hundred years old, and did he love it. Dearie, you dont know the half of it.

YOU should have seen the orkistra. Talk about your Boston symfoney! This was all foney. One sap was playin the fiddle on his chest. Another mug was slowin the drums like nobodys nevermind. And what that bird had for traps and tom-toms would have panicked you. Fryin pans, silver cigar trays, cut glass pitchers, and a half a dozen old Chinee vases, oh what a frolic.

Another guy was dooin his stuff on a slip horn. The tighter he got the more he would slip. Another yap had a squeeze box, one of them instruments what the daygoes stretch like a pair of suspenders. The music he squeezed outer that thing would put you in tears. And Man! how that guy could play the fiddle. He could make Fritz Krisler quit the automobile business cold.

Then there was another chump playin on a bunch of little boards what he had tied together. He called it a sillyphone but it looked more like pork ribs to me. He played it with a coupla ping pong balls on the end of a piece of mackaroni. An the piana player, WOW!! How that baby could tickle those horse teeth. He could make a guy in a wheel chair do the Campus Glide if he was half dead and I dont mean maybe.

Out in the library Hannigan and Murphy were busy tearin out pitchers from Mr. Goosberrys first editions. First editions to them was about as important as a fly in the gravy. In fact Murphy ran across an autographed copy of Bernard Shaw which he took for a summer resort book.

In the kitchen a nice little quiet time was goin on. Mr. Goosberrys ham and eggs were gettin an awful play. The joint smelled like the back of a Frog restaurant over in France. Four dozen at a clip were playin Yankee Doodle in the pan, they had to use the dish pan because the fryin pan was a trifle small. The smoke was so bad you would think you were in the middle of an American Convoy. The curtains looked like tar paper hangin up. The boys got so hungry that I think somebody must a et the door off the ice box. The floor was a skatin rink. No foolin you could grind the bar in the greece and the empty orange skins. The sink had more dishes in it than Mr. and Mrs. Sears Rowbuck have in their catologue. Everythin was goin along swell, the works were plastered.

Then you get into a clothes basket and the eight ball shoves you around.

Out in the hall Pete O Neill was doin a soft shoe dance in a bunch of cerial he was usin for sand. The butler got a bit peeved and tried to give him the bums rush, when all of a sudden somebody brushed the butlers hair with a bottle. The last I saw of him they had him restin quietly on the ironin board with the pet cat layin on his chest.

Great pals your old man has. You better not be crackin about *my* family Marg, old dear!

Oh yeah, and another thing. Down in Mr. Goosberrys gymnasieum the goofs were havin a merry time. Somebody took the box springs outer the masters bed room and a few of the drunkerds were doin a tumblin act on em. One chump was playin with a nifty exerciser with a big spring on it. One of those things that them hard workin stock brokers use for heavy development.

Anyway, the chump felt a bit lonesome down in the gym so what does he do but drag the gadget up in the parlor. Then he nails the spring onto the grand piano and begins doin his stuff in front of the mob.

Great playmates your old man has, Ill say.

And that aint all! In another big room there was a painting by a fello by the name of Rimbrandt. A pitcher of a guy eatin a lobster. Right away one of the turkeys gets out a flock of golf clubs and begin teein off at the lobster. Oh what a shootin gallery. Holy mackrel, in ten minutes the lobster looked as though a riot gun had been playin with it.

One punk got so plastered that he stepped on a bottle of laughing soup and went into a hand spring. When he landed on his pan he went off like a package of giant fire crackers. His pockets were full of radio and power tubes that he had copped off Mr. Goosberrys Ritzy radio. Right away the mob broke for the fire escape, they thought the joint was raided. Eight guys got stuck in a swingin door. They looked like a Chinee addin machine the way they were scrambled.

When the merriment was in full blast who comes in the door but MR. GOOSBERRY, HIMSELF!!!!!! He blew the boat to London gettin his shoes shined.

WOW!! What a PARTY!!

Mr. Freil meets him at the door and thinkin hes a stranger proceeds to throw him out on his ear. Leapin hippos the riot was on. Bottles were comin through the air like Irish coffetti. Somebody pulled the leg off the grand piana and began swingin it like a paper bag. Everybody was duckin everybody else.

One egg runs out in the kitchen and comes in with an arm full of plates and begins puttin on a Lew Fields.

Just then the Reserve Squad came in and thats all I remember.

THATS somethin you never knew, did you Marg? Well, I wouldnt a told you if you hadnt a written me that snooty letter bangin at MY family.

You never knew what happened to your old man did you? Well Ill tell you, they gave him SIX MONTHS in Sing Sing polishin stones. Yeah, and your old lady told you that your old man was over in the OLD COUNTRY visitin his relitives. Laugh that off.

Where do you get off to try and kid me about this Yale Grad youre supposed to be stuck on. If I ever catch him playin around your front porch theyll be burnin candles for him in the evening.

Right now I am baskin in the sun light at Atlantic City. It is full of monkey business and what I mean. With every quart, they give you salt water taffy for chasers. Then you get into a clothes basket and the eight ball shoves you around.

Yeah, and whats all this stuff about you thinkin about goin to Hollywood and showin me up. Be your heart beat Kid. Who ever told you YOU could act?? You couldnt even act natural at a funeral.

Let me tell you one thing,—if that College punk thinks for a minit hes goin to lead you into holy wedlock, he'll be sittin down with Mr. Razzcob, drinkin whiterock waitin for ALSmith beer, take it from ME!!!

Yours truly,
MIKE SHEA.

P. S. Im sendin you a swell set of silk underware for Christmas, $4.98, and am sending your mother a lovely brazier whats goin by freight. Tell your old man that I aint forgot the French post cards. Im goin to the Meditterranean in January and will send back a truck load from Paris.

As for me, I DON'T WANT NOTHIN.

Mike sure cut a notch in Marg's family tree with that letter. What he gets back in return ought just about to take some skin off him.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 27

1—South Dakota.
2—From west to east.
3—Table of the landlord.
4—Thousand Islands.
5—The shrewish wife of Socrates.
6—Thirty pieces of silver.
7—Quadrillion.
8—Reading, writing, and arithmetic.
9—Mount Everest (29,002 feet) in the Himalayan range, in India.
10—The falcon.
11—Quiver.
12—To pass the winter in close quarters, in a torpid or lethargic state.
13—The ocean, or bottom of the ocean.
14—A group of islands, or a sea interspersed with many islands.
15—One who murders a king.
16—Mexico.
17—He was fifty-four years of age last August 10.
18—Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
19—A will wholly in the handwriting of the maker of it.
20—In Armenia.

The Mannequin

The Story of a Fighting Venus

By

ELINOR MORDAUNT

Pictures by JOHN LA GATTA

GOING to the door of the changing room, he caught sight of her through the half closed curtain.

TO say that a man has a flair for the flamboyant sounds like a mere play upon words. But it's true. There are people like that. Vallings had tried his hand at most things, and with success, too. But there was a kink somewhere, and he inevitably let himself down in the end.

He had been a conjurer and a commercial traveler, he had been on the stage. There was talk at the trial of a taste for blackmail. Then the old story of a man who had pretended to be a priest, and for years squeezed hush money out of devout Catholic society ladies who had whispered their secrets in his ear, cropped up again, with Vallings as the hero; and it is certain that a temporary disappearance from the outer world followed close upon that.

But he popped up again during the latter part of the war; and unpopular as he was, incapable of bearing—or determined not to bear—the dreary, grinding hardships of everyday warfare, it was impossible to deny that he was an absolutely crack shot, a spectacular shot, and by no means a coward.

In 1917 he dropped out with a shot in the thigh, and the colonel's pronouncement upon that, though somewhat unfair, was long remembered: "Poor devil! It's spoilt him for all he'd ever have been any good for," adding, when questioned, "Why, it sticks out all over him—a dancing partner at a Riviera hotel, of course; financed by some rich old fool of a woman."

BUT after all—and the colonel had been sorely tried—Vallings was good for more than that. Though it is possible that some "rich old fool" might have helped to fill the picture—and his pockets. Anyhow he must have got hold of money from somewhere or other to reappear as he did two years after the war with one of the most select and luxurious dressmaking establishments in London.

And "Vallings's" was famous not only for the clothes he turned out, but for the beauty of his mannequins. It was this which brought men to the place, apparently in attendance upon their womenkind, and Vallings got his bit out of that, too. He'd have made money enough without it, for he had perfect taste and a sort of daring in design which never went too far, while he could talk women into doing pretty well everything he wanted, and he'd always been far more successful with women than with men. But it seemed as though he was incapable of running altogether straight.

Then, one foggy winter's day, in the tube on the East London line—and they say that he farmed out his stuff in pretty dubious places—he came across what he declared to be the most beautiful woman he had ever seen; and he could not have been far wrong, either.

She was sitting very upright and yet not stiffly, holding a large square parcel wrapped in black calico upon her knees. She was dressed in black, too: a long rough black coat reaching almost to her ankles; and a black knitted cap. Her feet, incased in black shoes and woolen stockings, were crossed like her hands, and later on Vallings declared that, villainously as she was shod, he recognized the beautiful slender line of foot and instep.

A few small curls of pale golden hair showed under the edge of her cap, pulled down tight on her head, which—though her eyes were raised—was a little bent so that Vallings saw the line of the back of the neck, the slant of a colorless profile perfect as a cameo.

Her hands, too—it is strange what long, slender hands some East London women have: particularly silk workers, who dare not coarsen them with rough work, who live almost entirely indoors. And these hands might have been painted by Lely—long fingered and pale, lying

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MANNEQUIN
Continued from page forty-seven]

loosely clasped upon the top of the bundle which Vallings knew by experience to contain home work, likely enough tailoring.

Vallings was wondering what possible chance he had of seeing her figure, when an old woman came into the crowded carriage and the girl got up and gave her her own seat, shifting the bundle to her hip. And it was then he realized that he had indeed chanced upon that rarest of all rare birds, a beautiful woman with a beautiful shape, those classical long lines of the thigh, the naturally curved waist.

Here was just the very woman to start a new fashion on. He had been thinking of that for some time. People were growing tired of girls who looked like tightly rolled up umbrellas and he was determined to be the first to find something new for them.

HE waited until the girl got out at Wapping station and then he followed, catching her at the barrier and giving her his business card. "You will see who I am. If you like to call round at my place any time before ten-thirty in the morning I'll give you a job," he said, and, raising his hat, turned away.

It was the first and last time that he ever raised his hat to her, but it was worth it. It was also worth the ten minutes which he had to wait until he got a train to take him back to his own station.

All that night Vallings could scarcely sleep, thinking of the girl. Supposing that she never turned up, he did not know her address, did not even know her name. What a fool he'd been not to insist upon going home with her, spend a sovereign or so in getting something down on paper straight away. Every moment when his mind was not filled with agony at the thought of losing the most beautiful mannequin in London—in the world, indeed—he was busy designing dresses for her. Colors which blended with the pale glamour of her, all shades of cream and beige and gold, or else black—black chiffon velvet, dense black voile.

Oh, it was impossible, impossible that he should have lost her.

And he had not. His luck held. At 10 o'clock next morning she turned up at the Maison Vallings, lovelier than ever— Why, that pale skin of hers was absolutely flawless; her pale, close-cropped hair grew on her beautifully shaped head in soft natural ringlets like a baby's. Natural! Why, it was almost unbelievable.

He did not engage her as a mannequin at once; was too mean for that, though there was nothing he would not have paid if she had known her value. But anyhow she would have to learn the work; stand about just handling things for a while, keep her eyes open.

But not for long. For an unbelievably short time indeed. It seemed as though she naturally knew how to move, pose, wear clothes. There was only one thing about it. She must keep her mouth shut, for her cockney accent was astounding, her turn of speech and expressions galvanic.

Vallings himself taught her to say: "Yes, Modom!" "No, Modom!" and a few stereotyped French phrases such as "très chick"—and then he launched her—manicured and perfumed, her eyebrows just the merest shade darkened, no color anywhere—as a Russian, though Lil herself hated "That there Shoreditch push," as she called them.

"Of course I had to find out who she was. My clients come to me wearing all sorts of valuable jewelry. But I'm bound to secrecy," Vallings would say; and then add with a little shrug of his immaculately tailored shoulders, "But you know what those Russian aristocrats are—proud as Lucifer!"

There was a husband of sorts, a disabled soldier tucked away somewhere in some unbelievable slum; and she was pernickety about getting off early. But Vallings did not trouble his head about that. No one who had any dealings with him had a right to any sort of life of his or her own; to him Lily Haggart was a beautiful and immensely lucrative doll, nothing more.

At first, that is. Later on, going to the door of the changing room to hurry the girl up one day, he caught sight of her through the half closed curtain, in the one simple pink crêpe de Chine garment which was all that he allowed his mannequins to wear during work hours. And that was enough. Once more that devastating and fatal flame sprang up in him: the flame which would devour the works of months in a moment; the blind desire for something that he must have, and would have at any cost, no matter what it was.

He lost no time. That very evening he kept Lil Haggart back on some pretext or other after the others, fretting and chafing, and made fierce love to her. But she was not having any.

"What are you gettin' at?" she demanded fiercely. "Didn't I tell you as 'ow I was a married woman? Drop it, I tell you, or there'll be trouble."

Later on it was, "S'elp me Gawd, if Brand got his 'ands upon you, I tell you straight you wouldn't not know your face when you saw it again."

And this from an employee. But he could not sack her, could do nothing—tied and bound by his own mad passion—until—oh well, until he had finished with her. After that she'd pay. He was quite cool about that, for at the back of all his fire was a clean-cut, cold cruelty.

It went on for days. Only during actual work hours, only in the showroom, was there peace. And even then there was the breath of war in the air. They all felt it. As for Lil, it was the finishing touch to her beauty; giving a flick of color to her cheeks, darkening her eyes with contemptuous anger.

It seemed as though

THEN quite suddenly, or so it seemed, it was all over; and she hoped, desperately hoped that she would, after all, be able to hold on to her job. For her pay had already been raised and there were many little comforts for which Brand was already the better.

Vallings ceased trying to get her alone in the fitting room when the greater number of the other girls were out at lunch, stopped keeping her back after hours. Hardly spoke, and when he did speak it was only of business.

Once more she seemed to breathe freely. She could fight with the best, but she did not want to fight. She had too much to think of, too much on her shoulders; all she wanted was to be allowed to hold up her job. Then one evening, just as she was about to change into her own clothes, the forewoman came to her with a couple of cardboard boxes.

"Mr. Vallings wished you to take these to a flat in Cavendish Square," she said. "That's the address on the label. He particularly wants you to take them and look your very best—wait and see the lady. You're to wear the black cloth coat with the high astrakhan collar and Russian cap and to keep on the black dress you have now, and don't change anything."

"Lord, I shall be fruzz," objected Lil. "Them there muslin slip and not a scrap of wool nowhere—hanged if I will!"

turally knew how to move, pose, wear clothes.

"Come, come now, Lil," broke in the forewoman not unkindly. "Be a sensible girl. You know that when the boss wants a thing done he wants it and no mistake. You can take another taxi back here to change. It won't lose you more than half an hour in all."

"Just like 'im! Thinks we're stuffed dolls; don't think . . ." she was going to add "don't think as how we're human," but suddenly changed it to, "'ave any life o' our own."

She grumbled, but all the same she put on the coat and cap, a pair of loose white gloves, powdered her nose.

She would have liked a dash of rouge. But there would be a row over that if Vallings saw it, and she didn't want a row.

At the last moment the forewoman pinned a large bunch of fresh violets against her collar, turned her round to inspect her, told her to pull up her pale gray silk stockings tight; then, adding that she'd still be there when she got back, sent her off.

Lil loved a taxi. If she had not been so bothered by the idea of being late with Brand's supper she would thoroughly have enjoyed the whisk through the lighted streets, crowded with traffic, the little pictures she saw in the dark window frames of the other taxis and motors: men and women in evening dress going out to dinner; men and women making love.

Not that she wanted any of it. She wanted her supper, that's what she wanted; supper and home and her own man—beat 'em all hollow for looks, Brand would, if only he could get rid of that constant fever.

A manservant in a black morning coat—whom she at first took to be the master of the house—opened the door of the top flat in Cavendish Square, led her down a deeply carpeted corridor with choice prints upon the wall at either side and, showing her into a large luxuriously furnished room, shut the door behind her.

There was a big fire burning and soft lights which seemed to come from nowhere in particular. Here again were soft deep carpets and with them heavily scented flowers, photographs in silver frames and brilliantly colored cushions. Lil placed her boxes on the edge of the only empty table and began to undo the string, biting her lips over the knots.

ALL her thoughts were with Brand. He had not been quite so well again the last couple of days. There was shopping to do on the way home and anyhow she would have to waste time going back to the shop, changing into her own clothes.

Turning back the paper, shaking out the two dresses, a shimmer of silver and pale mauve, white lace and crystal, she laid the cases on a chair and, mechanically folding the paper, started rolling up the string in a tight ball.

String was useful. She would stick to that—Yes, she had decided: she would get a couple of chops on the way home, or sausages. Brand would have the potatoes ready peeled, there was still some onions, and she'd get in a couple of bottles of stout—that did him more good than anything.

She saw the tidy little kitchen, the handful of fire with Brand leaning forward in the new chair she had bought for him, nursing it; they had to be careful of coal when the fire was kept burning all day. She wondered if there was any watercress to be had. She'd try and get a bunch of watercress.

She had seemed to be altogether at home. Then quite suddenly straightening herself, she realized her own figure in the long glass opposite, remembered where she was. "Lord, but I do look a bit of all right," she thought, wondering if she would dare, just for this once, to go home in the clothes belonging to the shop; let Brand see what she looked like.

JUST within the last week or two her taste had improved, and she realized how black suited her: a black dress, a tightly fitting smooth black coat with an astrakhan collar high round her neck; astrakhan cuffs and a high Russian cap of the same fur; small pearl studs in her ears; a twisted string of seed pearls round her neck, and a bunch of violets.

When first Vallings saw her she would have thought nothing of it, but now she realized its value, the elegance of it. And with all that nothing anyone could object to as too smart for a girl from a shop. "Chic," that's what it was in their lingo.

Her skin looked very white and the cold wind had brought a touch of color to her cheeks, which she found becoming; though Vallings had not allowed her any sort of make-up. There was one dress he had designed for her of deep creamy satin and lace, absolutely blending with her hair and skin.

"Look at that girl," one of their richest clients had said. "She's like a Maréchal Niel rose." And she was, Vallings had realized that.

Catching her style, the rareness of it, he had worked upon it with unfailing judgment, until that one day. But this was the sort of thing that happened, spoiling everything again and again. He got suddenly restless or bored, bit off too much or snatched at too much. It was his weakness. He knew it but he could not help it.

"That tame cat of a male dressmaker." He had overheard that once, and it amused him. He remembered a more than half wild cat coming down the chimney into the sitting room at home once when he was a child; the way in which it had leaped round and round, at once savage and frantic. Cats had claws, cats were swift and strong.

It was his one fatal weakness, this sudden running off the rails, throwing his cap over the windmill. But he didn't care.

He had made a great success of "Vallings's," pots of money. But he was seeing red again now; would let everything go for this cockney girl with her poky home life, her crock of a husband, her appalling accent.

It wouldn't last. Oh, he knew that perfectly well. If only she'd be sensible, in a month or so he'd send her back, none the worse; and with a nest egg in the bank.

But anyhow he meant to have her. If it cost him Maison Vallings he would have her, he thought, watching her.

Lil unhooked the high collar of her coat and threw it back. She would have liked to take it off, but she did not know if it would look well when the lady came in. The almost reverent admiration with which she had been used to regard real ladies was shaken, but still they held the power. "Hot stuff, most o' 'em. But, my word! Can't they just make you feel a worm!" was what she said to Brand.

Anyhow, what a time the woman was. Brand'ud be sick and tired of waiting for his supper.

And the room was stifling. Why, the violets on her coat were already half dead, and she had counted upon taking them home with her.

Once more she straightened herself, half turning and looking at herself in the glass, over one shoulder as she had been taught to do. She was hanged if she'd go back to that blooming old shop, waste time changing. If Vallings did not like it he must lump it; she was going home in that frock.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MANNEQUIN
Continued from page forty-nine]

But there were other people who could throw their caps over windmills, though she would never have thought of Vallings doing it.

Half turned as she was, she suddenly stiffened, grew rigid, her eyes widening to that sudden intense and almost blinding blue; sapphires with a fire in them.

Vallings came softly forward, smiling.

"Well, Lil," he said, "like my little place, eh?"

Lil's face hardened. She was a cockney, and ever since she could walk she'd fought her own battles, in the street and at home. Later on she'd fought for Brand.

"If it's a joke, Mr. Vallings, it's yours," she said. "That there lady's kept me waiting pretty well long enuff."

"'That there,' Lil! after all I've told you."

"It's all one to me. Take or leave it!"

SHE was suddenly savage. If Vallings wanted to sack her, let him. She hated him; hated him standing there smiling, so beautifully groomed and manicured; hated the luscious overheated room, the smell of white lilac and tuberose. "'Ee makes me fair sick, that's wot 'ee does, all dolled up like someun's fancy girl."

"Well, any'ow, them there's the darned dresses. She can have 'em or leave 'em, please 'erself, I'm off. It's long past hours as it is, an' I'm fed up, that's what I am, fed up."

She buttoned up her coat collar with a movement of sharp impatience, tugging the ends together.

"My coat, I think," said Vallings, smiling. And at this she jerked it open again, down the whole length, dropped it on the floor.

"Very well, I'll go without it. I'm fed up—fed up, I tell you. I can't go stark naked through the streets or I—"

"My dear, in that case, I'd rather you stayed here."

"Oh yes, you would, would you? Well, let me tell you this, now we're at it. You're a real nasty piece of goods, you are! You may 'ave pots of money, and a swell shop, but if my 'usband wasn't a sick man—"

"But he is sick," interposed Vallings smoothly. "And it doesn't seem to me that you're going to make things better for him by losing your job. The summer's coming on. A month at the sea in August might do wonders for him. Think a little—there's something more than stuffing in that lovely head of yours."

"I'm fed up, I tell you!" Lil's tone was sullen: she felt heavy with the longing to be home, safe at home with her own man. But supposing she could not get another regular job, had to go back to the slaving, the uncertainty of odd outside work, a single cheap room; and just as Brand was beginning to get a bit better too. Very unwillingly she picked up the coat and put it on again.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Vallings, but I'm tired. Maybe you'll be seeing the lady I brought them there frocks for."

"'Them there!' Lil!"

But she did no more than bite in her lip now. "I'll go back to the shop and change. If you'll tell the lady—"

"But, my dear girl," smiled Vallings, "there is no lady. Didn't you hear me ask you what you thought of my little place? Come, come, pull yourself together."

She had been thinking of Brand, weighing the comparative nourishment to be found in sausages and chops; scarcely heard what Vallings said. But the words came back to her now.

"Well, that's the bloomin' limit." She flung off the coat again and walked to the door, "I'll send the rest of the things back tomorrow, an' get my pay, Mr. Vallings."

Vallings watched her, smiling as she turned the handle; then flung round at him, her face white, her eyes blazing.

He was going to lose the most beautiful mannequin he had ever had and he knew it; was going to lose more than that. He would have to let her go sooner or later: what was he going to get for it all? A fighting, unwilling woman?

Though who knew—she might soften suddenly with roused passion. One never could tell with these people.

"Look here, Lil, you're here in my flat alone with me. The man who let you in has gone home. There's supper in the next room. After a glass or so of champagne—"

VALLINGS' voice was like the swish of a bent knife suddenly released.

"You beast, you beast!" She struck him across the face as he came toward her, put a hand on her.

"Come, come now—a kiss to start with. And look here, I'll send you back tomorrow with a hundred pounds in your pocket, I swear I will. Be a sensible girl, think what it will mean."

Backing away from him, she knocked her hand against what she took for a heavy candlestick on the table behind her, and catching it up struck him across his face with it.

Whatever it was it fell to the ground with a crash and somehow far away in the distance she seemed to hear a bell ring faintly. Maybe there was someone at the door—serve the brute right if he was caught.

VALLINGS' face was streaming with blood. All the same that mad frenzy for something altogether flamboyant was rising even higher. He was in front of the table now, with Lil away at the farther end of the room, backed against the big glass, hands and arms outspread at her side.

"God! how that dress suits her, how she shows it off like that! But larger pearls, a rope of them—" he thought with the famous dress designer's instinct still alive. He even thought, "Yes, raise the draperies a fraction on that left hip, that's what it needs."

But all the same he had the drawer open behind him; was feeling in it, perfectly clear as to his next move.

"Stand still!" But for her face, those blazing eyes, Lil might have been a black silhouette plastered there as a shot rang out, and a wide star splintered the mirror a foot above her head.

"Now look here . . ." It seemed to her that Vallings had completely changed: no more of the tame cat about him—for the moment. But she knew that sort down Club Lane and Wapping way. She had seen men like that, just the same look on their face, white, set, cruel, ready to kill. There was Tim Burke who did his girl in, then knifed a policeman, and all for what? For nothing; just saw red. And Sam Cooper who put that old fence out of the way, thinking he had money; hacked him to bits in sheer fury when he found himself cheated.

Oh yes, and there were other things too. . . . Why even Brand, her Brand, when he came home on leave once, thought that she'd taken up with another man. . . .

"Spread out your arms wider."

Vallings' voice was like the swish of a bent knife suddenly released—she had been in a velvet factory once, cutting the pile with a long, fine, almost incredibly sharp knife, and that was what it was like. For the life of her she could not resist a grin. The pussycat was showing his claws. But all the same she flung her arms wide. Life was good and she didn't mean to throw it away.

"Now," went on Vallings, "I'll splinter that glass once at the tips of those pretty fingers of yours, either side. Then just one either side of that little delicious curve in your waist—all to the good, that: waists are coming back. I'll set one at either side of that, and I'll put one above your head, closer than the last though, just cutting the top of your hat—an aigrette will improve it, we'll hide the hole with that. . . . Five shots."

"Five shots and for the sixth . . . steady, steady now, Lil—" Lil had made one wild plunge forward, but in a moment she was back again in her place with the revolver full upon her.

HE was kicking away something on the floor. "This damned cord," he said. "Now—one. And before the sixth you'll say, 'I love you, and I'll stay,' or by God, it will be through your forehead."

Of course he was mad. Not for always, but as men do go mad in streaks. He'd do what he said, then go to pieces. She knew that sort.

There was that chap who'd broken a bottle of vitriol over Sally Jervis' face. He'd wept and sniveled in the dock as though it was he who'd been hurt.

Ping! The glass starred out upon her right. And Sally, fool enough to love him—

Ping! This time it splintered over her fingers.

What was it Sally had said, her face masked in cotton wool?

Lil's thoughts flew, she didn't know why she was thinking like this, thinking of Sally.

Ping . . . Ping . . . either side of her waist.

Sally—Sally had said:

"Keep your courage up, Alf, there ain't nothing wrong with me."

But then—yes, that was it, she had loved the blighter.

This Vallings, now . . .

Ping. . . . She felt something like a wind pass over her hair under her high Cossack cap. Fragments of glass powdered it with crystal, like hoarfrost.

And quite suddenly she seemed to see Brand sitting nursing the little fire, keeping it bright, feeding it with scraps of coal, waiting for her, waiting for his supper.

"And now," said Vallings, "just those six little words—'I love you, I will stay!' Come now, we're at the sixth you know."

There was a moment's silence. "I will count," he said, "count ten. . . . Damn that glass!"

A splinter had flown out and slipped in between his shoe and sock.

He raised his foot to shake it; once more found it entangled in that trailing cord, or whatever it was.

"At ten," he said, "if you haven't—" But though he hadn't stooped he had looked down, and Lil was upon him like a young tigress.

He had been mad to hold her in his arms. But now—now. It wasn't he who was holding her. She had her hands at his throat. He tried to tear them apart with his, and she set her teeth in them.

There was a loud banging at the outside door. That confounded man could not have

gone, after all. He was opening it.

"Let go—you fool—you fool! There's someone—"

He bent her back, back and got his throat free; bent her further and further.

Oh well, let them come. If he could not have her he'd break her, break himself, too. The very feel of her firm body in his hands maddened him.

They were at the door of the room itself, whoever they might be.

And it was at that moment that Lil went limp in his hands, pulling him down with her.

He was fighting for her mouth. Anyhow he would kiss her. Anyhow, whatever happened. . . . It was amazing how, with all that noise going on, the ruling passion still held.

But the strong young hands were at his throat again as the door burst open and two men in uniform stood on the threshold. At the back of them was the scared gray face of the manservant and yet another policeman.

There was splintered glass everywhere, over everything; chairs overturned. One of the two upon the floor had caught at a tablecloth and it had slipped down, bringing a mass of books, flowers, and photograph frames with it.

"Come now, what's all this?"

For a moment they could make nothing of it all. Then the girl freed herself, at the sergeant's harsh, "Now, then, what's all this?" dragged herself to her feet, patted her hair, and picked up a black astrakhan cap from somewhere.

She was just about to put it on her head, when she spotted something which might have been a bright coin sewn into it.

But it wasn't. It was the light shining through a hole, and she coolly poked her finger through it to show it; held it up for the sergeant to see.

"THAT will show you," she said. "Shot all round me—a bloomin' Wild West Show! Five shots. Why, look at that there mirror. An' they cost money too, them there mirrors do. Said as 'ow if I didn't give in afore he'd shot six, he'd pip me. A bit o' all right that, eh, officer? An' calls 'isself a gentleman—'ee!"

She pointed a derisive finger at Vallings who had dragged himself up and stood leaning against a bookshelf, panting and disheveled, wiping his face with a handkerchief. "There was a bloke as I knew o' the name o' Alf, looked just like that—'ee did. Chucked vitriol over 'is gal—carried on as if it was 'ee wot was 'urt, once the coppers got 'im."

"Give in to what?" inquired the sergeant, notebook in hand.

"Love, 'ee calls it. 'Ee—" Once again she pointed.

"Remember, miss, everything you say . . ."

"Marm, if you please, Mrs. Brand Haggart, Twenty-nine A, Little Lothian Street, Wapping." She put on her cap, dragged it down over her forehead. "'Ad me 'ere ter bring some dresses 'ome ter a laidy."

She pointed to the glittering frocks hanging over the sofa. "Oh yes, I don't think—a laidy as don't exist . . . All my eye. Got fresh wiff me . . ."

"Oh well, you'll have to come along to the police court, anyhow; you can tell them that there. Is that your coat?"

The sergeant pointed at the long black coat lying on the floor and, picking it up, Lil put it on, coolly settling her shoulders as she had been taught to do; buttoned up the high astrakhan collar.

"MIGHT as well get somefing outer the blighter," she said. "But as to going along wiff you, officer . . . I don't not see as 'ee"—she jerked her head contemptuously in Vallings' direction—"is any reason for me keepin' my 'usband waitin' for 'is supper—a man as was knocked out in the war an' all. Come now, officer."

The glance she gave the sergeant would have brought a bird off a bough and he gave in.

"You're right there, Missus, a chap wants 'is supper. One o' my men will go home with you, see that it's all right. You, Collins."

He nodded to one of the policemen who turned toward the door. They stopped:

"Mind your foot, Missus."

He was gathering up that same long cord that had caught round Vallings' feet, was disentangling it.

And quite suddenly Lil realized what it was that she had hit him across the face with: one of his own conceits—they had them in the shop—a telephone shaped like a candlestick with the heavy shade fallen away from it.

"That's it. Must 'ave knocked it over, set the bell ringing," remarked the sergeant: then explained, "There wasn't any answer when the operator took the call, only the sound of shots and she rang us up. None too soon, either, by the look of things," he added grimly, with a glance round, while Lil Haggart, half out of the door, nodded briefly in Vallings' direction:

"So long. Bring your glad rags back tomorrow," she said, while Vallings, knowing himself ruined, with the world to face afresh, looking after her, exhausted and bemused, had but one thought:

"My God, what a figure!"

THE END

BOTH in one!

Brunswick Radio

Brunswick Panatrope

$395.00 Complete

Brunswick Panatrope with Radiola, Model 3KRO. It gives you everything!

Why not invest in a COMPLETE musical instrument this Christmas?

HERE is one instrument that brings you both radio and recorded music with a tone quality beautiful beyond comparison. The Brunswick Panatrope and the latest Radiola are scientifically combined in this one fine cabinet. Operation is entirely from the light socket. The instrument has every advanced feature.

At your Brunswick dealer's you will find other models of Brunswick Panatrope, Brunswick Radio, and Brunswick Panatrope with Radiola. *More to choose from in radio and record-playing instruments than any other manufacturer offers!*

Prices from $25 to $1100.

Don't invest a dollar without hearing these remarkable instruments.

FREE! *"What's New in Music and Radio?"*

This free booklet tells you. Write for copy today. Address Dept. 459, The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Brunswick

Panatropes · Radio · Records · Panatrope-Radiolas

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co. • Chicago • New York • Toronto

BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

The Life Story of Barbara La Marr

The Tragedy of an American Beauty

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

PRECEDING installments of this biography have told how Barbara La Marr, who was born Reatha Watson, was in turn noted beauty, dancer, writer, and motion picture actress; and of her five marriages. Her last husband was Jack Dougherty, a motion picture actor.

Part Four—Conclusion

THE illness and death of Barbara La Marr seemed to the public at large and to her adoring fans to come like a bolt from the blue. But, looking back, it is possible to read into the events preceding that tragedy the inevitable end. Many things contributed which at the time seemed to have no such dangerous significance.

Of these, the chief was her own moral collapse.

It is difficult to find the reason for this collapse in view of the strength and intelligence she had shown during her first years in pictures. There was a break somewhere within herself—a weak spot. Not egotism—of that she had too little. It would have been better had she placed a higher valuation on herself.

She craved the love and applause of those about her and paid too high a price in the effort to get it. That is, in nine cases out of ten, a sign of some hidden sense of inferiority. The overdeveloped ego is self-satisfied and takes tribute as a matter of course. The careful thinker values admiration and affection according to the worth of its source. Barbara did not.

"Barbara lived too much in the moment," a great friend of hers said just the other night. "She never looked one step ahead to see where her steps were leading her. In a tough spot Bobby came through one hundred per cent. But when life was easy and pleasurable she never thought of consequences or the future. In the warmth of summer she forgot that by the very laws of nature winter must come. She could forget completely from day to day."

The two years between her return to Hollywood from Rome and her breakdown were filled with confusion, turmoil, extravagance and the unpleasant results of extravagance, dissipation, constant change, and madness of every kind. These things gradually wore her down. As you read the actual occurrences, you will find running through them a menacing motif which seems to say, "This can't go on. There must be an end."

Very little has been said in this story about Barbara La Marr as a screen star for two reasons. First, her personality as a woman overshadowed her personality as an actress; second, her success on the screen was so inevitable. Once she had the opportunity and had seriously begun to work, her beauty and her talent assured recognition both from the public and from the motion picture industry.

But it may give us a more just appreciation of the woman if we consider just here some of the high lights of her screen career. They may constitute a sustaining proof that she was an artist of high caliber. It is not necessary to discuss the theory that artists are free of all laws and obligations to society, a theory which has often been advanced. But we must admit that artists have usually been in some measure different from other people and that their temperaments give them—and other people—considerable trouble, as a rule. It is amazing to realize that her entire career as a motion picture actress covered a period of less than five years.

FROM April 5, 1921, when she first began work in The Three Musketeers, until October 6, 1925, when she was carried off the set during the filming of The Girl from Montmartre, she gained a position second to that of no woman star.

As a box office attraction, figures will prove that in two years she rose to the front rank. Her salary equaled that of the greatest. Her fan mail—and it is interesting here to know that 75 per cent of her fan mail was from young women and girls—rated with that of the three acknowledged queens of the silver sheet. Her rôles in Thy Name Is Woman and in The Prisoner of Zenda will always rank among the screen's great performances.

Until she was so ill that she could hardly drag herself about the set, she kept a uniform high standard in all her work. Had she gone on improving steadily after The Eternal City, the next few years should have seen her achieve great art. There was a flexible quality in her

P. & A. photo

Barbara La Marr in February, 1924, at the trial in Los Angeles of Herman Roth, a lawyer who was sentenced to prison for attempting to blackmail her in connection with her divorce from her fourth husband, Ben Deely.

William V. Mong and Barba

Marr in Thy Name Is Woman:

acting which I have seen in but one other woman—Duse.

Unfortunately, acting was easy for Barbara; second nature to her. She gave a great deal, but she had such a superabundance of vitality that she did not find it necessary to conserve herself. Her beauty was so extraordinary that at first hard work, lack of sleep, irregularity in living, did not seem to touch it.

NEVER, at any time, did Barbara take care of her beauty. Beauty parlors never saw her. Her dressing table at home was bare of the array of jars and bottles which occupy the place of honor with most women who can claim any measure of loveliness, particularly those who depend professionally upon their looks. When she went to bed at night there was no hour-long ritual, no formula to be gone through. Publicity stories might be legion concerning her "wine baths" and her "beauty secrets," but they were simply press agentry. If she took any wine baths she took them internally and her beauty secrets were the facts that she had been born beautiful and had, in the beginning, a marvelous constitution.

As a matter of fact, even clothes claimed very little of her time. Her taste, on occasions, was execrable. Furs and jewels appealed to her, but she had no flair for clothes. Often she went to bizarre extremes and dressed as she thought the Barbara La Marr of the screen should dress. Her costumes on these occasions were impossible.

Her costumes for the screen were arranged by someone else, but even then, when her own ideas crept in, she wore things that detracted from her beauty.

There is an old expression about the person who would give you the shirt off his back. Barbara was literally like that. She was always giving away her clothes. I cannot help but tell here of an experience I had with her when she was at the height of her fame and affluence, because it is so typically Barbara.

A trip to New York in the middle of winter was necessary because of some work I was doing. Being a more or less struggling and poverty-stricken young author in those days and living the year round in California where the climate is mild, I didn't own a fur coat. Certainly I didn't intend to buy one, not knowing exactly what to use for money, and yet a fur coat seemed called for.

Borrowing wasn't one of my specialties, but Barbara and I had exchanged favors in the past—I had lent her my other dress in the days of our youth—so I called her up and asked her if she had a fur coat she could spare.

"Come up and pick it out, darling," she said.

So I went up to Whitley Heights for that purpose. When Bobby had decided on a mole-skin cape of much too gorgeous proportions, she said:

"Have you got everything else? How many dinner dresses have you? Have you a really swank evening gown?"

I said I thought I had everything necessary. But it was useless. She began wildly flinging out her wardrobe, and, over my ardent protests, I left the place with four dinner dresses, two evening gowns, and various other contraptions. They were all typical Barbara La Marr creations which I couldn't possibly wear, so I left them home in a bureau drawer; but Barbara never knew that.

When I returned I had the most awful time making her take back the fur wrap, which she insisted she had given me.

When Barbara returned from her summer in Rome, a combination of honeymoon and business, she had already discovered that her marriage to Jack Dougherty was a mistake. He had a petty jealousy of her position and the attention she received on this trip and constantly complained, in private and in print, that he was only "Mr. Barbara La Marr." He gave out then and later stories on the difficulties of being a star's lesser half, which cut the always generous and unassuming Barbara to the quick.

They began to quarrel very soon after the wedding and kept it up steadily. Her temper was quick and he irritated her continually with the smallness of his outlook, his criticism, his jealous rages. He bitterly resented the fact that she earned more money than he did—a fact of which he had been perfectly aware before the marriage took place.

Miss La Marr in 1925, in Sandra, where her figure photographed in Junoesque proportions. After a warning by her producers, the star's strenuous efforts to reduce contributed to her final collapse.

HIS wife was in some ways a weak woman, perhaps an unmoral woman. But her vices were never petty. Good or bad, she was cut on big lines. And she drew back, more and more disgusted and bewildered by what she considered his unreasonable complaints. There was no measure of peace or happiness between them. Separations lasting from two days to two weeks took place frequently.

On October 6, 1923, a bitter blow fell upon Barbara and one that was to result in long drawn out shame and misery.

Ben Deely filed suit for divorce against her and named Jack Dougherty as corespondent.

This was the beginning of legal tangles, of scandals in headlines, of a raking up of every detail of her past, of slander untold that ended only with her death.

Her lawyers filed a cross complaint, alleging that she was not and never had been Ben Deely's wife, because at the time of her marriage to him she had not been divorced from Phil Ainsworth, and asking an annulment on these grounds.

Deely's action was used, either with or without his consent, as the foundation for a blackmailing scheme against Barbara which first prostrated her and then called up that fighting spirit which she could show in an emergency.

There was in Hollywood at that time a lawyer named Herman Roth. Shortly after the original complaint was filed by him, this lawyer approached Barbara's business manager, Arthur Sawyer, and informed him that unless a very large sum of money was immediately forthcoming, an amended complaint would be lodged by him in Deely's behalf, which would cite not only Jack Dougherty, but twenty-six other corespondents, and which would drag the name of Barbara La Marr in the mire beyond all possible redemption.

Sawyer went at once to Barbara and laid these threats before her.

How much of the filth Roth threatened to incorporate in this suit was true—whether any of it was true or not—cannot be fully determined. Certainly much of it was absolutely false. But Barbara had never been discreet; beyond question she had had promiscuous love affairs with some of the legions of men who continually dogged her footsteps; and probably

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE LIFE STORY OF BARBARA LA MARR]
Continued from page fifty-three

Roth had unearthed enough derogatory matter to give a semblance of danger and fact to his array of alleged evidence.

Barbara wept bitterly.

"I can't, I can't, I can't have that!" she said over and over.

After a sleepless night, when she alternately paced the floor, calling down curses on the heads of both Roth and Deely, or sank down and cried wild tears, she pulled herself together.

"I'll fight him," she said bitterly to Jack Dougherty and Arthur Sawyer. "There's only one way to deal with things like that. If he got away with blackmailing me once, I'd never be free. Besides, all motion picture stars are in a terrible position with things like this. No matter how false the accusations, they can't afford to have them get before the public.

"Stars are threatened all the time with this sort of thing, and I suppose I seem most vulnerable. Well, I'm not afraid. I'll teach this cur a lesson that may prove to a lot of others like him that they can't get away with things like that."

ANY lawyer will tell you that few women will fight a blackmailer. Barbara was the exception, in spite of the fact that, as she said, she was vulnerable in the extreme. She mapped out the plans carefully and she went through with them without faltering.

Arthur Sawyer enlisted the aid of the Los Angeles *Examiner* to bring the man to justice. On a certain day he met Roth in a Hollywood café and paid him a sum of money on account. A reporter from the *Examiner* was present by arrangement and saw the money change hands. A few days later Sawyer went to Roth's office on Hollywood Boulevard and paid him another sum of money in marked bills.

A few hours later, on November 15, 1923, Roth was arrested, with the money still in his possession, on a complaint signed by Barbara La Marr charging him with attempted blackmail.

Ben Deely immediately gave out a statement that he had had nothing to do with the second complaint and had known nothing about it. Roth said that he had been framed in order to prevent his filing the complaint and offered to prove all the allegations.

The trial began in a Los Angeles superior court on the 9th of February, 1924.

This trouble had brought Barbara and Jack Dougherty closer together, and she came into court that morning on his arm, dressed all in the simplest black and with a white, tragic face that it would have been difficult for anyone to look upon unmoved. She might have been Guinevere, accused by Mellyagraunce. How she could have played Guinevere! But she did very well in a modern version on that February morning.

The second day she took the stand, still in heavy black, marble white, obviously suffering. Tears streamed down her face, she touched them gently with a lace handkerchief, her low voice broke. A more touching picture of beauty in distress was never presented. After that it was all over. Roth was convicted, sentenced, and sent to San Quentin. Congratulations poured in upon Miss La Marr for the brave stand she had taken.

It was about this time that Barbara began to drink more than was good for her. The fact is one that I would like to eliminate from this biography, but it seems impossible if the picture is to be a true one.

For years she had lived at a high nervous tension, had called on her reserve nervous energy, had dramatized her emotions to the peak. Now she seemed to feel the need of an outside stimulant to keep up the pace she had been traveling.

Russell Ball photo

Barbara La Marr, Jack Dougherty, her fifth and last husband, and Marvin Carville La Marr, her adopted son.

P. & A. photo

With Ben Finney, to whom her engagement was reported while the courts were still puzzling over the legal status of her five marriages.

The Roth case had been a terrific mental strain. It left her exhausted. On top of that she had tangled her financial affairs in an unbelievable fashion and half a dozen lawsuits had been the result. Money flowed through her fingers like water. She had absolutely no business sense and couldn't add two and two and get the right answer. Her salary was so large that, as she once said, it seemed like all the money in the world.

A jewelry company filed a suit against her for $16,000. A furrier filed another. Her home was attached. The gorgeous foreign-made limousine she had purchased was taken back because of her failure to meet the payments.

"YOU see," she said to me about that time, her hand on her forehead in a gesture of distress, "I just don't know what sixteen thousand dollars is. I can't comprehend those sums. I'm careful in little things, because I do know what a hundred dollars is. I remember when I used to think I'd never have that much all at once. But these big sums are just so far beyond my actual understanding that I get all in a muddle."

On top of this she was named as corespondent in three divorce cases. One wife alleged that her husband, a prominent doctor, had fallen so much in love with the screen shadow of the too beautiful girl that he no longer cared for his home or his family or his profession and did nothing but talk of Barbara day and night. Another claimed that her husband boasted of the fact that he had been Barbara's sweetheart.

"How can people do such things?" Barbara cried distractedly. "I never saw either of those men in all my life."

Nor had she. But the headlines carried the stories. That is part of the price of fame. And part of the price of such beauty as Barbara's is that no one ever believes in its innocence.

Also, Barbara had made a statement that, in order to play what are commonly called "vamp" rôles, a woman must have lived. Elaborated to make "good copy" this story gave the impression of the star living a life exactly like her parts on the screen. Several women's clubs demanded that La Marr pictures be barred from their cities.

Confused, miserable, because she was highly sensitive to criticism, unable to think her way clearly through the mess of her life, Barbara did the one thing she should not have done. She turned to drink for forgetfulness and for the pep which before she had been able to generate for herself. And she was too high strung, too precariously balanced, to drink with any measure of success.

HERE, in justice, credit must be given Jack Dougherty for a valiant effort to help her. With all the force at his command he fought against this indulgence. Often he came to the studio and watched over her. But he no longer had any real influence with her. Barbara's love for him was dead.

Moreover, at this time they were living apart pending the outcome of Deely's suit for divorce. If his action proved valid, Barbara and Jack were not legally married, and Milton Cohen, her lawyer, thought it the part of wisdom for them not to live as man and wife. Dougherty was furious, but Barbara was secretly pleased.

"I am neither maid, wife, nor widow, apparently," she said. "My social status is certainly a peculiar one."

But, being Barbara, she must complicate matters still further by falling in love again.

In a picture called The White Moth a new leading man was cast opposite the star. His name was Ben Lyon. He was years younger than the famous beauty, but he fell in love with her in the desperate fashion of youth, and Barbara responded. Here was the beginning of a new life. This boy was young and clean. The past should die, and she would be to Ben Lyon what she had always dreamed of being to some man.

Gossip was soon busy with their names and Barbara walked on the edge of a volcano, for Jack Dougherty was still in love with her and was making every effort to reëstablish their married life.

It wouldn't have surprised me at all during those months if there had been an even swifter and more tragic ending to Barbara's life than the one that actually took place.

All these seemingly unsolvable situations were met for Barbara by the fact that First National transferred her to the New York studio to make her pictures. The newspapers took that opportunity to print a story that she and Jack Dougherty were definitely separated and that she was to marry Ben Lyon. But this she denied.

She sold her house, packed up all her earthly belongings, took her son, and fled to New York. Both Dougherty and Ben Lyon remained in Hollywood to carry out picture contracts. It is my firm belief that she forgot both of them the moment the train pulled out of the station, so determined was she upon a new life.

But it was too late. There was nothing left inside of Barbara to carry on the fight. She was burned out.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

Be sure of the quality of the cleaner you give her

Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

When you choose a General Electric Cleaner for a Christmas gift, you're giving years of lighter work and longer leisure. You're giving a cleaner that will run easily and without oiling—that will clean thoroughly through years of hard use.

The name of General Electric on the cleaner and the guarantee of General Electric behind it are your assurance of quality . . . . a quality far higher than you would expect at these low prices. But General Electric has the facilities and the store-selling plan that keep costs down—and prices appealingly low.

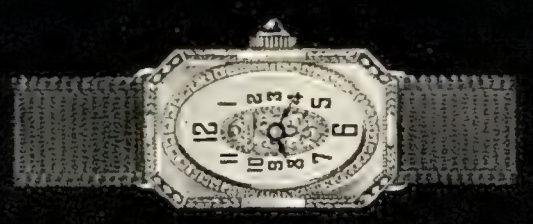
Remember—you save money by purchasing this cleaner yourself in the store at which you deal. If it's a practical gift you're seeking you really need go no further!

ATTACHMENTS

Two sets of attachments with special swivel joints are available at $6.50 and $10.00. They are easy to attach—and easy to use.

If you would like further information, or the name of a dealer near you, just drop a card to Section 116, Merchandise Department, General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

GENERAL ELECTRIC CLEANER



BENRUS BLOSSOM $24.75
15 jewels, Shockproof

BENRUS PATRICIA $28.50
15 jewels, Shockproof

BENRUS TALMADGE $35.00
15 jewels, Shockproof

BENRUS BETSY ROSS . . . $49.50
15 jls., 2 diamonds, 4 sapphires

JOIN THIS *Christmas Party!*

How many of these famous people can you recognize? All of them wear Benrus Watches!

[Reading left to right]

1. GENE SARAZEN
2. VINCENT RICHARDS
3. EARL SANDE
4. PAUL WHITEMAN
5. KNUTE ROCKNE
6. "RED" GRANGE
7. WALTER JOHNSON
8. AILEEN RIGGIN
9. SIR HUBERT WILKINS
10. JOHNNY WEISMULLER
11. FLORENZ ZIEGFELD
12. BILLIE BURKE
13. BERT ACOSTA
14. CONSTANCE TALMADGE
15. EDDIE CANTOR
16. QUEEN MARIE OF ROUMANIA
17. BABE RUTH

BENRUS WATCHES

BENRUS FORREST $29.75
15 jewels, Shockproof

BENRUS AIRMAN, 15 jls. . $37.50
Shockproof, with Sport Weave flexible band

HERE an arm that pounds hot volleys over the tennis net—there a white and gracious wrist whose lightest gesture is the crisis of a play! Here stand keen-eyed coaches, timing every hidden pass with split-second vigilance. Streaking by are aviators—watching time speed past at 120 miles per hour! Here are business men, orchestra leaders, actors, whose strap watches speak conservative good taste . . . These are the *leaders* in America's vivid, active life. *They all wear Benrus Watches!*

These people demand the same qualities in a watch which everyone else needs — only they need these qualities in their most *perfect* form. Shockproof dependability — immune from every jar and jolt. Accuracy that is incredibly precise. And *beauty* — the very latest hint of style!

Yet the prices of Benrus Watches are exceptionally moderate. This very Christmas *you* may join the vast throng of those who possess Benrus Watches, or who give them as gifts? Benrus Watch Company, New York City.

The strap watch of sportsmen — The wrist watch of fashion

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

The New York episode—she remained there over a year—may be passed over without much comment. In view of the end it is important only because Barbara continued a career that, except in the added luxury and her own added importance, was not so different from the way she had lived when she was Reatha Watson. She had reverted to that other side of her nature.

On July 17, 1924, she announced that she and Jack Dougherty were permanently separated, and Jack, in Hollywood, admitted it.

Lyon had completely faded from the picture.

Ben Deely died suddenly on September 7 of that same year. But even his death did not free Barbara of the tangle in which her marriage to him had involved her.

In New York she met a young millionaire, the kind of youth who is referred to in novels as a "man about town." Ben Finney wanted to marry her and marry her at once. But Barbara couldn't find out whether she was free to marry him. If the marriage to Deely had been legal, the one to Jack Dougherty wasn't and she could go ahead. If her marriage to Deely wasn't legal, she was still Mrs. Jack Dougherty.

"I cannot announce my engagement to Mr. Finney until the courts decide on these matters," she said.

The courts seemed to have some difficulty in deciding. Jack Dougherty finally solved matters by filing a divorce suit, which was still pending when Barbara died.

The picture of Barbara in New York is the least creditable of her career. We can forgive it only because of what followed so swiftly. Night clubs, theaters, parties—she had, to use a phrase of today, gone completely hay wire. Men still flocked about her, she was still the great star. But here I can find nothing of the Barbara I loved.

She had grown so stout that the company for which she worked began to be worried about her appearance on the screen. In a picture called Sandra her figure photographed in Junoesque proportions. The beautiful face was still the same, but the grace and the lovely lines of her body were obscured by layers of fat. Finally, called on the carpet by her chief executive, she agreed to reduce.

This severe course of diet—for, as in everything else, Barbara went into this to a ridiculous extreme and lost thirty pounds in as many days against the positive orders of her physician—was the final straw that broke her health.

SHE came back to Los Angeles, to make pictures once more in the Hollywood studio, on the 26th of July, 1925.

And there begins the final sad, glorious, tragic chapter of her life.

There was nothing left, it seemed to me, of Barbara La Marr when she began that last picture, but her eyes.

You went over on the La Marr set, expecting to see the beautiful, vivid, warm Barbara La Marr who had captivated a huge public and been adored beyond reason by many lovers.

Instead, you found a haggard, suffering, wasted woman, whose every breath seemed a struggle, whose every word cost her a pathetic effort. The arms that had once been considered worthy to replace the missing arms of Venus herself were so thin you could span them with your fingers and have room to spare. There were hollows in the swan throat. The seductive mouth was set in pain, and when she could no longer control it the lips quivered like a sick child's.

Only the enormous eyes stared out indomitably.

It was plain enough that she should never have started the picture. But she would not admit that she was ill. She clung to her work with a kind of piteous desperation.

Her father was with her now daily, brought her to the studio in her car, never left her side, took her home at night to where her mother was waiting. Often her eyes followed them, with bitter regret in their depths.

On the fourth day, in the middle of a scene, she quietly fainted.

The director, realizing her condition, suggested that they hold up production and give her a chance to rest.

But she refused. She dared not rest—dared not stop lest she never get up again.

"I WON'T quit on a picture," she said wildly. "It would cost the company thousands and thousands of dollars. I can finish it. I *will* finish it."

But she did not.

They brought her from her car to the set in a wheel chair for a while. She lay there, eyes closed, hands clenched, until it was time to shoot her scenes. Then her father supported her from the chair to the stage and, by some miracle, she threw back her head, took one of those agonizing breaths, and answered the call.

Electricians, carpenters, assistants gathered about, wept as they watched her. Her bravery, her determination were almost beyond belief.

But the day came at last when she fainted again and this time did not get up. The breakdown was complete.

That night her dear friend Paul Bern brought to her a doctor famous all over the country for his work with tubercular patients. She had been prostrate in bed when Paul left her in the afternoon. But when he returned with the doctor she was in the living room, fully dressed, holding herself upright. She greeted them with a smile, her head up, her eyes bright.

Barbara La Marr with Ben Lyon in The White Moth, where they first met.

The conversation sparkled for a moment. It was difficult to see the horrible fear under her mask, the fear that had given her the strength to make herself as lovely as possible, to greet them with something of her old gracious, alluring manner.

The doctor spoke at last. Rather vaguely. Her vitality was low. Her nervous system was shattered. A long, long rest—a year, anyway. Then—perhaps—who could tell?—she might return. She was so young.

The very vagueness of his words spelled a death sentence.

Barbara never flinched. Her eyes met his proudly. When he had finished, she gave a gracious little nod, and smiled. She wouldn't let him see how his words had devastated her. But when he had gone, she broke down for a moment, and buried her face in her wasted white hands.

"A year," she said huskily, "a year away from everything. And I have no money—I have nothing."

She was wrong. She still had a few friends who loved her—not so many as she might have expected to have; not so many, of course, as she had had in the heyday of her beauty and success. But enough.

They found a house for her in Altadena, up in the beautiful California foothills. Oddly enough, it was not at all the kind of house—the one she selected—which you would have supposed Barbara La Marr would select. They showed her several luxurious, beautifully furnished Spanish villas. But she shook her head, and at last selected a small, old fashioned white house, not unlike the one in which she had lived as a little girl.

"It feels clean," she said to Paul Bern.

What she wanted, of course, was to get away from anything that suggested the past years. Longed to get back to her little girl days.

There was a garden in the back, too, full of late autumn flowers, for the month was November. She and her father and mother and a nurse moved in. The small living room was bright with flowers and with a tiny fire that snapped in the grate.

She knew who had done all these things. Lying full length on the couch before the fire she looked up at Paul Bern and her eyes were streaming.

"Ah, Paul," she said, "if I were a man like you and wanted to punish a woman like me, I'd treat her just as you are treating me."

"I don't want to punish you, Barbara dear," said that best friend of hers.

But Barbara could not answer him. Her eyes were closed, and the tears welled from beneath the weary white lids.

But that speech of hers was typically Barbara. It reveals instantly the depths of her thought and understanding, the fineness of her feelings. Poor, broken beauty.

DAY after day she lay in a big swing in the garden to which her father carried her—yes, he could carry her again, his adored child—and looked at the flowers and the butterflies with enormous, grave eyes, not talking, with hardly strength enough to move.

A few friends were allowed to see her, and her joy when they came was pathetic. Still she longed for the world, still she warmed to any little kindness, any little memory that came her way.

"Has everybody forgotten me?" she asked me once.

And when I told her no, she shook her head slowly and said, "They soon will. I have done nothing worth being remembered for."

They read her fan mail to her. Nothing pleased her so much as the thought that her friends whom she had never met wanted her to come back, missed her.

"I will go back soon," she said. "I am stronger every day. Am I not, daddy?"

"Yes, my darling," he said, and had the blessed courage to look into her eyes when he said it.

One day a letter crept into that mail by mistake, a bitter, cruel letter from a woman who believed Barbara had done her an injury. Her mother accidentally read the first line and Barbara made her finish it.

For a long time she did not move.

"Put it in the fire, mother," she said.

She watched it burn.

"I haven't been a good woman, mother," she said, after a long time. "We have to measure ourselves by what we have had, don't we, dear? And I have had everything. I have wasted everything. I haven't meant to be bad or hurt anyone. But I might have done so much with my life. And now it's too late. Will God forgive me? Will you ask Him to forgive me?"

Her mother protested, in tears. Barbara

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Index to Advertisements

This Issue

Advertiser	Page
American Flyer Mfg. Co.	37
Benrus Watch Company	56
Bristol-Myers Co. (Ipana Toothpaste)	Back Cover
Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co. (Panatrope with Radiola)	51
Burgess Battery Company	85
Colgate & Co. (Rapid Shave Cream)	27
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. (Palmolive Soap)	Second Cover
Cudahy Packing Co. U. S. A.	5
Curtiss Baby Ruth Candy	6
Cuticura Soap	41
Frigidaire Corporation	15
General Electric Company	55
Herpicide Co., The	41
Household Finance Corporation	37
Lambert Pharmacal Company (Listerine Tooth Paste)	3
Leonard, Inc., A. O.	37
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. (Chesterfield Cigarettes)	30-31
Lucky Tiger	41
Marmola	37
McCormick & Co.	41
McCoy's Tablets	41
Menhenitt Company Limited, The	41
Mennen Company, The	25
Northwestern Yeast Co.	34
Osborn Company, The C. D.	34
Waterman Company, L. E.	Third Cover

We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE—

"Amateur"

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

A discussion of one of the most perplexing problems in sports.

[THE LIFE STORY OF BARBARA LA MARR
Continued from page fifty-seven]

comforted her, managed to smile. But she would talk no more that day.

Just before Christmas, in the garden one day, she spoke very quietly to her father.

"Daddy," she said, "I am dying."

He tried his best to reassure her, but she would have none of it; looked about the garden at each flower, upon each lovely tree, stretched out her thin, white hand into the winter sunshine, as though all these things might be hers for the last time.

THERE was no fear in her then, under the blue sky in the garden. But that night she went to pieces completely, and her father and mother took turns lying beside her on the bed, holding her in their arms, to drive away the awful fear of death.

"I don't want to die," she sobbed. "I am too young to die. I am afraid!"

Exhausted, she would be quiet awhile and then break again into tears and broken words.

"And I haven't anything to leave you and daddy. All that money—and none of it left to take care of you." And, "No one but you and mother will really care when I go. No one will miss me. All the love I've had and none of it fine enough to last even until I die. I'm leaving nothing worth while behind me, not even a child."

On the third day she woke from her first quiet sleep and called her mother. She was perfectly calm and the fear had gone from her eyes.

"I don't want the doctor any more," she said. "It is not my body that is sick. It's my soul. Doctors can't do me any good. Find me someone who will make me understand God better. I want to pray, mother. Perhaps prayer can heal me. But if it cannot, if it is God's will that I die, I must not be afraid to meet Him."

So they brought her a religious adviser of a church that believed in healing by prayer, and from that time on she seemed to grow stronger, quieter, even happier.

At Christmastime she even laughed with them over the little tree they provided, and tried in every way to lighten the dark clouds for her father and mother. Her thought seemed all of them, never of herself. Her bravery in pain was marvelous. No complaints ever passed her lips. Her eyes, larger than ever in her white face, looked steadily into the future, perhaps without hope, but certainly without fear.

"God is my father," she said to Mr. Watson. "Father love is a wonderful thing, dear. You have made me know that. I am willing to abide by His judgment of me."

On the 28th of January she went for the last time into the garden. She was brighter than she had been at any time since her collapse. There was even a touch of color in her cheeks. It was on that day she told her father, "The butterflies are beautiful, but they are not happy. *I* know they are not happy." Once she laughed at the antics of a kitten on the back fence, and when the laugh turned into a strangling cough she fought it down impatiently.

At dusk they carried her in, and at the door she waved her hand to the garden and the flowers and the sunset and said, "Good night."

The next morning she could not speak.

That night, just after midnight,

Miss La Marr with her father, W. W. Watson, three months before her death.

she opened her eyes and smiled at them.

"I am so tired," she said.

And when she closed her eyes she did not open them again, even in answer to that eternal cry of motherhood—"My baby!"—that alone broke the stillness.

They laid her on a white satin bier that was like a bridal bed. The sleeping beauty. Juliet in the tomb awaiting Romeo's coming. Kneeling beside her, you could not believe her dead. It was as though some spell had fallen upon her from which at any moment she must awake.

NO day that I remember was a sadder day for me than that of Barbara La Marr's funeral. Not only because of the friend I had loved who lay there so white and still, but because it laid bare the futility of such a life as hers had been, the utter waste of so much beauty and talent.

Outside, in the streets, thousands upon thousands of people stood. Street car service was blocked. An automobile could not approach within six blocks. But it was, for the most part, a noisy, ribald crowd, animated by curiosity and not by affection or respect. Barbara La Marr, the vamp, was dead, and they had a morbid desire to look upon the casket that held that too beautiful body.

Here and there a face was grave. Here and there a young girl paid her the tribute of tears. But for the most part they talked loudly of her love affairs, of the causes of her death. They planned to get flowers from the chapel as souvenirs or prepared their cameras to snap a final close-up of her coffin.

And inside?

The little chapel was only a quarter full. I could not believe my eyes as I walked in.

Where were the people whom Barbara had so generously helped? Where were the girls who had found shelter and food under her roof? Where were the men for whom her pictures had made a fortune? Where were all those who in her days of glory had crowded about her, basking in borrowed light, accepting her favors and her bounty? Where was this one and that one who, as I knew, owed her gratitude for past kindness?

Paul Bern had been called to New York on important business. I knew Barbara would have missed him.

But not one of the men who had loved her, not one of the men to whom she had given her love, was there. Even of her friends, only Ramon Novarro, alone and very pale, and her lawyer, Milton Cohen, the man who had stood by her through many difficulties, came.

THE simple services were soon over. A woman's voice, true and clear, sang:

"So, when day grows dark and cold,
Tear or triumph harms,
Lead Thy lambkins to the fold,
Take them in Thine arms;
Feed the hungry, heal the heart,
Till the morning's beam;
White as wool, ere they depart,
Shepherd, wash them clean."

Our hearts tuned in upon the words, ascended with them perhaps. We looked our last upon Barbara La Marr. In that moment everything was forgotten except the kind things she had done for us, the sweet words she had spoken, the generous thoughts she had given so freely.

Ah, judge her as you will, admit all her faults and weaknesses, as I do, none of you could have known her and not loved her. None of you but must have wondered at the power back of the universe that could waste, that could allow so much beauty to be destroyed.

Upon the marble door that hides the white casket in which lies all that is mortal of her, are engraved simply these words:

Barbara La Marr. July 28, 1896. January 30, 1926. "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord."

But on that little tablet which is erected to her memory in my heart I have written these exquisite words of Edna St. Vincent Millay's:

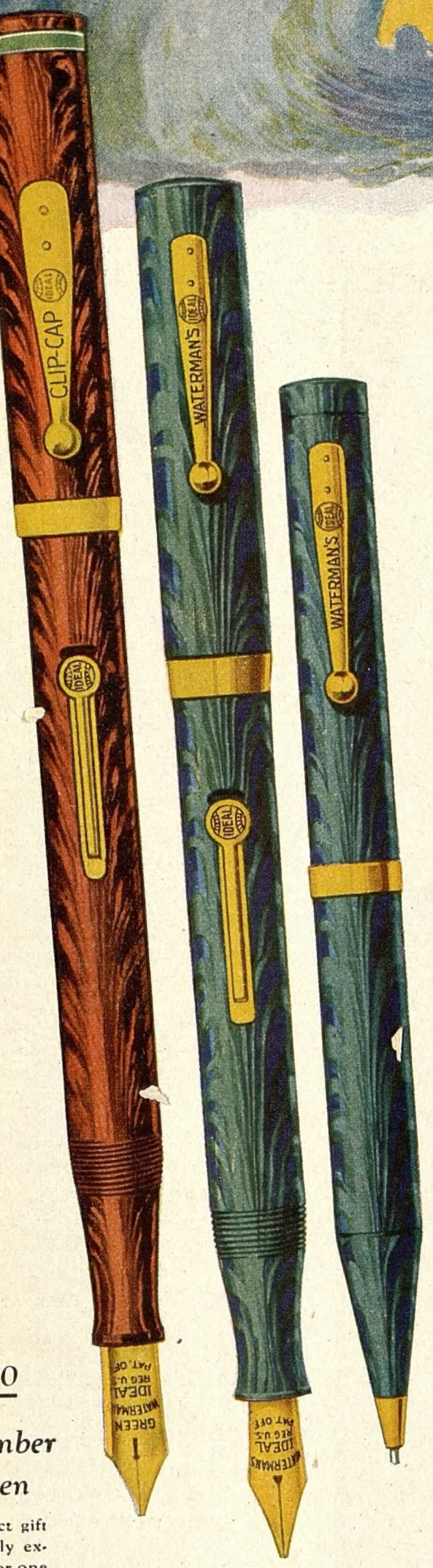
What's this of death, from you who never will die?
Think you the wrist that fashioned you in clay,
The thumb that set the hollow just that way
In your full throat and lidded the long eye
So roundly from the forehead, will let lie
Broken, forgotten, under foot some day
Your unimpeachable body, and so slay
The work He most had been remembered by?
I tell you this: whatever of dust to dust
Goes down, whatever of ashes may return
To its essential self in its own season,
Loveliness such as yours will not be lost,
But, cast in bronze upon His very urn,
Make known Him Master, and for what good reason.

THE END

A Gift as popular as Christmas — Waterman's

ONLY the proven worth of more than forty years of demonstrated merit could bring to Waterman's writing instruments the tremendous popularity they enjoy at every Christmas Season. Then, it is, they become the "Ideal" gifts for thousands. Offered in an almost limitless variety of styles, they fit the purse and the taste of everyone. Practical gifts, they continue daily reminders of the givers throughout years. And Waterman's new No. 7 is particularly practical at Christmas time, because, if necessary it can be so easily exchanged by the recipient for another which will suit him perfectly. No. 7 is the vehicle for Waterman's new principle of scientific pen point selection—a notable contribution and a genuine boon to the popular practice of "fountain pen giving."

The new color line too is a great favorite with its rich two-tone effects in Ripple-Rose, Ripple-Blugreen, and Ripple-Olive. Made of Stainless Hard Rubber, the all-satisfying material for fountain pen holders, they are a new triumph to Waterman's genius.



$7.00
Number Seven

The perfect gift pen. Easily exchanged for one to suit the style of writing of the recipient.

Desk Set No. 6267
Black, (variegated) marble base, 4" x 6"
Price with No. 67 desk pen $15.00

Gyro-Sheath Desk Sets

Waterman's new Gyro-Sheath Desk Sets are rapidly becoming the choice of prominent business executives and women of fashion everywhere. To an extraordinary degree they combine artistic beauty with practical utility. Equipped with No. 7 pen points fitted to gracefully tapering colored holders, the principle of scientific pen point selection is thus applied to Desk Sets for the first time. Waterman's products are on sale at all Waterman's dealers and Waterman's dealers are everywhere. Use Waterman's inks in Waterman's pens.

Desk Set No. 6467—White Onyx oval base 7" x 10" with name plate. Price complete with two No. 67 desk pens - $30.00

Desk Set No. 6062½
Green onyx base
2¾" x 2¾"
Price with pen, $10.00

Two-Tone Color Pens and Pencils

Offered in three colors, two sizes (large $5, small $4) with pencils to match ($2 and $1.50) they delight the eyes as well as the hands of youth and age alike.

L. E. Waterman Company, 191 Broadway, New York
Chicago Boston San Francisco Montreal

Waterman's

2 ways to know IPANA's benefits to your *Teeth* and your *Gums*

1 The Coupon

EVEN more than most makers of tooth paste, we are delighted to send you a ten day tube of Ipana.

Why shouldn't we be? Ipana's fine clean taste, its ability to make teeth shine and gleam—these are convincing from the very first!

But Ipana is more than just a good dentifrice. It is—and it can be for you—a tonic for your entire oral cavity!

Used faithfully with a light massage it restores your gums to a healthful tonicity.

It combats "pink tooth brush". People whose gums have a tendency to bleed find Ipana the perfect dentifrice to keep their gums, as well as their teeth, sound and well.

But these are advantages which accrue to the consistent user of Ipana. A month, at least, is needed to show you all that Ipana can do.

So, while there is a coupon below, we do not urge its use. You will achieve Ipana's benefits best by getting from your druggist a full size tube which will last at least a month.

Then will your teeth gleam—then will your gums be healthy.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB128
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

2 The Drug Store

ONE great advantage in getting your first tube of Ipana from the drug store is that you can begin its use the very same day!

You get a full, fresh tube of over 100 brushings, ample to demonstrate all of Ipana's many virtues.

And your druggist, like your dentist, can explain the benefits of Ipana in the technique of massage.

He and the dentist will confirm that our gums, damaged by this soft, modern food of ours, fall easy prey to many stubborn troubles.

Probably he can quote instances of how Ipana has benefited tender gums—how in conjunction with a light massage, it has been employed by leading dentists to combat gingivitis and other disorders of the gums.

For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic, long used by the profession in treating gum disorders.

So go to your druggist—get a large tube of Ipana today. Begin its use tonight. Your mouth will feel invigorated and clean. Your teeth will gleam. Your gums will be kept in perfect health.

MEMO TO MYSELF

Get Ipana Tooth Paste today

©1928